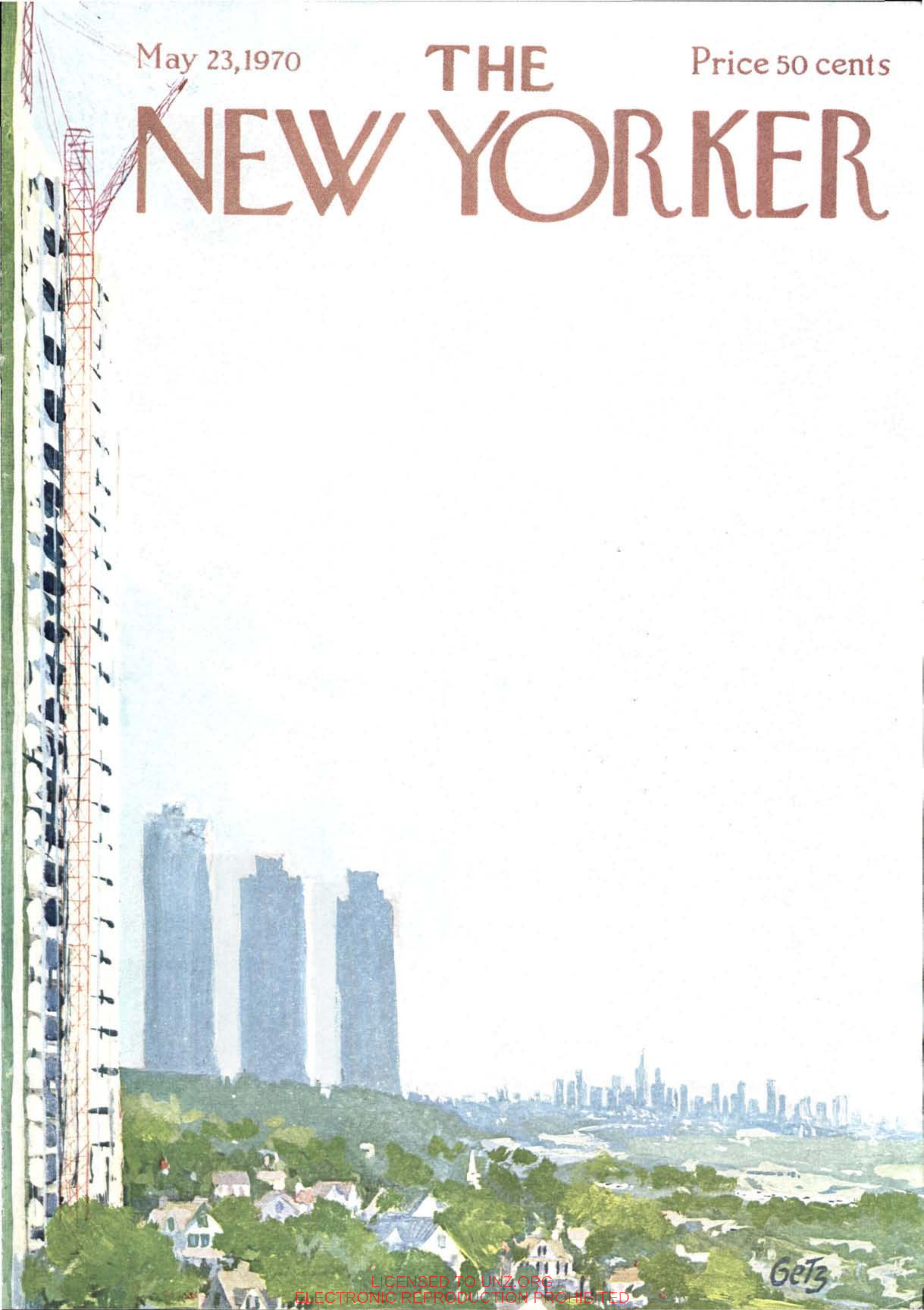
May 23, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



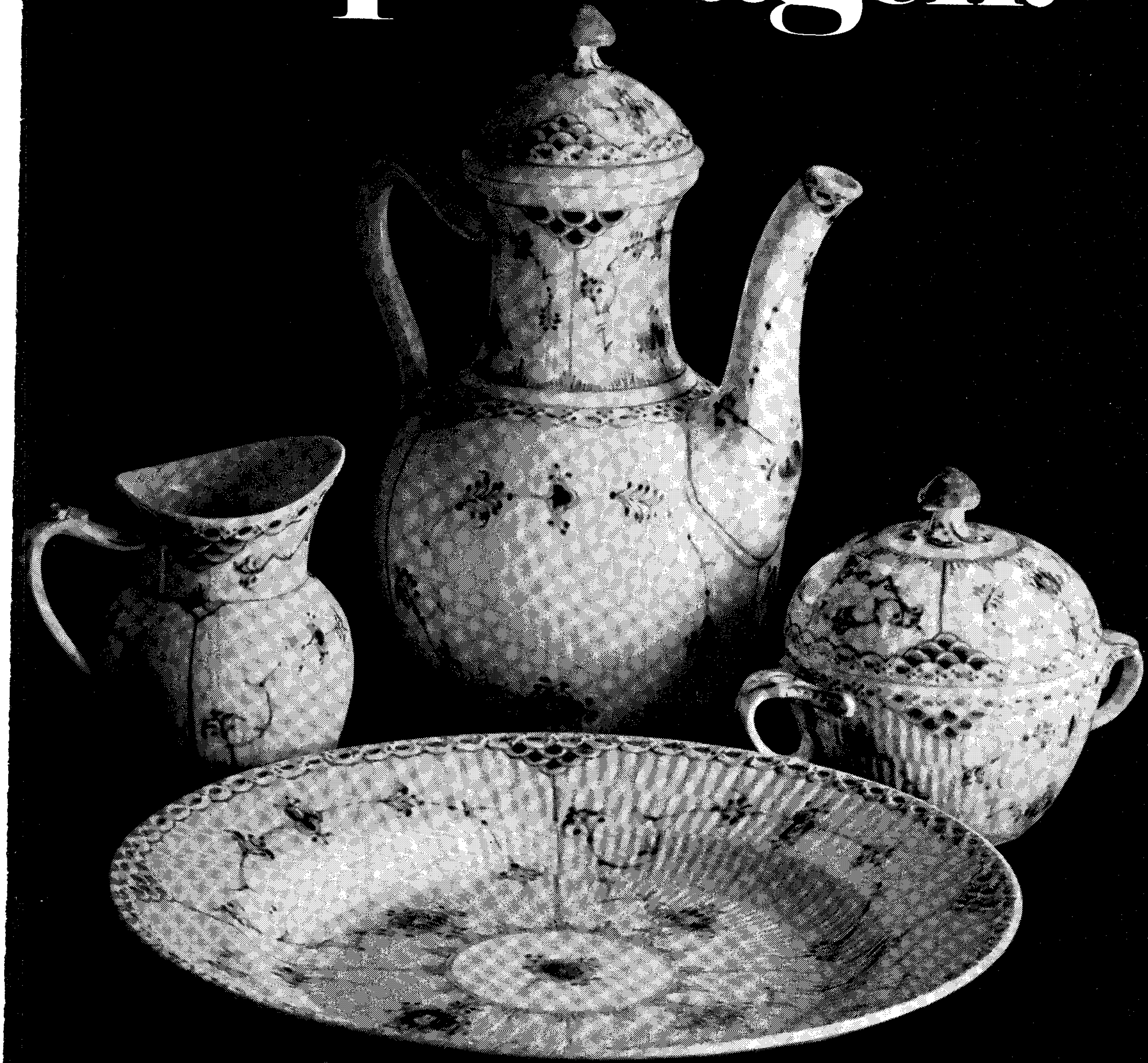
Fly Irish
Your first resort to Amsterdam

To Paris, to London, to Frankfurt...to twenty-three cities beyond Ireland. Flying Irish International Airlines is the first choice of more people each year. You get the best buy to or from Europe...beautiful Ireland...for no extra air fare on Irish-Aer Lingus. Ask your Travel Agent.

IRISH
AER LINGUS
IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

OFFICES IN: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

Royal Copenhagen.



You give a generous serving of visual nourishment when you give Royal Copenhagen Dinnerware. And it also makes a luxurious acquisition for your own home. The Blue Fluted Half Lace pattern shown is but one of many elegant patterns.

Art you use.

At fine stores everywhere. From the collection of

GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—An eloquent, touching adaptation, by Frank McMahon, of Brendan Behan's account of his life in an English reform school. Wonderfully acted by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes, of the Abbey Theatre. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Candaules, Commissioner—A play by Dan Gerould. Opens Wednesday, May 20. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Engagement Baby—Barry Nelson and Constance Towers in a comedy by Stanley Shapiro. The director is Gene Frankel. Preview Wednesday, May 20. Opens officially on Thursday, May 21. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lemon Sky—A play by Lanford Wilson. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pig Pen—A play by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rabelais—A two-week engagement of the Jean-Louis Barrault production, which he wrote and directed, and in which he stars. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, May 27, at 2. Final performance Sunday matinée May 31.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A deplorable revival of **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK**, an old play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Room Service—A furious farce, full of fun and fustian. Ron Leibman and an ideal supporting cast in a fine revival of the 1937 hit. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—George Voskovec, Billy Dee Williams, and Madeline Miller are the entire cast of this revival of William Hanley's play. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"THE CHALLENGE" . . . . *Jorge Luis Borges* 32

"THE CASE AGAINST PROF. LAMBERTI" . . . . *James Stevenson* 34

A REPORTER AT LARGE (DESERTERS IN SWEDEN) . . . . *Daniel Lang* 42

"HOW I LOVE YOU" (POEM) . . . . *Vladimir Nabokov* 44

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 73

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 76

JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 78

"LE TOURISME EUPHONIQUE" (POEM) . . . . *Frederick Packard* 90

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (ENVIRONMENTAL DISRUPTION) . . . . *Fred C. Shapiro* 93

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 106

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 108

BOOKS . . . . *Edmund Wilson* 112

BRIEFLY NOTED 139

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Mischa Richter, George Price, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Kenneth Mahood, Frank Modell, William O'Brian, Lee Lorenz, Vahan Shirvanian, George Booth, Dana Fradon, William Hamilton*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 14, May 23, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

'There may be
nothing more deceptive
than a woman's blush…
but I love to
see right through it.'

Charles Revson

Transparent Blushing Gel

A clear, tinted gel in a tube…the newest, truest-to-skin way to bring up a blush now.

On fresh morning skin. Or over make-up all day. One trembly gel droplet on the fingers, a melting sweep overface, overthroat (which is where blushes begin). Moisty, non-oily. A pulse of color so real it could only come—before today—from a pleasurable tug at the heart. 4 see-through shades: Clear Pink, Peach, Amber, and a true temperamental Red.

'Ultima' II
by Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

Wilson in the Promise Land—A play by Roland Van Zandt, with music by Richard Cumming, presented by the Trinity Square Repertory Company, of Providence. Preview Monday, May 25. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 26. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays and Fridays, except May 22, at 8:30, and Saturdays and Friday, May 22, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Akokawe—A program of dance, song, and poetry arranged and directed by Afolabi Ajayi, who also stars in it. The last in this season's series of offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boy Friend—Sandy Wilson's breezy musical of nearly twenty years ago, which pretends to have been written forty years ago. With Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Dean Jones, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

The Drunkard—A surprisingly jolly musical adaptation of that old Victorian nuisance. Songs by Barry Manilow. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 691-1413. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to attractive samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A rock musical. Gary William Friedman did the music and Will Holt the lyrics. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Minnie's Boys—A thoroughly inept account of how the Marx Brothers grew up and became famous. Lewis J. Stadlen makes a fine Groucho; the rest is, or ought to be, silence. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mod Donna—A fierce, sporadically entertaining, but not very musical musical, which demonstrates and sets forth the ideas of the Women's Liberation movement. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel. —O, an impossible person! he exclaimed. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his cheeks. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Friday, May 22, and Tuesday, May 26, at 2:30, and no performances those evenings.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 20, at 8:15: "Afternoon of a Faun," "Illuminations," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Sarabande and Dance" (première), and "Who Cares?" ... ¶ Friday, May 22, at 8:15: "Who Cares?" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, May 23, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Saturday, May 23, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, May 24, at 1:15: "Episodes," "In the Night," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Sunday, May 24, at 7:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," "Illuminations," and "Reveries."... ¶ Tuesday, May 26, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, May 27, at 8:15: "Agon," "Reveries," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, May 28, at 8:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, May 29, at 8:15: "Sarabande and Dance." "Agon," "Firebird," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Saturday, May 30, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Sarabande and Dance," "Tarantella," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, May 30, at 8:15: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 14.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 20-21: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, May 22: "La Bayadère," "The Ropes of Time," and "Birthday Offering." ... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 23:

Metamorphosis.
Or how diamonds have changed.
And unfurled in shapes that flutter your fancy.
While doing the unexpected — cinching a sash to snaring a cravat.
At prices and pleasures for every collector.
A diamond is for now.

Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces at prices starting as low as $200.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Citroen. The car that looks more beautiful after you drive it.

It's the other way around with most cars.

What starts out as a dazzling beauty in the showroom turns out to look different from the driver's seat.

Not a Citroen.

Simply because Citroen was built by a small group of brilliant heretics who did not care about conventional design. What they sought was very basic; the finest, safest, best engineered automobile in the world.

So they locked themselves drum-tight in a room for six months and showed their working designs to no one. They started from the inside. Where people need enough headroom to wear hats under. And legroom. And sofa-like seats. And all kinds of other refinements that didn't belong in cars. And they liked what they got because it was more comfortable than any other car they had ever been in.

Next came the outside. They wanted a design that would allow the car to part the air. Not do battle with it. So they scooped the hood and sloped it gracefully. And all their windtunnel tests showed it would work.

So they went on to the engine. By now they were ahead of the game. The body was so well designed aero-dynamically, they didn't need a monstrous gas devourer to push it along. So they came up with a little marvel packing only 117 horses that glides the Citroen to a top speed of 115 and an actual cruising speed of ninety (but don't try it in America or you'll be telling it to a judge.)

Next came the suspension. This was perhaps the most innovative idea of all. Using air and oil in four separate chambers to take the place of springs, and combining that with independent four-wheel suspension, they were able to accomplish what no other type of automobile suspension can approach: the virtual elimination of almost every kind of bump, pothole, or crack from the feel of the road as you drive.

Of course there's a lot more to this story. Things like front wheel drive and automatic jacking. But we don't begin to have room to tell you about all of them here.

Let's leave it at this; next time you're trying to judge the beauty of a car, drive it first. Then look at it again.

Chances are it will look quite different.

If the change is a happy one, chances are you've been driving a Citroen.

Citroen

THE ONE CAR THAT'S ALL CARS IN ONE

SALES AND SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A. AND CANADA. CHECK THE YELLOW PAGES. FOR DEALER LIST, LITERATURE AND/OR EUROPEAN DELIVERY BROCHURE, WRITE: CITROEN CARS CORPORATION, DEPT. NY, EAST: 40 VAN NOSTRAND AVENUE, ENGLEWOOD, N.J. 07631, WEST: 12615 BEATRICE STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90066.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Nutcracker."...¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 24: "Coppélia."...¶ Tuesday evening, May 26: "Swan Lake."...¶ Wednesday evening, May 27: "La Bayadère," "The Ropes of Time," and "Birthday Offering."...¶ Thursday evening, May 28: "Swan Lake."...¶ Friday evening, May 29: "Romeo and Juliet."...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 30, and Sunday matinée, May 31: "Swan Lake."...¶ Sunday evening, May 31: A gala program of ballets by Frederick Ashton. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Jean Léon Destiné—With his Afro-Haitian dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 23, at 8:30.)

Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance—A program of three new works by Bertram Ross and one early Graham work, "El Penitente," danced by Mr. Ross, Mary Hinkson, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1970," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Thursday, May 21, and will run through Sunday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Special matinées Wednesday, May 27, and Friday, May 29, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folks, both long- and short-haired, sit on wooden benches and sip coffee. Friday through Monday, May 22-25, a rock group called Brethren will perform. On Wednesday, May 27, singer Townes Van Zandt will move in. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come, and frequently return, to sit and talk and copiously dine. From eleven to three, subdued jazz comes from Joe Beck's agile electric guitar, backed up by another musician's agile bass. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dark, casual, comfortable, and a home for the instrument that gives it its name. Kenny Burrell, aided by a bass player, is smooth and with it. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Sub-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Bob Brookmeyer-Richie Kamuca quintet (with Mel Lewis, Don Friedman, and Victor Sproles) is making pleasant music. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day—who mixes now with remember when—joins in. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, under slow siege, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—No friends like old friends, and here are two parcels of them—Eddie Condon's crew (Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Milt Hinton, Mousey Alexander included) and Buck Clayton's crew (Benny Morton, Hank Jones, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman). The tempos of this pristine music may be *fugit*, but it can still sound great. The tradition of tea dancing (beginning at five, Monday through Friday) is likewise upheld; dinner, and further dancing, begins at seven-thirty, every night but Sunday.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Lee Morgan quintet. On Tuesday, May 26, the Elvin Jones trio will arrive. Closed Mondays.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Wild Bill Davison and his Jazz Giants will play an eight-to-eleven session on Sunday, May 24. Music of one sort or another can be heard Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio does inventive and bluesy things for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The Roy Haynes quintet is onstage until Tuesday, May 26, when the reliable and happily subtle Thelonious Monk quartet comes in. On Monday, May 25, Bill Berry's New York Jazz Band will perform, and it is an exciting outfit. Music starts at nine-thirty.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2808)—Tiny and ornate. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The clientele looks satisfied. Dancing to records from ten to three or four, with some live entertainment thrown in. The menu, for some reason, is vegetarian.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*Ce n'est pas français, mais ce n'est pas mauvais.* It's above a restaurant named Sam's, and the trappings are reminiscent of "Casablanca." The record-spinner has multifarious selections to choose from. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Those Juilliard people, Hamilton Face, play through Sunday, May 24. On Wednesday, May 27, Fort Mudge Memorial Dump will open. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

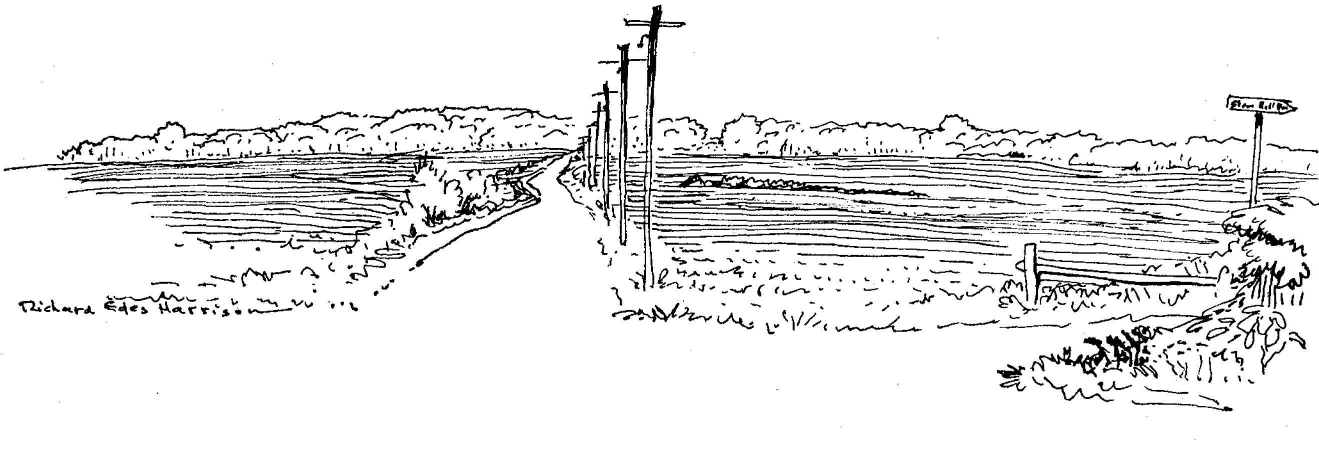
L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three, but only on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Above the garish square, an ornamented place to dance to records as well as to solidly swinging live groups. The waitresses are apt to get carried away by the music, but don't knock it. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Windows look out on the Park, a mirrored ball strews light-flecks on the floor, and the tables look like animals. A lot of energetic dancing to records, from ten until three or four each night. Late dinners are served. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Manhattan-on-the-Nile might look something like this, with Egyptian statuary and lots of what passes for hip diversion. Some of the latter comes from



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

loud recorded music, some from a group named the Jesters Four. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is reliable discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Foxey Ladies do. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records continue without surcease, and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Saturday, May 23, the local Lester Lanin band blows retreat, and that, it appears, will be the last of the Arabian Nights forevermore. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose band is in the restaurant, has never believed in getting far away from Park Avenue, and the denizens here feel the same way. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is two-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, has good ideas about several matters of national concern, and quite a few of the solutions it offers are entertaining. The cast, though, operates on the premise that experience is not necessary. Nine-thirty and midnight, but not on Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard, stentor, tenor, and amusing housemaster. Plenty of other music, chiefly from Ron Eliran, a country-and-Eastern singer, and plenty of life. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Wayne Newton is growing up, but he remains a boys-will-be-boys singer, and that gives one an idea of what the Royal Box is like during dinner and supper. The dance music is made by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an organization perfect at minding its p's and cues, to say nothing of the proprieties. Closed Sundays.

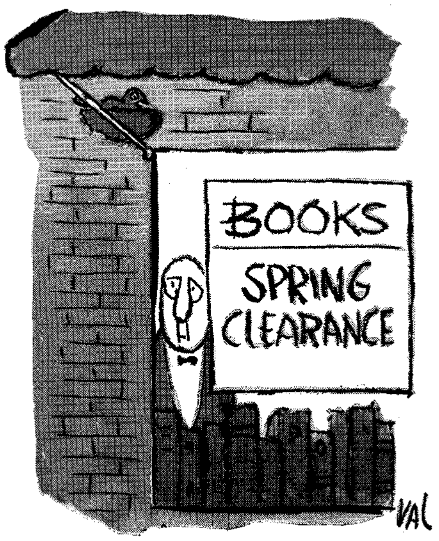
Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's Boys Town of Spain (senior division, though) when Los Chavales de España, those inveterate romancers, deploy onstage. Their arias must all be taken with a grain of schmalz. Two deals every night is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Juan Jimenez and the voice of José Sordilla. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Paul Anka, one of the best practitioners of Pop Art song, puts in a hard day's night here, mostly on his own, and does it very well. On Thursday, May 28, he will be succeeded by the Temptations, one of those perpetual-motion Detroit glee clubs. Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and two, Sundays through Thursdays at eight and midnight. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Dakota Staton, with the Norman Simmons trio behind her, is the sing-out here. The other operation is Charlie Richards' gang, with Buddy Tate, Eddie Barefield, and Herman Autrey as part of the big brass. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The spirit of twelve-o'clock-and-all's-well rules the Persian Room and in response to it the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte glow in turn throughout the evening. At ten-fifteen on Wednesday, May 20, and during dinner and supper thenceforward, Vikki Carr, who can be (and sometimes is) a worthy café singer, takes off. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the Ramsey Lewis trio is turning out its customarily satisfactory performance. On Tuesday, May 26, the Gene Krupa band will replace it. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio, a more permanent fixture, chips in with music for further listening and music for footwork, too. A small menu, but a thoughtful one. Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The male heir to the Sinatra fortune, though not to the Sinatra fable (i.e., Frank, Sr.), sings during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.



Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—On Monday, May 25, the band run by Sy Oliver, master planner of the Basie band for so many years, moves in. Six to two during the week, and one to eight on Sundays.

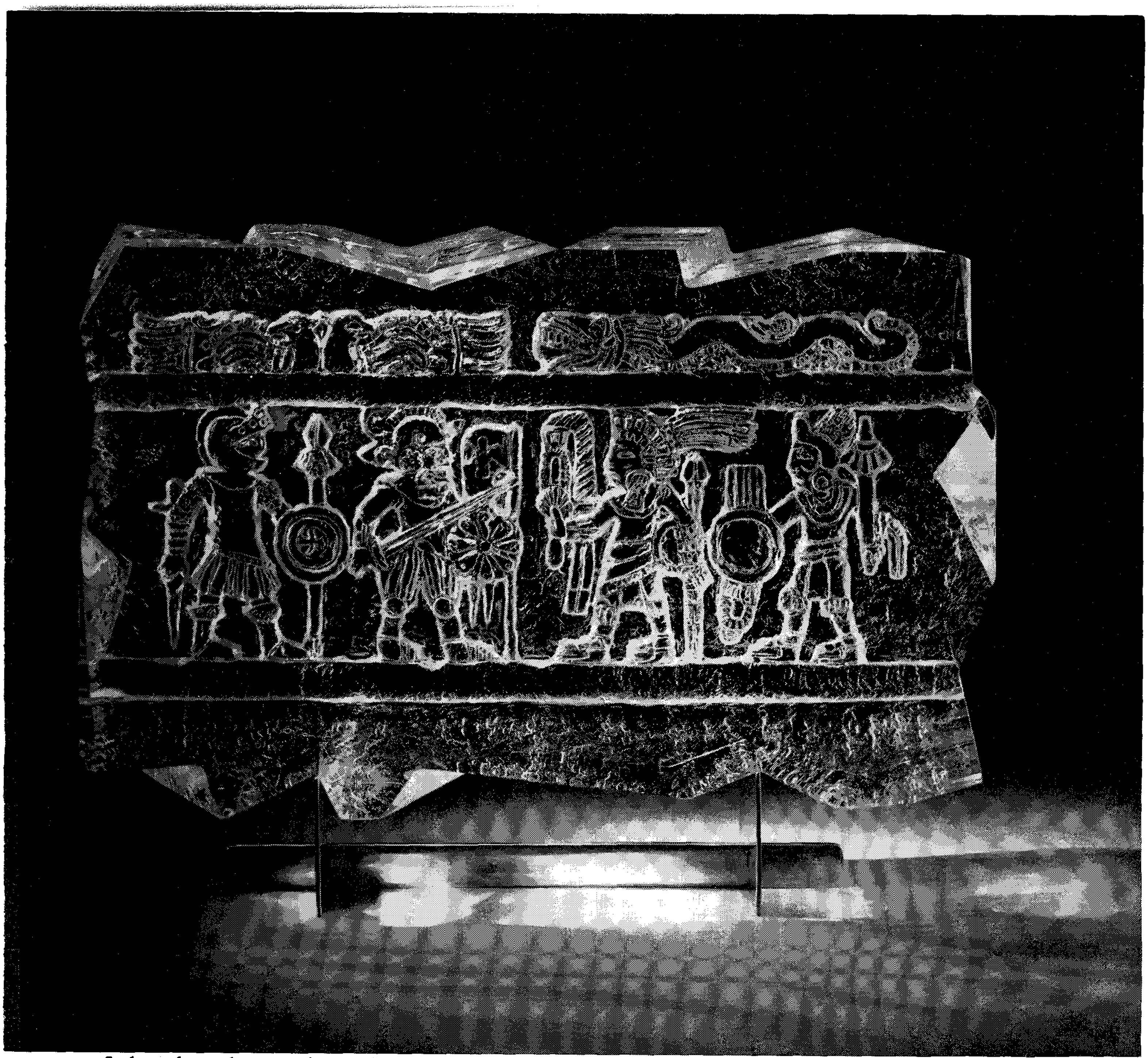
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a useful new band led by Hal Turner) except for certain interludes of song by Vaughn Monroe, whose arias come up like thunder from China (Nationalist, of course) 'crost the bay. Their last day is Wednesday, May 20. Next evening, the temporal choir known as Him, He & Me comes aboard, along with two new clutches of musicians. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Those Viennese cronies, Ernest Schoen, on violin, and Jules Kuti, on piano, end their reminiscences in La Boite on Saturday, May 23, and on Tuesday, May 26, Julius Monk inherits the piano. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the Lettermen go about the leisurely completion of their appointed rounds. O.K. for sound, but the manner can be arch, without ever being Arch of Triumph. Mondays at ten; at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays; at nine, twelve, and one-thirty Fridays. No action Sundays. Charles Turecamo's orchestra breathes firmly but fluently the rest of the evening.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, in concert with his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, dwells, in song, on the gilded Riviera lives of shrewd young ladies named Penny Wise and hapless admirers named Pound Foolish. The best possible foolery of its kind. Closed Sundays and Friday and Saturday May 29-30. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Mirko, the perpetual Eastern European guitar man, has just moved in alongside her. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A real echo chamber when the staff, all incipient Carusos, burst into song as they distribute dinner. Fun and dandy, if noisy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old



Sculptured crystal on a stand of stainless steel • Designed by Paul Schulze • 9" high • 12¼" wide • Limited edition • $9,500.00

HERNANDO CORTES — FIRST OF THE NEW SERIES "GREAT EXPLORERS"

1519 A.D. The Aztecs pray for the reincarnation of their god Quetzalcoatl. It is the one year in every fifty-two when he might return to them. He will come, it is foretold, as a bearded white man.

1519 A.D. The Spanish conquistador Hernando Cortes gathers his army to conquer the Aztec emperor Montezuma, in the name of the Holy Roman Empire. Cortes is bearded. He is also white.

Is Cortes an invader to be fought or a god to be feared? Should Montezuma attack Cortes or welcome him?

Montezuma welcomed Cortes. The great Aztec empire was ended.

On a crystal block in the style of an Aztec relief is sculptured the confrontation of Cortes and an Aztec chieftain.

Under the double-headed eagle, symbol of the Holy Roman Empire, Cortes and his lieutenant advance from the left (the east).

Facing Cortes are an Aztec chieftain and his warrior aide. Above them appears a feathered serpent representing Quetzalcoatl.

With "Hernando Cortes," Steuben Glass introduces a new series of engraved and sculptured designs celebrating the great explorers of history.

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022 · (212) PL 2-1441

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

one. From dinner until two, except Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (283-8439): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and quietly, is George Feyer, reliving the days of the Hapsburgs and making them seem not bad at all. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): An old haven come to life again, operating every evening from six to twelve—Central European Time, that is, and three-quarter time, too, when Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty break out their instruments. Sunday and Monday, they are replaced by piano and bass. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from eight-thirty to midnight. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village villagey. Circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano between five and ten every night but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beachfront property, right on the boardwalk. Open all year round (except Mondays), full meal service, moderate rates, no mosquitoes. The magisterial Buddy Barnes provides diners with piano that remembers with affection the best of this year and all other years.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Memorial Day.)

GALLERIES

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Hammered-copper sculptures by a celebrated American artist; through Saturday, May 23. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Carl Berger and Jason Crum—Plastic sculptural paintings by the former and oil paintings by the latter; through Sunday, May 24. (Mindscape, 496 Broome St., at West Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Check Boterf—Shaped canvases; through Saturday, May 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gandy Brodie—Expressionist paintings with figure and landscape elements; through Thursday, May 28. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Carsman—A first one-man show, consisting of Pennsylvania landscapes; through June 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Daum—Large freely painted abstractions; through Saturday, May 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Dorothy Dehner—Thirty-five Abstract bronzes, some with totemic suggestion; through Saturday, May 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Richard Fishman—His first New York exhibition of bronzes; through June 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hamilton Fraser—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through June 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Nobu Fukui—Emblematic paintings with vibrating effects; through June 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Grosvenor—Three large painted wall sculptures; through June 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Memorial Day.)

John Hultberg—Highly personal semi-Surrealist paintings; through Friday, May 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sheila Isham—Large cloud-like paintings; through Thursday, May 28. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Paintings by a well-known constructivist; through Friday, May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Sheet-aluminum figurative sculptures, often witty caricatures; through June 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyman Kipp—Painted-steel sculptures; through Friday, May 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Miriam Laufer—Expressionist figure paintings; through Saturday, May 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Seven works in a series called "veil" paintings; through Tuesday, May 26. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Manabu Mabe—Abstract paintings by a Brazilian artist born in Japan; through June 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Drawings by an influential Min-

From sea to shining sea

Around South America on the elegant Renaissance 44 days, cruising January 16th from Port Everglades, Florida.

Imagine spending half the winter in the kind of ambiance only the French can create. It's a special blend of warm-hearted people, magnificent cuisine and a zest for living; it's yours on the Renaissance, the newest of all French liners and the first ever built exclusively for cruising.

Imagine spending half the winter cruising around South America. It too is a special blend: of Cristobal, Balboa, Galapagos, Callao (Lima and Machu Picchu), Valparaiso (Santiago), Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio and Salvador/Bahia. Then homeward through the Caribbean to Trinidad, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe and St. Thomas.

Imagine no more. Ask your travel agent for the elegant Renaissance around South America—from sea to shining sea, in incomparable French style. From $1660.

THE RENAISSANCE IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE.

PAQUET LINES

RENOWNED OVER A CENTURY

Live the life of the Renaissance around South America.

For reservations or colorful cruise folders see your travel agent or Mediterranean French Companies, Inc., Owner's Representative, 119 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 765-0670.

French Line, General Agents, United States (except New York), Canada and Mexico.

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH

Now that you've seen the light.....try the dark.

IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383. THE HAND BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $2.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO "LÖWENBRÄU GOBLETS", P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, N.Y. 11590. PLEASE ALLOW 6 TO 8 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

Northwest's unmysterious Orient

In 22 years of Orient service we've solved all its mysteries for you. But kept all the magic. So an Orient trip with Northwest is magic-full but problem-free. Walk into any Northwest office and you'll find an Orient expert, ready to apply our 22 years of experience to your trip.

We make our unmysterious Orient very accessible. We have direct service across the Pacific from more U.S. cities than any other airline. Over 100 Pacific flights a week connect our east, midwest and west coast gateways with Hawaii and the Orient.

Take a magical non-mystery tour of Northwest's Orient. Your travel agent will help with details.

FLY NORTHWEST ORIENT

- Japan
- Okinawa
- Korea
- Taiwan
- Hong Kong
- Philippines

HONG KONG HARBOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

imalist; through June 10. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

John McCracken—Sculptures by a specialist in boards and boxes; through June 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays; open Memorial Day.)

Joan Miró—New bronzes and ceramics, also graphics; through Friday, May 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures in marble and travertine done in the sixties; through Friday, May 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and drawings by this veteran Expressionist sculptor; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through Saturday, May 23. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Documentations by an earthworks artist; through Friday, May 29. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles O. Perry—Complex geometrical sculptures; through June 6. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes; through Thursday, May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jesse Reichek—Pattern paintings by a West Coast artist; through Friday, May 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—One huge segmented painting; through June 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Sample—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Friday, May 29. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Lothar Schreyer (1886-1966)—Paintings by a member of the Bauhaus in Weimar; through Saturday, May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Seawright—Seven electronic constructions; through Saturday, May 23. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

George Segal—Plaster figures in a variety of realistic settings; through Friday, May 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner—Low-lying metal sculptures; starting Saturday, May 23. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leopold Survage (1879-1968)—Decorative paintings by a Russian who associated with Cubists in Paris; through Friday, May 29. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

David E. Thompson—Paintings incorporating words, and sculptures in the form of letters; through Friday, May 29. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Troller—Metal and painted-wood constructions; through June 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings by the leading Optical artist; through Friday, May 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Early oils and watercolors by a prominent American of the Paris School; through June 6. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

H. C. Westermann—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through June 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Seventy etchings and lithographs; through June 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert White—Works by a former sculptor in residence at the American Academy in Rome; through Friday, May 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Derrick Woodham—Large outdoor sculptures in steel with baked-enamel finish, by a Briton; through Thursday, May 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Paul Wunderlich—Sculptures and paintings, some featuring the female figure, by a German Surrealist; through Friday, May 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1970 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures, by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 31. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; open Memorial Day.)

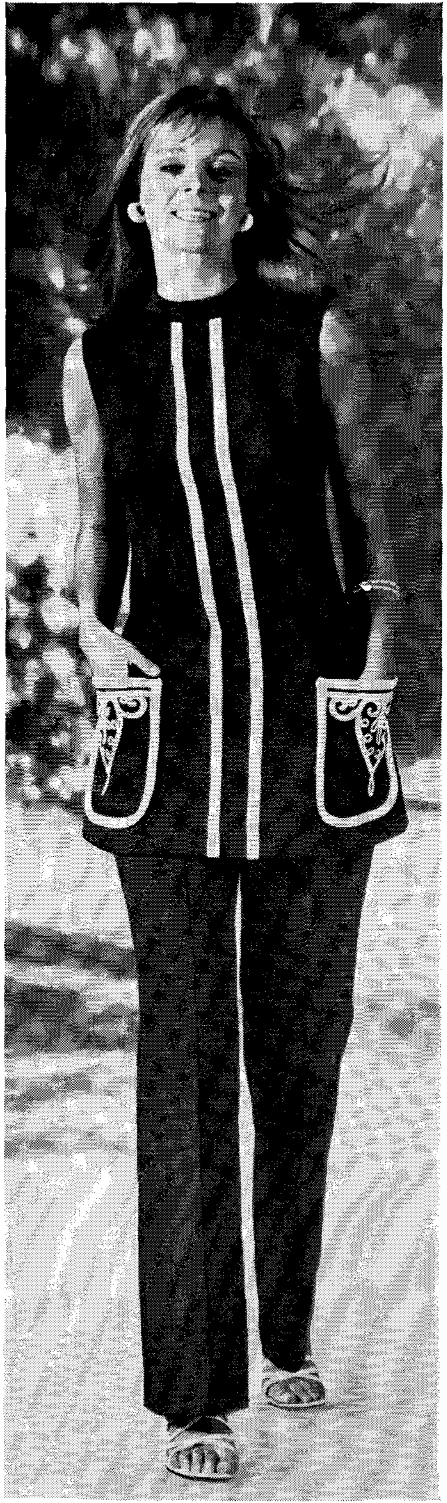
Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures; through June 20. (Closed Mondays and Friday, May 22.)... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Greene Sts.: Works by gallery artists and guests; through Wednesday, May 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Dubuffet, Ernst, Fahlström, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, and Ossorio (to name a few); through June 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **DEITSCH**, 24 E. 81st St.: Woodcuts by Beckmann, Feininger, Kirchner, Munch, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; starting Tuesday, May 26.... **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Works by American moderns, living and dead, among the former John Chamberlain, Agnes Martin, and Michael Steiner, and among the latter Diller, Avery, Hofmann, and Müller; through Saturday, May 23.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural paintings, landscapes, portraits, shields, emblems, and carvings; through Saturday, May 23.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Forty-five American portraits from the eighteenth century through the early twentieth; through Friday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through June 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **MELTZER**, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: An exhibition of a private collection that includes, among other things, paintings by Marin, O'Keeffe, and Tobey; through Saturday, May 23.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through June 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seventy-three works, ancient and modern, from the collections of directors and curators of such New York institutions as the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, the Guggenheim, the New York Cultural Center, and Asia House; through Wednesday, May 27. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Paintings by John Clem Clarke, known for his copying of familiar paintings; mixed medium sculptures by Thomas Bang; and sculptural objects from the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, May 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, and Robert Irwin; starting Saturday, May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by major twentieth-century Europeans, including Braque, Chagall, Gris, Miró, Modigliani, and Léger (a kinetic painted wood relief of Charlie Chaplin); through Friday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by German Expressionists; starting Tuesday, May 26. (Open Memorial Day.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American narrative paintings of the nineteenth century by, for example, Blythe, Rimmer, and Vedder; through Friday, May 29.... **U.S. PLYWOOD**, 777 Third Ave., at 49th St.: The Art Directors show of advertising art; through Friday, May 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by black artists; through Friday, May 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through June 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as contemporaneous Americans, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; through July 3.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works that the spectator does things to or that do things to him; through Friday, May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Twenty winners of the Sculptors Guild's third annual competition for young sculptors; through Thursday, May 28. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

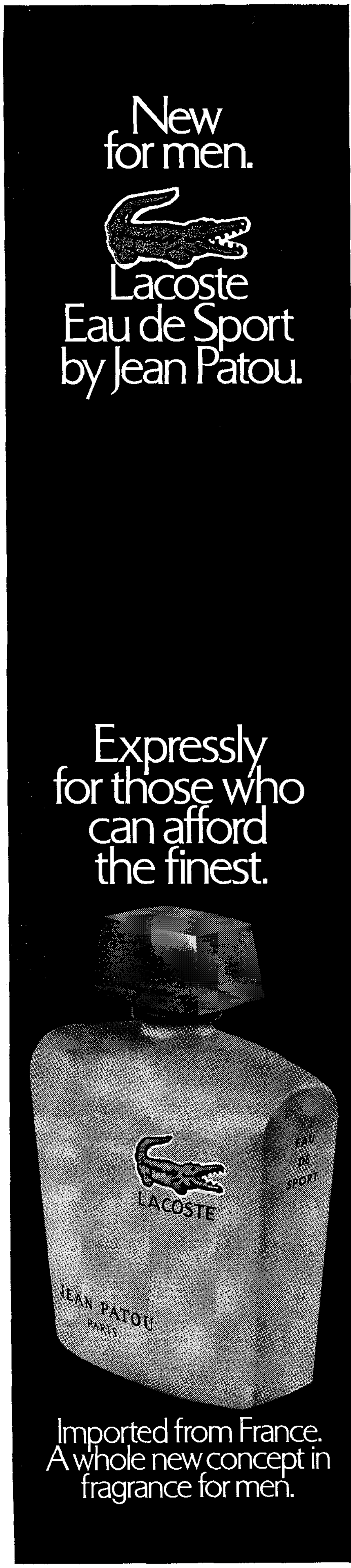
Note—The semiannual Washington Square

Peck & Peck passementeries the pants set. For a certain kind of woman.

It was easy. We just chose the handsomest pants set in sight! Happens it had white passementerie trim on ribby Dacron® polyester knit.
Brown or navy, 8 to 16 sizes, 60.00*
*Slightly higher on the West Coast



Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus 75¢ for handling beyond delivery area.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, May 22, and continuing through Sunday, June 7.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 4.). . ¶ Nineteenth-century American drawings by Homer, Eakins, Sargeant, and others; also architectural drawings. Through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through June 2. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—*Trompe-l'oeil* paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; through July 5. . . . ¶ Twelve large sculptures by Robert Morris, who is prominent for his experiments with different styles and materials; through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two hundred works, including bronze and stone figures from Benin and the Congo and works from other regions. Several of these works are out of Africa for the first time. Through June 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, among others, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through June 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fun and games, in which spectators are invited to join, by three Austrian object-makers; through June 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). . . . ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York Harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair; through June 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6, Saturdays, except Memorial Day, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Lorin Maazel directing the final concerts of the regular season. Performances of Schumann's "Das Paradies und die Peri" on Thursday, May 21, at 8:30; Friday, May 22, at 2; and Saturday, May 23, at 8:30 (all with Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Carol Smith, mezzo-soprano; Helge Brilioth, tenor, Keigh Engen, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir). . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 20. A program of Russian and Spanish music on Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 8:30 (with Sherrill Milnes, baritone, and Alirio Diaz, guitar); and a varied program on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, and Tuesday, June 2, all at 8:30 (with Cyril Ritchard, narrator).

Mannes Orchestra and Chorus—Carl Bamberger directing, with Robert Rounseville, tenor. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 28, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Naumburg Orchestra—Boyd Neel conducting, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, May 30, at 8:30.)

Pro Arte Double Chorale and Chamber Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8:15.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 24, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Kenneth Cooper directing a chamber-music program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 25, at 8:30.)

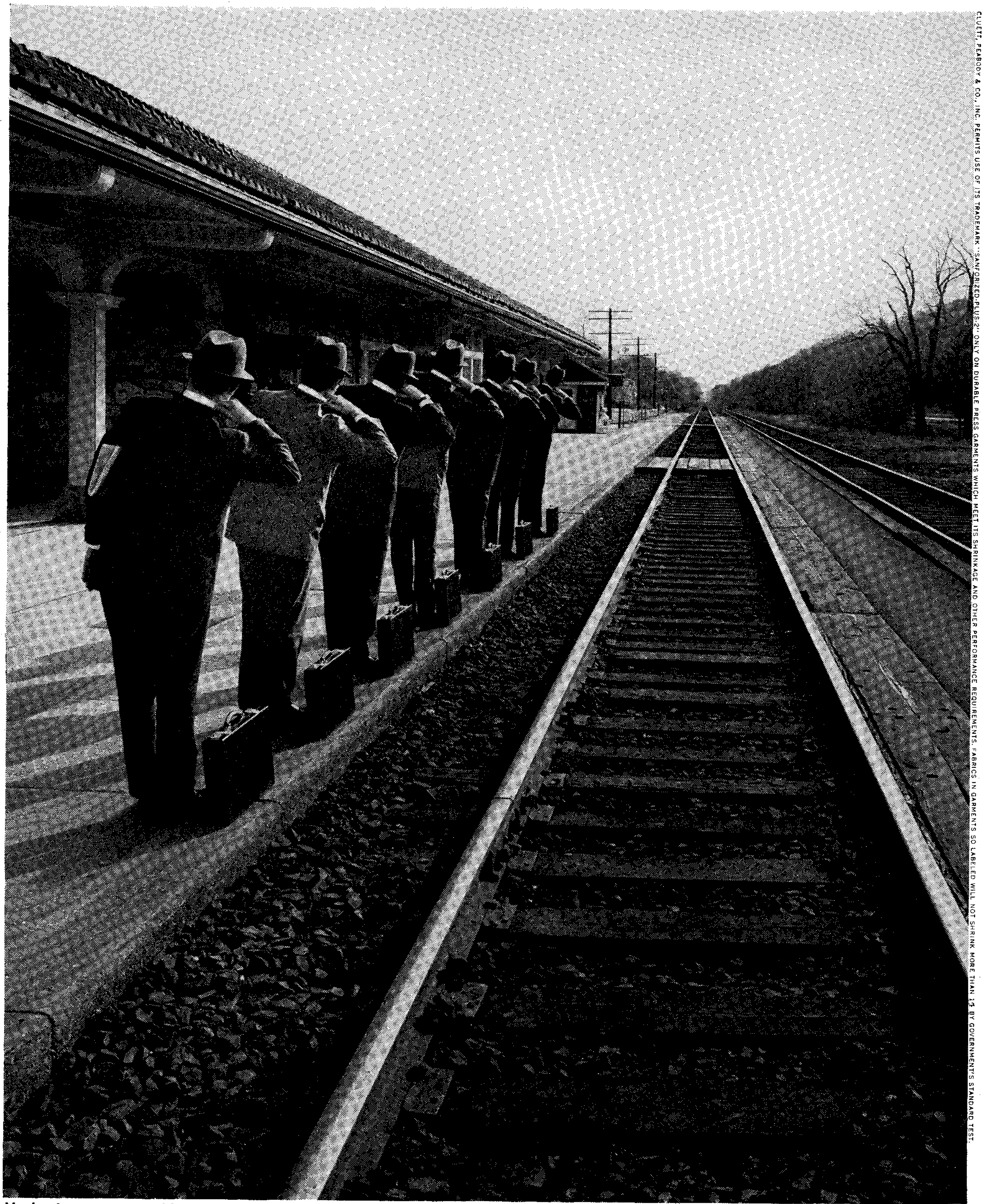
RECITALS

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 23, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 25, at 8:15.)

League-ISCM—A program (postponed from

Permanent pressure.



CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC. PERMITS USE OF ITS TRADEMARK "SANFORIZED-PLUS-2" ONLY ON DURABLE PRESS GARMENTS WHICH MEET ITS SHRINKAGE AND OTHER PERFORMANCE REQUIREMENTS. FABRICS IN GARMENTS SO LABELED WILL NOT SHRINK MORE THAN 1% BY GOVERNMENT'S STANDARD TEST.

You've been squeezed between the demands of office and home, flattened by the constant burden of things to do, balled-up by the uncertainties of commuting—in sum, shaped by the pressures of your time.

Now you're feeling it from your permanent press shirt. It could be shrinking, whether you care to admit it or not.

You always picked your permanent press clothes because you liked their looks. So next time, will you also check them for the "Sanforized-Plus-2" trademark?

"Sanforized-Plus-2" is the best assurance you have that a garment will keep its shape and not shrink out of fit, no matter how it is laundered.

It works.

Look for it. Get it.

Next time the 7:42 shows up at 9:18 and breaks down at 9:23, you won't get hot under the collar.

TRADEMARK

·SANFORIZED plus2·

fights permanent pressure

comfortably lightweight
BROOKS BROTHERS SUMMER SUITS
made on our own exclusive models

(shown) *Our most popular Summer suit is of 7-ounce Dacron polyester and worsted blend...is washable and wrinkle-resistant. We offer it in our 3-button model in stripes, Glenurquhart plaids, and solid shades—all in many colorings,* $95

Our crisp-looking poplin suits of Dacron and cotton blend in our sport model with welted edges. In olive, natural or medium blue, $65

Our exclusive suits of Irish linen and British polyester come in our 3-button sport model with patch pockets. Tan or blue mix, $90

White Irish linen suits, $90

Swiss cotton seersucker suits in blue or grey on white and a new solid tan shade, $62.50

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • WASHINGTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 12) of twentieth-century piano music played by Robert Miller. The final concert of the season. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 26, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JETHRO TULL, CLOUDS, AND JOHN SEBASTIAN—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 8 and 11:30.

CHARLES McPHERSON'S QUARTET—Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, May 22, at 8:30.

DUKE PEARSON'S BAND—With Al Hibbler, in a program of music by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Sunday, May 24, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call PL 8-0490.)

NINA SIMONE AND LITTLE RICHARD—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, at 8. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, May 22, at 8:05; Saturday, May 23, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 24, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 28, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 29, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 30, at 2:15.

HORSE SHOW—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, and Monday through Saturday, May 25-30.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 20, and Saturday, May 23.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 23. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 25, through Saturday, June 27. The Edgemere Handicap, Monday, May 25; the Mother Goose, Friday, May 29; and the Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.). . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, May 30.

SOCCER—Inter-Milan of Italy vs. Santos of Brazil, for the United States Cup of Champions. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 29, at 8:45; a preliminary match between the New York Ecuadorian All-Stars and the New York Colombian All-Stars will start at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 524-9547.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 30, at 1.

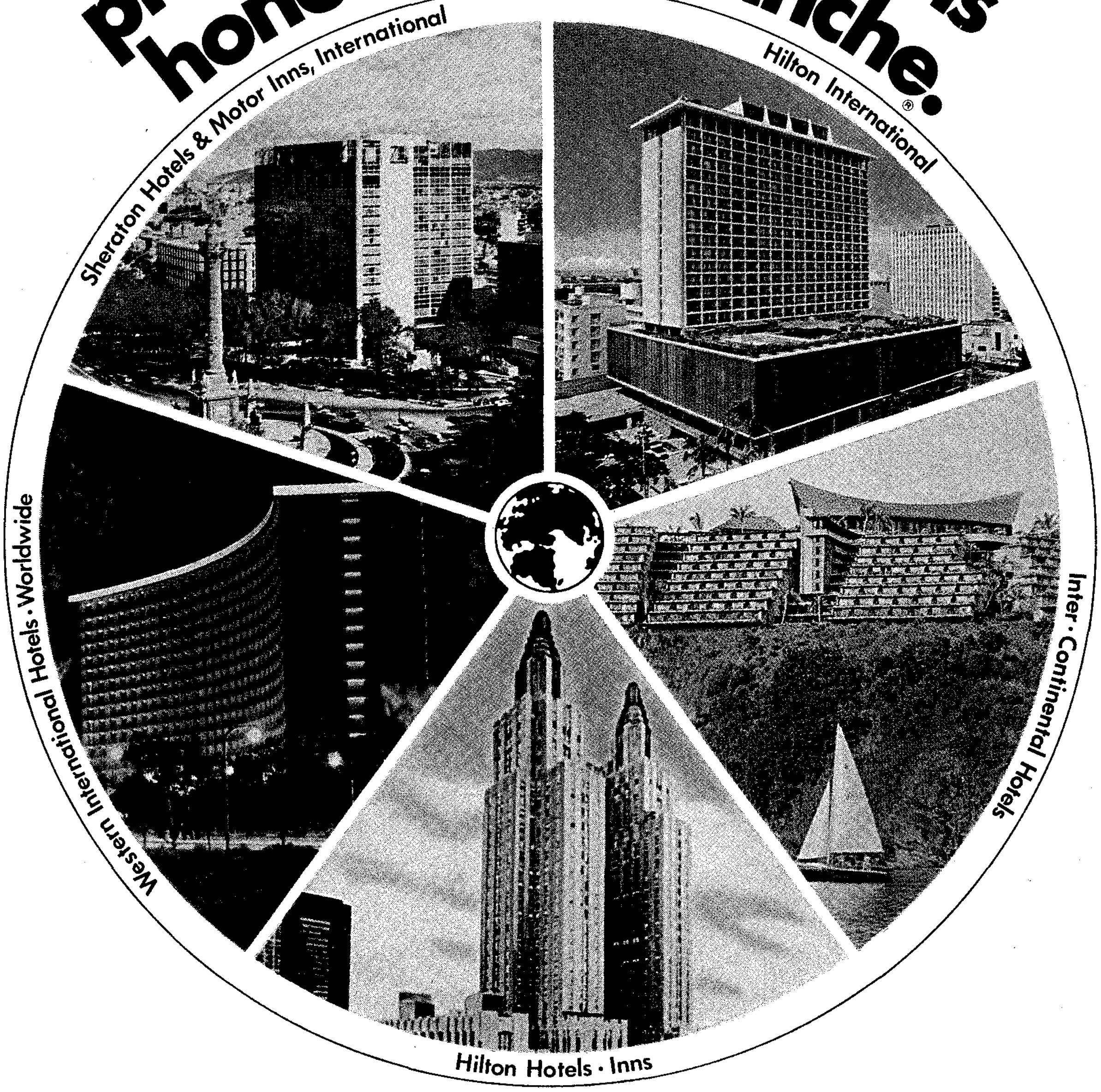
TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Tuesday, May 26, through Saturday, July 25. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Saturday, May 23, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, May 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, May 24, and Saturday, May 30, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called

All worldwide, prestigious hotel chains honor Carte Blanche.


Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns, International
Hilton International®
Inter·Continental Hotels
Hilton Hotels · Inns
Western International Hotels · Worldwide

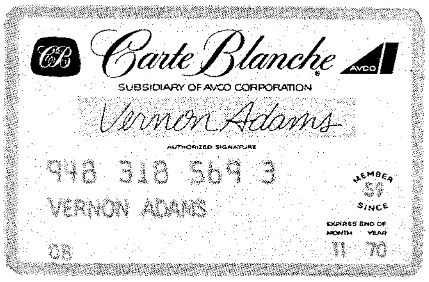
Pictured are just five of our "who's who" of worldwide hotels.

Our members also choose from thousands of other fine hotels and motels in U.S.A., Canada, Mexico and all around the world. More important, every one that honors Carte Blanche is famous for service.

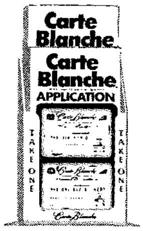
Choose a fireside room in London. Or a lanai in Maui, Hawaii. Or a balcony suite in Miami Beach. Worldwide — a Carte Blanche sign stands for the best of the best.

Carte Blanche has lots of unique advantages for today's traveler, also several new specialized services in the works for you. Look them over then apply for membership. You'll find our applications only in the best places.

- **Airlines: fly on more than 80 domestic and overseas carriers.**

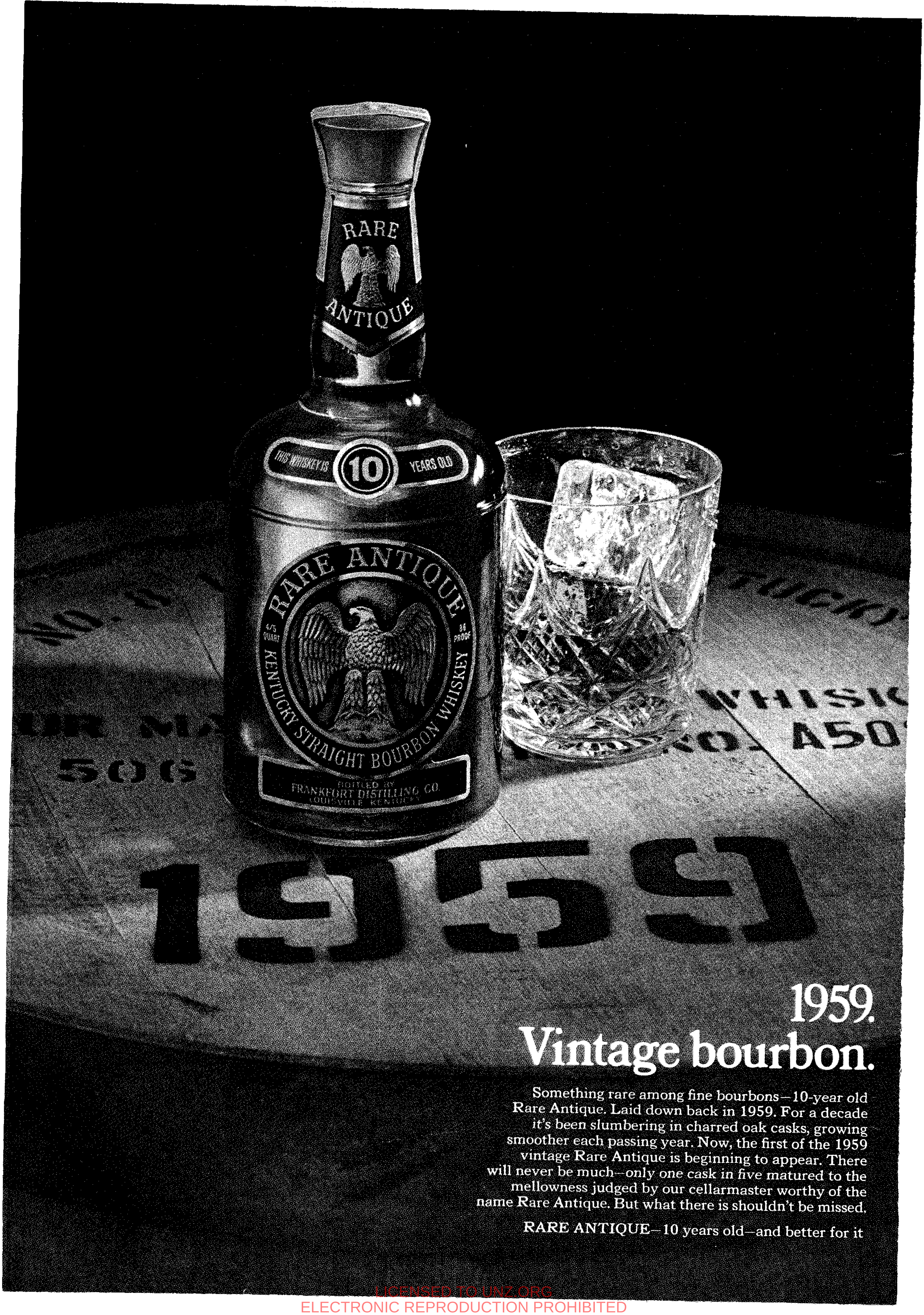

CB Carte Blanche AVCO
SUBSIDIARY OF AVCO CORPORATION
Vernon Adams
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
948 318 569 3
MEMBER 59 SINCE
VERNON ADAMS
EXPIRES END OF MONTH YEAR
CB 11 70

- **Restaurants: enjoy the finest wherever you go.**
- **Service stations: fill 'er up at thousands of gas stations.**
- **Rent-a-cars: all majors, most independents, welcome you.**
- **Cartan tours at thousands of leading travel agents.**


Carte Blanche
Carte Blanche
APPLICATION
TAKE ONE
TAKE ONE

Apply now for Carte Blanche
Get an application at any "Take One" display, or write: Carte Blanche, 3460 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90054.

Carte Blanche gives you more than credit.


RARE ANTIQUE
THIS WHISKEY IS 10 YEARS OLD
RARE ANTIQUE
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY FRANKFORT DISTILLING CO. LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY
506
WHISK
NO. A50
1959

1959.
Vintage bourbon.

Something rare among fine bourbons—10-year old Rare Antique. Laid down back in 1959. For a decade it's been slumbering in charred oak casks, growing smoother each passing year. Now, the first of the 1959 vintage Rare Antique is beginning to appear. There will never be much—only one cask in five matured to the mellowness judged by our cellarmaster worthy of the name Rare Antique. But what there is shouldn't be missed.

RARE ANTIQUE—10 years old—and better for it

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Zodiac: Realm of Wandering Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, monkeys, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **bronx zoo:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, piglets, kids, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

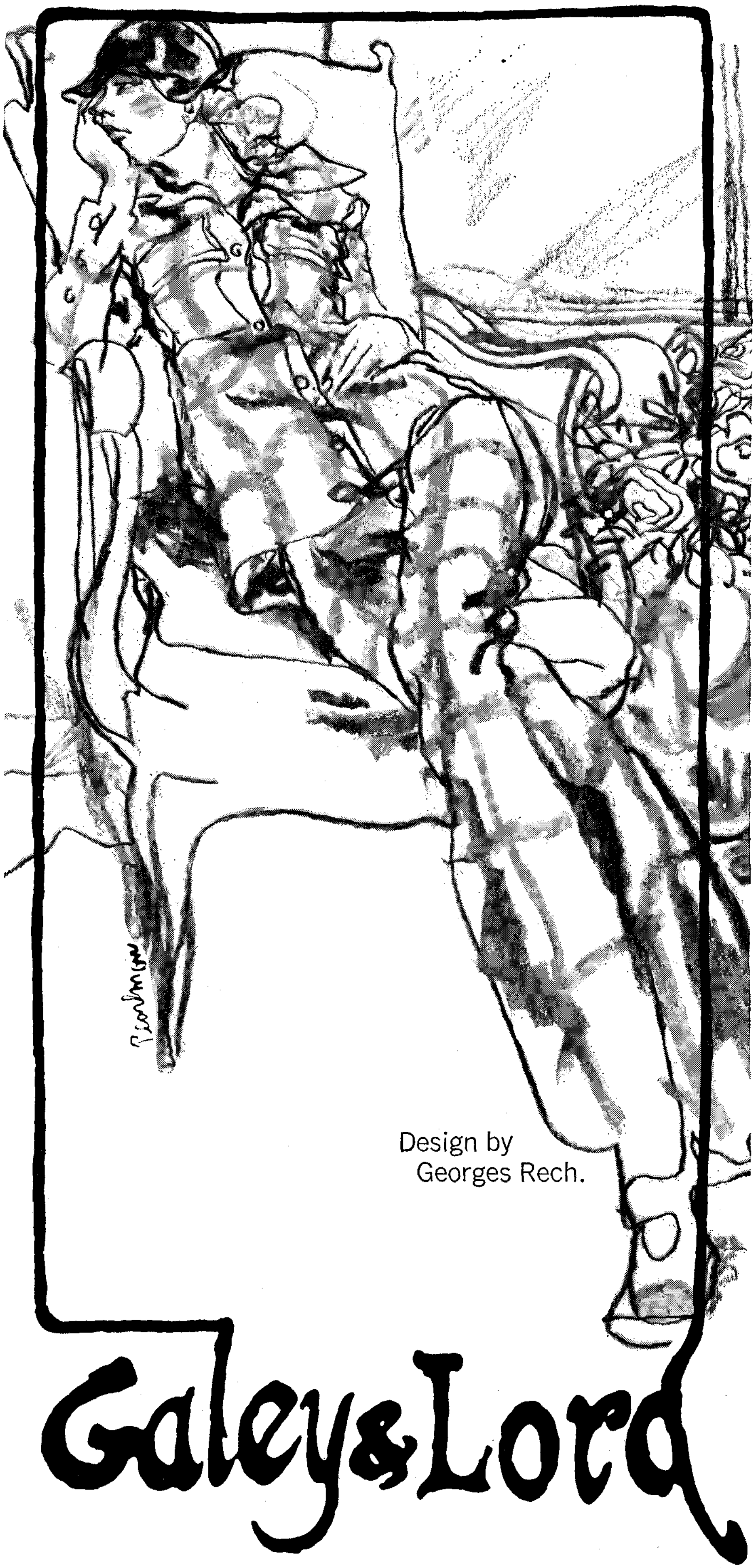
ET ALIA

United Nations—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, May 26. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Flea Market—An alternative to the usual Sunday stroll through Central Park. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 21, at 10:15 and 2: Antique clocks and watches, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 8: Indian portraits by Charles Bird King, from the Redwood Library and Athenaeum, together with American paintings, drawings and watercolors, from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 22, at 2: Oriental art, including early dynastic pottery, jades and other hard-stone carvings, porcelains, and ivories; from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 23, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art, from the collection of J. C. Leff. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 23, at 2: French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, May 28, at 10:15: Prints by Rembrandt, Miró, Matisse, and others; from several collectors.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: May 20 at 2 and 5:30, "The Lost Alibi" (1960); May 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "A Picture of Madame Yuki" (1950); May 22 at 2 and 5:30, "The War at Sea from Hawaii to Malaya" (1942); May 23 at 3 and 5:30, "Sounds from the Mountains" (1954); May 24 at 2 and 5:30, "Mr. Pu" (1953); May 25 at 8 and May 26 at 2, "The Quiet Duel" (1949); May 26 at 5:30, "Scandal" (1950); May 27 at 2 and 5:30, "Before Dawn" (1955); May 28 at 2, "The Idiot" (1951). . . . ¶ May 23 at 11:30: "Tabu" (1931), directed by F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Le Million" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair, with Annabella; no English titles. . . . ¶ May 28 at 8: "The Bed of the Virgin" (1969), in French, directed by Philippe Garrel; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) . . . **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through May 24: "La Divina," "The Wall," and six other films. . . . ¶ Starting May 27: "Re-Entry," "The Room," and six other films. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)



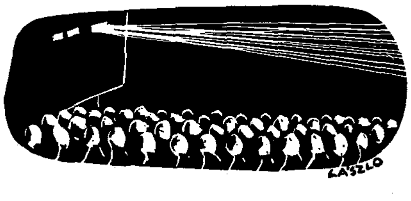
Fabric woven by
Galey & Lord, a div. of **Burlington Industries,** Burlington House, N.Y. 10019

Signed originals by Waterford®
Pesin

Every piece of Waterford crystal is a signed work of art, made wholly by hand in Ireland. For free brochure, write to Waterford, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through May 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting May 27.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous doubletakes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 26-28.)

The Big Broadcast of 1938 (1938)—One of the best of the pleasantly anarchic Paramount vaudeville shows. This one features W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, and Bob Hope and Shirley Ross singing "Thanks for the Memory," and most of it takes place on an ocean liner. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 22-25.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting May 27.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Some kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend, and it doesn't quite work. Paul Newman and Robert Redford are, however, among the most attractive performers around. George Roy Hill directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through May 26. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting May 27.)

The Damned—Visconti, who doesn't have much talent for flamboyance, appears to be grimly serious about all this curling-lip and thin-eyebrow decadence. The story is the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 26.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 26.)

Enter Laughing (1967)—Comedy about show business in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer and Elaine May. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 27.)

Fellini Satyricon—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

La Femme Infidèle—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through May 26.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 21.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 26.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Mississippi Mermaid—Working from a fairly arthritic thriller, François Truffaut adapts and directs a small film that makes it rather sweetly as a romantic love story, with keynotes that are very typical of him. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist in a mildly ludicrous plot situation with a ravishing girl who has been ordered as a bride by post (Catherine Deneuve). In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 24.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields did not write this script on the back of an envelope. It was a play first and then some ladies and gentlemen adapted it and wrote it all out, and Fields was given sticky-sweet cow-eyed Rochelle Hudson for a daughter, and she was given sticky-sweet cow-eyed Richard Cromwell for a sweetheart, and really they're not the sort of people Fields should be mucking around with. Still, he has his moments as con man Eustace McGargle. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 22-25.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through May 26. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting May 27.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 21.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Jean Gabin as the head of a Mafia-family squirearchy, and Alain Delon as a murderer punk. Very efficient, with a rather evil-minded sense of humor and a strong conviction about the morality of private enterprise in crime. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 26-28.)

Sympathy for the Devil—Godard's film about revolution's coming to the crux. The Rolling Stones rehearsing a song, changing it, making something rise to a boil are reported as a metaphor that is deliberately jarred by Godard's own sort of interruptions—interviews with Black Panthers, readings of cant in a bookshop, shots of casual modern carnage. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; through May 26.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Tropic of Cancer—Henry Miller's expatriates in Paris, updated by Joseph Strick but still funny. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 27.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. The film is a sardonic epiphany for a system. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 20.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Part I: through May 21. Part II: May 22-28.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. Jimi Hendrix has a fine set in which he makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 26.)

Note—At **TOWN HALL**, 113 W. 43rd (JU 2-4536): The last program in a series of Laurel-and-Hardy films. May 20 and 22, at 5:30: "Sons of the Desert" (1934), "Blotto" (1930), and "The Chimp" (1932). . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434): Two in a series of eight black-film programs. May 22 at 8: "Broken Strings" (1940) and "Cry Jazz" (1959). . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: "Go Down Death" (1944) and "Negro Soldier" (1944).

Cool Summer

Almost everyone's favorite. White all cotton ducks. Fully lined. Washable. Sizes: 32 to 42. Regulars only

$22.50

Our new bold herringbone knit pattern sport shirt to complement your white ducks. The model is a neckband collar. Buttons down the front. A blend of 50% dacron and 50% cotton. Sizes: S M L XL

NAVY & WHITE YELLOW & WHITE
RED & WHITE

$16.50

Please add 75c for mail orders

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. • NEW YORK 10017

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 26: **ZABRISKIE POINT.**
From May 27: **TROPIC OF CANCER.**

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey; and "Medium Cool" (1969), Robert Forster.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 26: **THE DAMNED**; and **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).
From May 27: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 26: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From May 27: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Marital Fulfillment," a semi-documentary film.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 26: **SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.**
From May 27: "Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serafino" (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 23: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**
From May 24: "Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bloody Mama," Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through May 26 (tentative): "Monique," Sibylla Kay.
From May 27: To be announced.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"I Am Curious (Blue)," in Swedish.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"riverrun," Louise Ober.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 24: **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID** (in French).
From May 25: "Paddy," Milo O'Shea.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 26: "The Superfight . . . Rocky Marciano vs. Mohammed Ali;" and "How the West Was Won" (1963).
From May 27: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 26: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From May 27: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 27: "A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.
From May 28: "Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 27: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.
From May 28: "A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 27: "The Last Grenade," Stanley Baker, Alex Cord.
From May 28: "Let It Be," the Beatles.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
May 20: "Antonio das Mortes" (in Portuguese); and "Mister Freedom," Donald Pleasence, Delphine Seyrig.
From May 21: "Pravda" and "See You at Mao," both documentary films by Jean-Luc Godard.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 26: **THE DAMNED**; and **DUTCHMAN.**
From May 27: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Naked Hearts" (in French); and "The Passenger" (in English and Polish).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 26: "Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.
From May 27: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 26: "The Last Grenade," Stanley Baker, Alex Cord.
From May 27: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Too Late the Hero," Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 26: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From May 27: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through May 27: "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.
From May 28: "The Out-of-Towners," Jack Lemmon, Sandy Dennis.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 28: **WAR AND PEACE.**

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Leo the Last," Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Forbin Project," Eric Braeden, Susan Clark.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 26: "In Search of Gregory," Julie Christie, Michael Sarrazin.
From May 27: "The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through May 25: "Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.
From May 26: "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," Don Johnson.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 26: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.
From May 27: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 26: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French); and "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."
From May 27: To be announced.

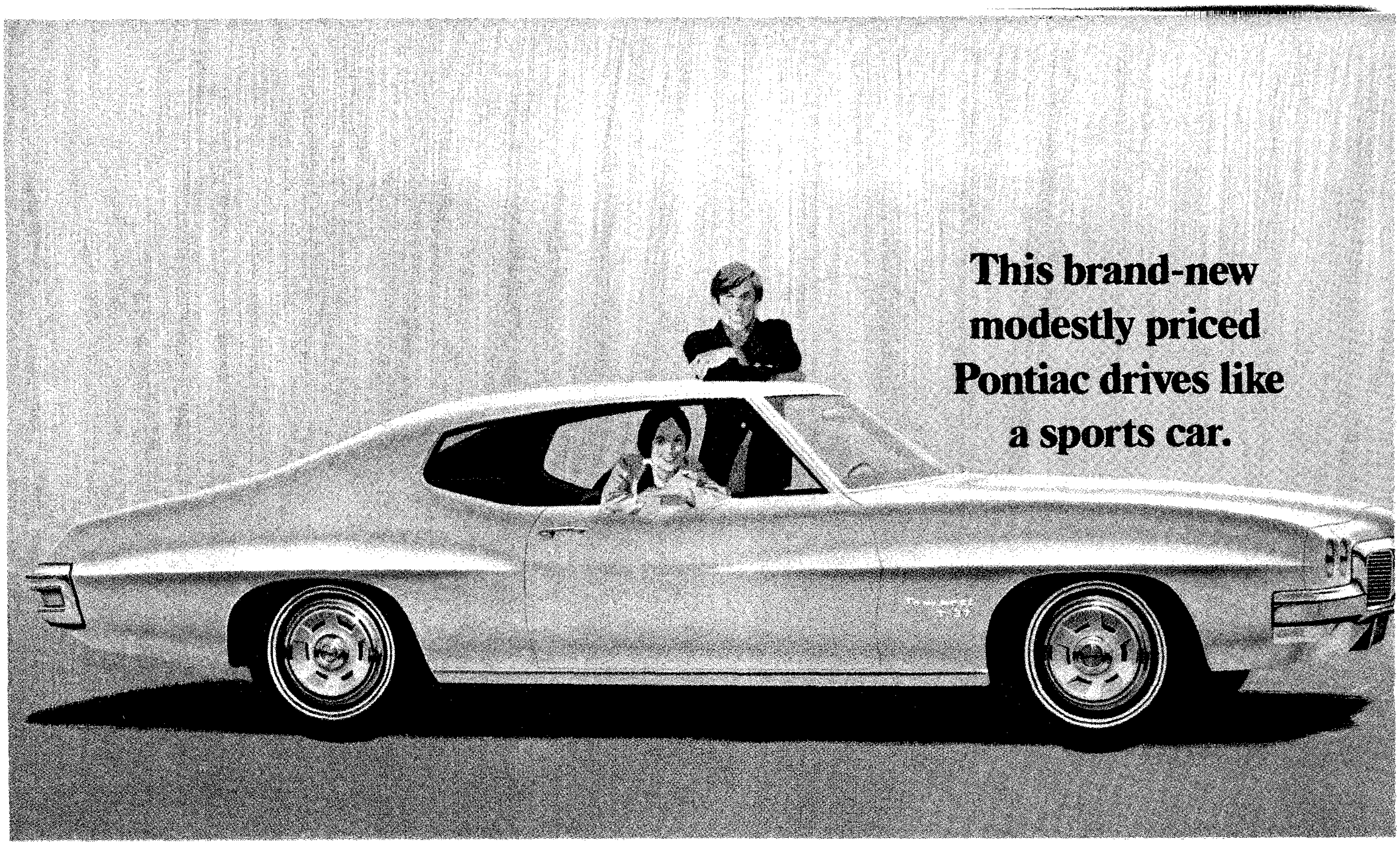
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 20: **TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER** (in French); and "Earth Entranced" (in Portuguese).
From May 21: "Raven's End" (in Swedish); and "Letter from Siberia," a Chris Marker film.

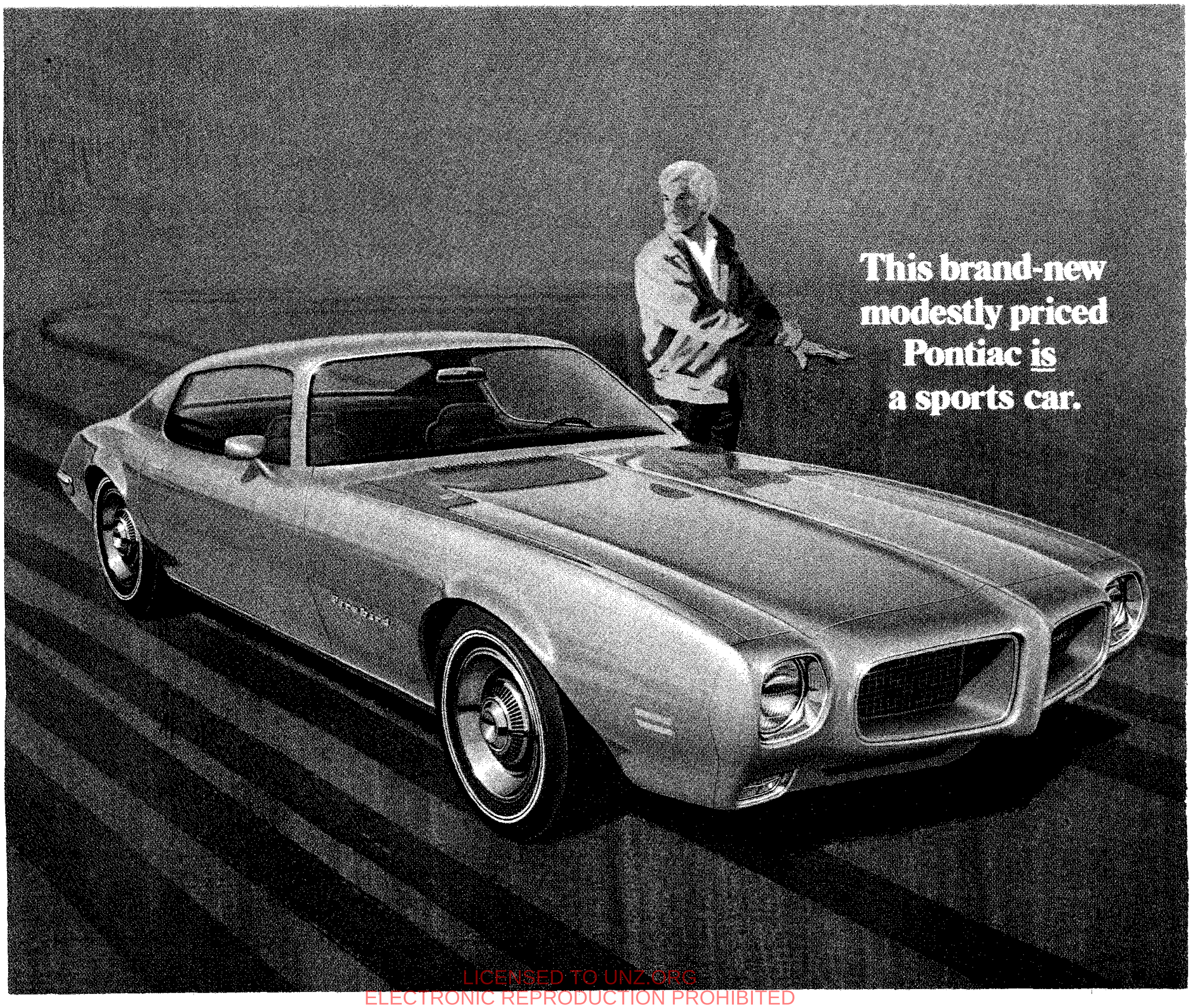
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 26: "Ben-Hur" (1959), Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
From May 27: **ENTER LAUGHING**; and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 21: **THE GHOST GOES WEST**; and **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.**
May 22-25: **THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938**; and **POPPY.**
May 26-28: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT.**

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 26: "Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.
From May 27: **TROPIC OF CANCER.**

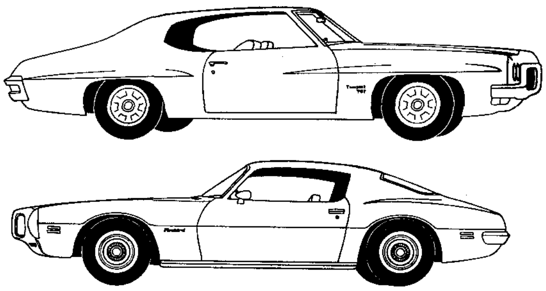
Guerlain is pleased to announce that only one man in ten thousand wears Imperiale.
VERITABLE
EAU DE COLOGNE
IMPÉRIALE
PRIVILÈGE
GUERLAIN
NEW YORK PARIS
BLENDED IN U.S.A.
NET CONT
EXTRA-DRY


This brand-new
modestly priced
Pontiac drives like
a sports car.


This brand-new
modestly priced
Pontiac is
a sports car.

Two more reasons why Pontiac is the No. 1 medium-priced car.

Pontiac's New T-37 Hardtop. (The white beauty shown left.) Believe it or not, this brand-new Pontiac is one of the lowest priced hardtops on the market. Who'd ever guess? And that's the beauty of it. There's enough sports-car look and feel here to keep the nosiest neighbor guessing. And to make you forget you got T-37 for such a low price.



You have a 250-cubic-inch engine and a fully synchronized three-speed manual transmission to work with. And a Wide-Track's way of cutting corners down to size. And a retuned suspension that sits on long-wearing bias-belted tires. And a low-slung, air-slicing kind of styling you just don't see much of in this price range.

And all this time everyone else has been trying to convince you that low-priced cars have to be meek and mild. This one is a Pontiac, remember. So all that sports-oriented equipment shouldn't come as any great surprise. Nor should any of T-37's other non-low-price touches like a hidden radio antenna, protective steel beams in the doors, and patterned-cloth and vinyl upholstery.

No, T-37 is not your average low-priced car. It's built by people who take the fun of driving seriously. Too seriously to let economy spoil all the fun.

Pontiac's New Firebird. (The gold beauty shown left.) There won't be any confusion about what kind of car Firebird is. This is all sports car, from its two large-diameter, high-intensity headlamps to its completely restyled rear deck. A new 250-cubic-inch engine powers it. A manual three-speed transmission moves it. Front disc brakes and rear drum brakes stop it. And a new front stabilizer bar combined with a wider Wide-Track shows curves and corners who's boss.

Then there's the Endura front end. Just to refresh your memory, Endura is a tough rubber-like substance that gives this bumper "bounce." So it can resist dings and dents. And Endura is immune to rust.

Inside Firebird, there's the same kind of common-sense approach to sport. Those bucket-type rear seats make the back of a Firebird more comfortable than the back of a typical sports car. But they do more. The space between them allowed us to raise the drive tunnel. This gives the suspension more room to react to bumps. The ride that results is what you'd expect from a big car. Not a sports car.

Firebird's price is just as surprising as the ride. We'll let your Pontiac dealer tell you about that. But one drive is all Firebird needs to tell you you're getting more car than you bargained for.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
Pontiac Motor Division

It's worth a little to move up a lot. To a Wide-Track Pontiac.

The Wide-Track Family for '70: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans Sport, LeMans, Tempest and Firebird.

Smooth flow of jersey—
Enkalure® nylon, for cool
summer town and travel—
newly longer, sashed
with fringe. Ours alone,
by Adri, in lilac, navy
or black. 6 to 14, 60.00
Sports dress
collections at all
Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

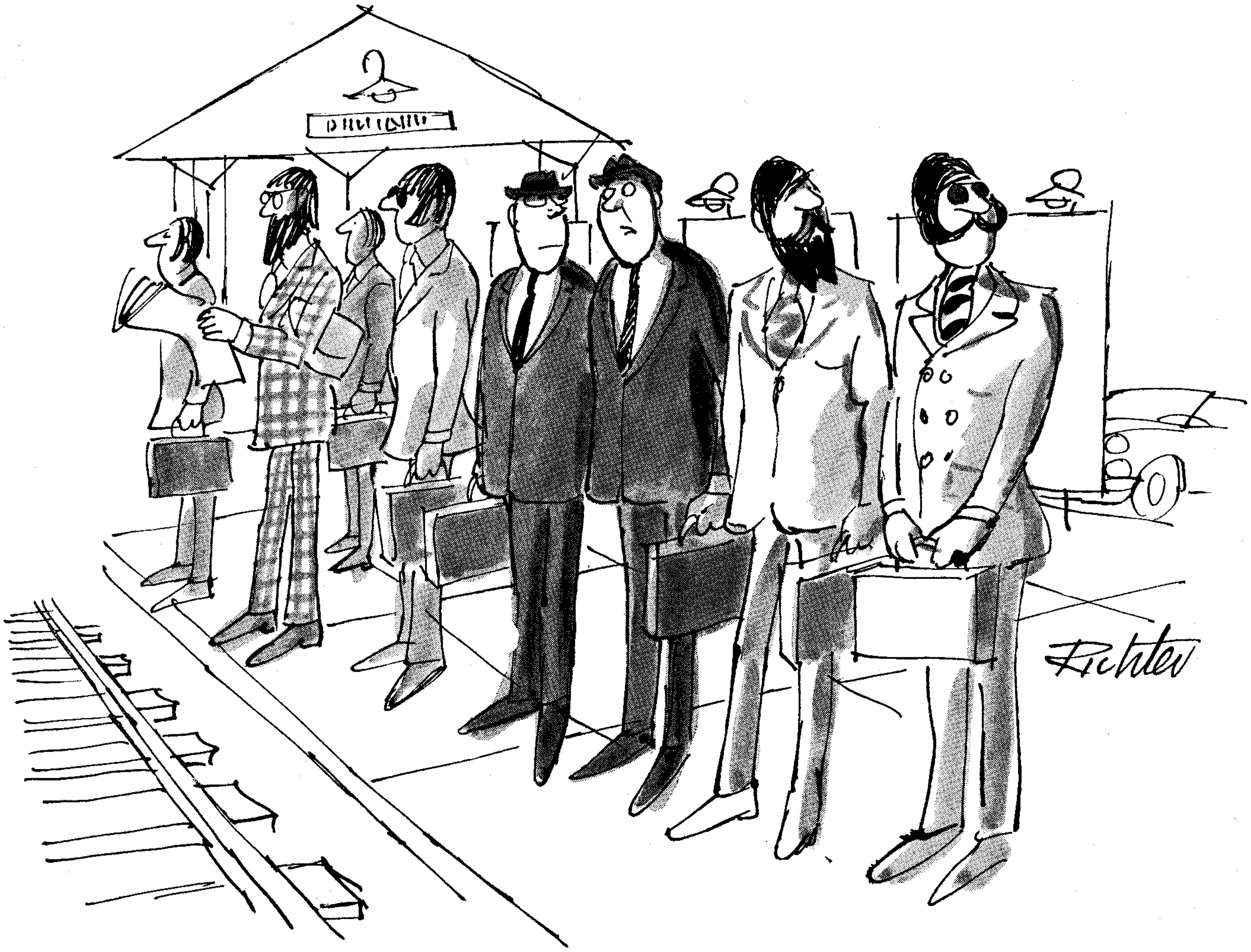
SEVERAL months ago, the *Times* ran some remarkable stories about the unusual way in which an airline pilot dealt with a desperate armed hijacker and managed to bring his passengers, his crew, and his plane to safety. The pilot, whose name is Donald Cook, was on the way from Los Angeles to San Francisco when the hijacker, an A.W.O.L. marine named Raffaele Minichiello, appeared brandishing a gun and demanding that the plane fly to Rome. Captain Cook's first move was to persuade Minichiello to agree to his landing at Denver and letting the passengers off. When this was done and the plane was aloft again, Cook decided that the safest thing to do would be simply to land in New York, refuel, and then take Minichiello to Rome. Later, Robert C. Doty, of the *Times*, quoted Cook as saying that Minichiello "seemed to want to be met here by someone shooting" and wanted to "fight someone and die." Still later, when Cook was interviewed by Joseph Lelyveld, of the *Times*, he said, "We had arranged that there would be a minimum ground crew when we landed at Kennedy. . . . When we got there, there was the car with the replacement crew, but there were also many other vehicles and many other men. Some of them were carrying weapons and wearing military-type flak jackets. . . . This boy was no dope. He was a very intelligent young man. He panicked and he started to scream, 'Get those people away from the airplane.'. . . I said, 'This boy is going to shoot us.' " Cook said that the agents ignored his plea and continued to move in on the airplane. He added, "We had seen him go from practically a raving maniac to a fairly complacent and intelligent young man with a sense of humor, and then these idiots from the F.B.I.—I don't know if 'idiots' is a word you want to use, but it's the way I feel—had irresponsibly made up their own minds about how to handle this boy on the basis of no information, and the good faith we had built up for almost six hours was completely destroyed." An Assistant United States Attorney whom Lelyveld also talked with explained that the F.B.I. agents had been trying to "crawl up through the belly of the plane either to get the drop on [Minichiello] or to get a shot at him." Eventually, the plane did take off for Rome, and on the way Minichiello at one point left his gun within Cook's reach, but Cook made no move to get it. When Minichiello asked him why he hadn't, Cook answered, "Raffaele, all of us have been in the service and all of us have had an opportunity to fight in wars and none of us want to fight in wars now or kill anyone. I couldn't consider it unless it was a mandatory thing. Besides, we've got to like you, and we really think we can bring this to a conclusion without our being killed and without your being killed." At the end of the flight, Minichiello apologized for giving the crew so much trouble, and Cook answered, "That's all right, we don't take it personally." And, with what we regard as a touch of the sublime, Cook told reporters that the crew wished they had met Minichiello "in other circumstances." Finally, Cook said of the dilemma he had faced, "The F.B.I. just thought they were playing Wyatt Earp and wanted to engage in a shoot-out with a supposed criminal. They would have wound up unnecessarily killing this boy, and, probably, completely destroying a seven-million-dollar airplane and wounding or endangering the lives of four crew members."

We believe that Captain Cook is an authentic hero of our times. Isn't his remark about the crew's wishing they had met Minichiello "in other circumstances" all the more to the point when one considers the police and National Guardsmen at Jackson State and Kent State and the students they killed, and when one considers the American soldiers now fighting in Cambodia and the people whose villages they are destroying? As we hear the calls to unleash American power in Indo-China and the calls to "untie the hands" of the American military, it strikes us that, generally speaking, America could use more of Captain Cook's instinct for protecting life and less of the F.B.I.'s eagerness to "get a shot" at its quarry regardless of who gets caught in the crossfire.

Traditionally, of course, mankind has had a special place in its heart for warriors who, with pure and single-minded devotion and unlimited courage, have plunged into battle with total abandon, withholding nothing. Some of the most shining deeds in history have been performed by men or by whole peoples who, for an ideal or in order to protect their countries, have cried "Victory or death!" and hurled themselves against overwhelmingly superior enemy forces. In the same way, we have all admired men who have seemed to pass beyond the normal limits of human endurance in struggles against the sea or against some other force of nature. It is also true, of course, that when these qualities of unlimited commitment and energy have been harnessed to personal ambition or to campaigns of territorial conquest they have brought about some of the darkest episodes in history. Yet, terrible as those episodes may have been, the scope and duration of the suffering they caused were limited by what seem to have been several natural checks. The passage of time, the diversity of mankind, and the sheer size of the globe were enough to defeat or transmute forces bent on unlimited conquest or destruction. Although it sometimes took centuries, the energy of the most powerful armies spent itself in the vastness of the populations they sought to conquer. Sometimes it was not men but nature that eroded the strength of invading forces. It is said that the Russian winter was as much responsible as the Russian Army for Napoleon's retreat from Russia. Until recently, nature and man were inexhaustible adversaries of the single-minded will of the conqueror and destroyer, but in our times the destructive power of man has gained the upper hand. Since the development of nuclear weapons, everyone has known that an international crisis could lead to the extinction of the human species, and since the discovery of the dangers of environmental pollution everyone has known that business as usual could bring the same result. Measured against our new powers of destruction, both man and nature are frail and vulnerable. Now we must learn to *protect* our old adversary the sea, and, what is more difficult, we must learn to protect our human adversaries—as well as those we regard as innocents—against the full power of our own wrath. In the light of this peril, it becomes plain that any single-minded and open-ended campaign, whether it is for military victory or for economic achievement, will lead us into the worst kind of trouble, and will, in the long run, keep us from reaching any goal that such a campaign might be aiming for in the first place. Our competitive instincts and our passion to win battles against other men have become suicidal. The more violence we unleash in order to annihilate our enemies, the closer we come to nuclear war, and to the annihilation of everyone, ourselves included. It used to be thought that men who wished to put an end to war were idealistic dreamers and that those who were willing to go to war were "realists." Now the reverse is true. Often in the past when the question of whether or not to go to war arose, the aim of preventing one's own people from suffering was considered a "reality" and the aim of preventing another people from suffering was considered an "ideal." Now, in a country such as ours, which possesses nuclear power, even if one accepts this callous view of what a reality is, it is those who call for victory who are the dreamers and those who call for restraint who are the realists. What used to be the question was whether men would continue waging wars as they always had or whether they would make a seemingly utopian dream of a world without war come true. Now, with the survival of man at stake, what used to be a dream has become a necessity. We can no longer emulate those who cry "Victory or death!" because in our times victory *is* death.

As we try to cope with this unprecedented situation, we cannot afford to let ourselves forget that there is still a deep and ancient instinct in all of us that wants to see issues shape up in the form of battles—that wants other people to commit themselves as our comrades-in-arms or as enemies and then fight to the death. It may be that it will prove particularly difficult for the American people to learn to temper this instinct. Our present leaders like to remind us that we have until now achieved victories, or at least been on the winning side, in all the wars we have entered. We have grown accustomed to victory, and it may come hard to many of us to learn that our appetite for victory has become deadly even to ourselves. And if this appetite is stronger in some Americans—our policemen, our soldiers, and our veterans among them—than it is in others, it may be in part because in the event of a battle they will have a chance to do what they have been trained to do and know how to do and what they have always been praised for doing. When the government sends the Army to perform such subtle and complicated tasks as keeping peace on the nation's campuses and building democracy in Vietnam, it should not be surprised if, almost unknowingly, the Army turns these tasks into the straightforward business of fighting conventional wars. If you give a man a gun with a bayonet and some ammunition, he is likely to stab and shoot.

It is true that from the start our policies in Indo-China have been haunted by a tendency to slip into the anachronistic idiom and inappropriate tactics of conventional wars, but in recent weeks it has begun to look as though the present Administration were entirely baffled by the shape and texture of the perilous realities we face, and had come to believe that through unilateral action we could force the world back into a less dangerous age. It looks as though the Administration believed that fighting the Indo-China war as a conventional war would transform it into a conventional war, with only conventional risks. Of course, the citizenry that rallies behind a government to give unshakable support to its war effort is as much a part of the conventional war as the army that fights to the limits of its resources in the field. In an attempt to stir up this kind of support, the President has raised the spectre of "humiliation and defeat" for America, and has told us that our willingness to support him is a test of our "courage" and our "character." But to believe that the North Vietnamese Army challenges our courage in this way requires us to accept the enormous misconception that the strength of America is gravely threatened "both abroad and at home," in the words of the President, and that we can repel the threat only by calling on untapped reserves of energy and determination. Such demands, of course, have been the rallying cry of nations fighting for survival in the past, but how strange they sound coming in our times from the government of what the President himself calls "the richest and strongest nation in the history of the world" as it invades one of the poorest and most helpless nations in the world. The Administration speaks of the need to prove our "credibility." The truth is that the world is already well persuaded of our capacity for violence and our willingness to use it. As everyone knows, our capacity for violence is unlimited. God save us from ever *proving* it. When a call to support a policy that is moving in this direction is made, the citizens—who know somewhere in the back of their minds that their homes and families are threatened more directly by a wider war than they could be in any way by our present enemy—are likely to discover a worm of doubt inside them that makes them wonder whether this is what patriotism really does require, and tends to take the wind out of the warlike passion they are called on to display. Indeed, hawkish sentiment on the war has never really been very outspoken or very impassioned. Often its existence has been merely deduced, as is revealed by the phrase "the silent majority." When those with hawkish views *have* shown anger, they have vented it not on the North Vietnamese but on other Americans, such as demonstrators and the press. Even in what are regarded as the most hawkish quarters, there has been a reluctance to give strong support directly to the war. And when one looks for the kind of unity and resolve that governments ordinarily expect in support of their policies in wartime, one must turn to the anti-war movement to find it. It is in this movement—especially among the young, who have never learned the taste for military victory—that one



"I feel like a damn fool."

• •

finds the solidarity and the spontaneous determination of a people that is fighting for survival. But in this case it is the survival of the human race. It is generally recognized that the current generation of young people have lived their whole lives in the shadow of nuclear destruction. Surely Indo-China, being one of the places where the shadow falls most heavily, must loom preëminent in youth's struggle to insure that man will have a future. In this struggle, America's ability to impose its will on other nations by force is useless. And since it is compassion for our own people and for other peoples that keeps us from proving our character to the hilt, our government's indifference to the terrible fate it has decreed for the Cambodian people is alarming. It is profane that the first thing the American government told the American people about Cambodia was that American forces had begun to destroy it. One newspaper, limping along, like everybody else, to keep up with the President and the military, ran an article entitled "Cambodia at a Glance," which informed its readers of such facts as that in Cambodia "most of the population is rural and farming is [its] major occupation," and that "mineral resources are undeveloped." The title seemed to suggest that if you wanted to learn anything about Cambodia you had better look quickly. Now, on television, Americans are getting their first look at Cambodians. Most of the Cambodians are lying dead in their shattered villages. On the evening of the invasion, when the President went to his map to show the American people where Cambodia is ("Here is South Vietnam, here is North Vietnam," etc.), we felt that we were being given a geography lesson by military invasion. We don't want to learn about our brothers on the earth in this way.

Daffodils

WE took a trip recently with the Horticultural Society of New York to see three million daffodils blooming at Brookside, the estate of Mrs. Flagler Matthews, in Rye. The estate is a hundred acres of rolling land given over to broad lawns, woods, brooks, greenhouses, a formal garden, an apple orchard, and a long serpentine pond called the Lake. Mrs. Matthews is a member of the board of directors of the Society, and every few years she invites members up to see the flowers. Fortunately for her, not all of this year's members (nearly four thousand) appeared—only four hundred. But even these, arriving in five chartered buses and fifty-three private cars, created an assemblage of traffic that demanded great skill of James S. Jack, her horticulturist and the superintendent of the estate, who directed it.

Everyone piled out of the buses and cars and walked toward the Lake, along whose borders the daffodils were planted. They ranged from pure white, through pale yellow, to bright, bright yellow, and they spread from the very edge of the water out onto gentle green knolls and, beyond, into woods where leaves were just beginning to appear on the trees. Moving slowly, in decorous groups of two and three, the visitors spent an hour walking around the Lake on a path covered with tanbark, studying the flowers' names, which were printed on small signs stuck in the soil. We didn't have room on our note pad for all of them, but we did note that they fell into certain categories: poetic (Olympic Fire, Sweet Memory), aggressive (Dominator, Intrude), geographical (Winnipeg, Alicante), personal (Professor Einstein, Jean Flagler Matthews), temperamental (Moonstruck, Thoughtful), and mundane (Bobbysoxer, Grapefruit). As we came around a bend in the path, we saw two white swans sleeping on the ground behind a large rock, their heads curved down on their backs and their beaks buried in their feathers. Overhead, a red-winged blackbird suddenly flew by, its red spots glimmering in the sun. A trio of geese swam past, honking, and in the distance a single black swan floated gracefully and silently, its dark plumage silhouetted strikingly against the yellow of the flowers.

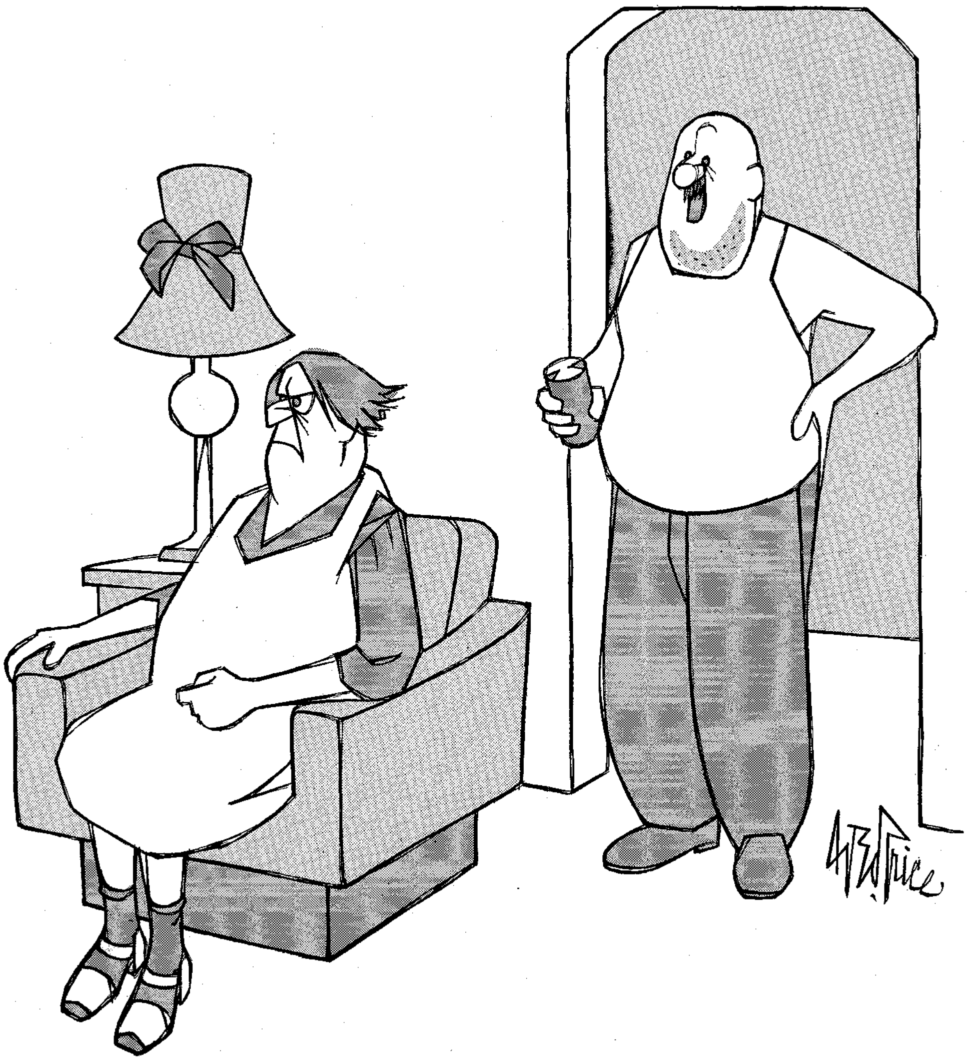
We followed the crowd as it moved away from the daffodils to visit the formal garden, where pink and white hyacinths were planted neatly among gravel walks and boxwood hedges. It was a fresh spring day, and the smells of the hyacinths and the boxwood blended with the sound of gravel crunching beneath the visitors' feet in a sensuous effect that delighted a woman wearing a white straw hat. "You can *have* a pastoral garden," she said to a hatless friend. "I'll take a formal garden any day."

As we continued toward the main house, where the guests were to have lunch, we recognized, ahead of us, Charles D. Webster and Alexander W. Allport, who are, respectively, the president and the executive director of the Society. Both were wearing bright-orange neckties embellished with designs of flowers and scissors. "They're unofficial ties for Society officers and staff," Mr. Allport said.

"I heard a tufted titmouse singing," said Mr. Webster, who is interested in birds.

We climbed a hill to the main house, a large red brick Colonial Revival structure with four white Doric columns at its entrance. On the lawn, a big pink tent had been set up for lunch, and Mrs. Matthews, a cheerful, hearty woman, was shaking hands with each guest entering the tent. We found a table occupied solely by a tuberous-begonia centerpiece, and there we were joined by Mr. Jack, who said, "I've been here for thirty-five years. I grew up in Scotland and was trained there as a gardener on private estates. Gardening's in my blood. My father was a gardener, and so was my brother. As a young man, I grew to love narcissi—commonly called daffodils. During the last thirty-four years, I've planted over a million bulbs, consisting of a thousand varieties, here at Brookside. When they're at their peak, there are three million blooms—the largest collection of its kind in the United States. My own favorite is *Narcissus poeticus*—a white flower with a red-and-yellow eye. When we set out bulbs for planting, I like to have them scattered in irregular groups, as if nature had planted them."

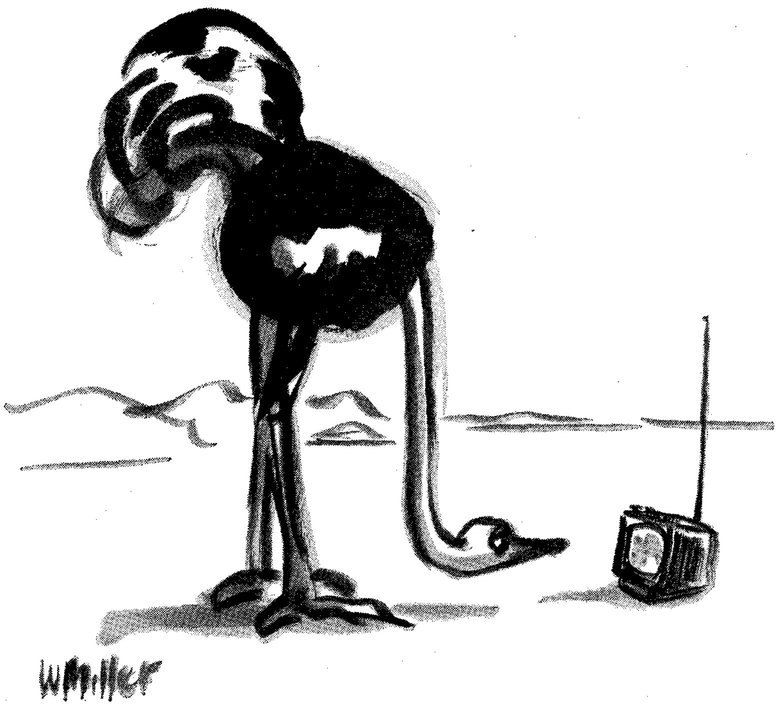
Mr. Webster and Mrs. Matthews joined us, and after dessert had been served, Mr. Webster rose, gave a brief speech, and presented to Mrs. Matthews a new variety of geranium, with a recently patented name that sounded medicinal—Poitezone. "Should I chew a leaf now and then?" Mrs. Matthews asked as she sat down. Mr. Webster then auctioned off his necktie for seventeen dollars, for the Society's treasury, and Mr. Allport auctioned off numerous tuberous begonias.



"Was it something I averred?"

Wall Street Lunch

FROM time to time, we go down to the financial district to have lunch with an old friend named Douglas, an investment banker whose office is at 70 Pine Street. We picked him up there last Thursday, and he suggested that we go to Eberlin's, on New Street, a place he likes because it has an old-fashioned capitalistic air; that is, the waiters treat the customers any way they choose. We walked west on Pine Street. "I hope we can get there all right," he said. "I have a route I always try to walk because it takes me past the Subtreasury. I have a nostalgic feeling for the building, because it was there that George Washington took his first oath of office as President." There were a lot of policemen on Pine Street, standing next to an empty automobile, with flag decals fore and aft, parked at a hydrant a few feet from a "No Parking" sign. "You know, when I get out of the subway most mornings, it's like getting out of bed—unpleasant but mechanical," Douglas said. "This week, it's taken longer than usual to walk out of the station, and there's been this strange feeling of apprehen-



sion when you reach the street. On Tuesday, there were all those really enormous people around with little red-and-yellow buttons in the lapels—like those two guys over there. At first, I kept wondering, Who are these ill-at-ease-looking people wearing sports coats and open shirts? What are they doing here in Squaresville? I thought they must be construction workers, and I began to feel sorry that I had my attaché case in one hand, in case I might have to use my fists. But then I saw a button on a black guy, and I didn't think a black man would be a construction worker, so I figured they must be plainclothesmen. I asked one of them if he was a cop, and he said, 'I can't tell you,' so I knew he was. I wonder who picked those colors. Red and yellow."

We turned south on William Street. "I'm a nondoctrinaire liberal who supported L. B. J. on Vietnam up to the first bombing in the North, but I guess I've been kind of radicalized," Douglas said. "My God, my *firm* has been radicalized this week. We're all doing things we normally wouldn't. After the hard-hatted construction workers' first attack on the student dissenters in the financial district, a whole bunch of people in our office impulsively wrote a letter of congratulation to Walter Hickel, and our receptionist turned up wearing a 'Business Action for Peace' button. An investment-banking receptionist wearing a button! I mean, it just doesn't happen." We turned west on Wall Street, past an armored car flying two American flags from its front fenders, like the car of a diplomat on his way to present his credentials, and past helmeted mounted police and legions of police barricades, and almost as many foot patrolmen and plainclothesmen as there were pedestrians. A Western Union truck went by with "God Bless America" and "Bomb Hanoi" painted on its side. The steps of the Subtreasury Building were roped off, and three policemen had their bodies interposed between us and a bas-relief of George Washington, who was kneeling in prayer. "To have cops, in or out of uniform, polluting this scene of traditional history strikes me as desecration of a national monument," Douglas said, sotto voce. The policemen were wearing two-tone blue helmets. Nearby was a young man, conceivably a student, in a white helmet. No helmeted construction workers were visible, though obviously the district was prepared for them. A tough-looking middle-aged man asked a red-and-yellow-button-wearing operative where the Stock Exchange was. The plainclothesman pointed it out to him, and as the man started toward it the plainclothesman casually followed him. We started south on Broad Street. On the door of the Exchange was a sign that read, "Visitors' Gallery Closed." On the east side of Broad, in front of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Building, there must have been at least a hundred police. Douglas stopped and looked around. "Most of us are staying off the streets unless we have to go to a conference," he said. "Even the pigeons are off the streets. Look at them huddled on that ledge. I don't like the feel of Broad Street today. Let's go by way of Broadway."

We doubled back to Wall Street and headed west, toward Trinity Church, which had an American flag and the flag of the Episcopal Church flying at its entrance. "I had a conference on a big real-estate deal at my office yesterday," Douglas said, "and at the end one lawyer said, 'All right, now how do I get out of here back to my office? I'm not going along Wall Street.' So four of us spent ten minutes mapping out a safe route for him." At the church, two men wearing "Silent No Longer" buttons were passing out flyers urging everyone to attend a Rally for America featuring Mario Procaccino. On the cemetery fence was a sign advertising a lecture series: "Illustrated Lecture on Jordan," "Garden Week in Virginia," "The Megalithic Art of Ireland," and "Outlook for Financial Markets." A white man stopped to look at it and was bumped into by a black man, who said "Sorry." "First heartening word I've heard all week," Douglas said. A street salesman walked by with a board like the boards one sees at football stadiums; it had American flags and flag pins and flag buttons affixed to it. " 'Get your colors for the game,' " said Douglas. "But he seems to have only one side's." We walked south on Broadway to Exchange Place, and turned east. "We should be all right now," Douglas said. "Do you get the feeling that the atmosphere of this place is crackling? To me, it's like Czechoslovakia after the Russians came in."

At the restaurant, Douglas, who, in the best banking tradition, rarely has more than a Dry Sack-on-the-rocks, ordered a double Scotch, and when his food came he picked at it. Three uniformed policemen walked in, and he stiffened. "I've never seen cops in here before," he said. "But I guess they have to lunch somewhere." A friend of his stopped by the table to report that the Dow-Jones was down nine points at one o'clock but bonds were firm, and that that would undoubtedly make the Attorney General happy. Douglas shrugged, and replied, "I don't think the collapse in stocks has anything to do with John Mitchell's having been in bonds all his life. It would be attributing too much to him. Who cares about the market any longer anyway? The big question down here is: When will the *country* bottom out?"

We let Douglas try to make it back to his office on his own, and took the subway uptown, where things seemed comparatively normal for midtown Manhattan at midday in spring. There was a solitary hot-eyed man on Fifth Avenue wrapped in a sandwich board that said, "N.Y. Being Framed to Be H-Bombed. Don't Be Fooled."

THE CHALLENGE

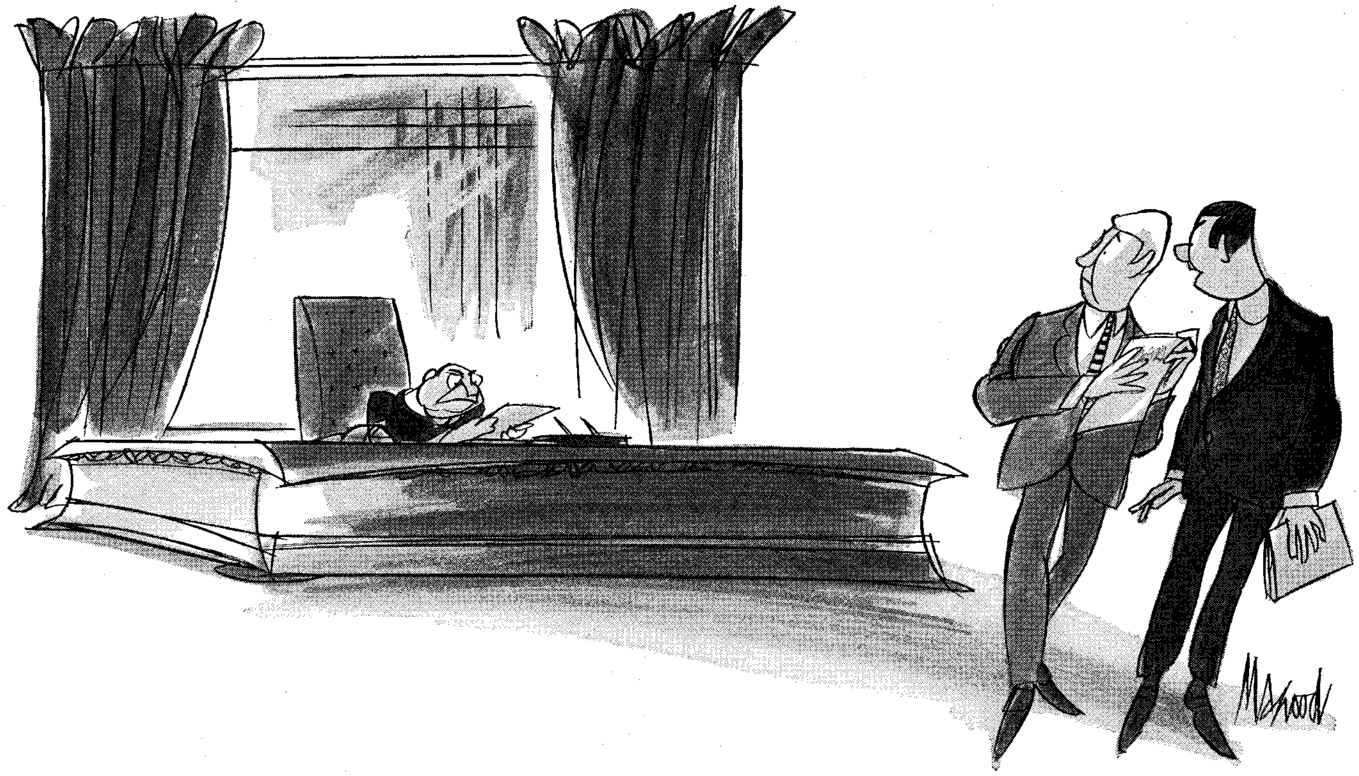
ALL over the Argentine runs a story that may belong to legend or to history or (which may be just another way of saying it belongs to legend) to both things at once. Its best recorded versions are to be found in the unjustly forgotten novels about outlaws and desperadoes written in the last century by Eduardo Gutiérrez; among its oral versions, the first one I heard came from a neighborhood of Buenos Aires bounded by a penitentiary, a river, and a cemetery, and nicknamed Tierra del Fuego. The hero of this version was Juan Muraña, a wagon driver and knife fighter to whom are attributed all the stories of daring that still survive in what were once the outskirts of the city's Northside. That first version was quite simple. A man from the Stockyards or from Barracas, knowing about Muraña's reputation (but never having laid eyes on him), sets out all the way across town from the Southside to take him on. He picks the fight in a corner saloon, and the two move into the street to have it out. Each is wounded, but in the end Muraña slashes the other man's face and tells him, "I'm letting you live so you'll come back looking for me again."

What impressed itself in my mind about the duel was that it had no ulterior motive. In conversation thereafter (my friends know this only too well), I grew fond of retelling the anecdote. Around 1927, I wrote it down, giving it the deliberately laconic title "Men Fought." Years later, this same anecdote helped me work out a lucky story—though hardly a good one—called "Streetcorner Man." Then, in 1950, Adolfo Bioy-Casares and I made use of it again to plot a film script that the producers turned down and that would have been called "On the Outer Edge." It was about hard-bitten men like Muraña who lived on the outskirts of Buenos Aires before the turn of the century. I thought, after such extensive labors, that I had said farewell to the story of the disinterested duel. Then, this year, out in Chivilcoy, I came across a far better version. I hope this is the true one, although since fate seems to take pleasure in a thing's happening many times over, both may very well be authentic. Two quite bad stories and a script that I still think of as good came out of the poorer first version; out of the second, which is complete and perfect, nothing can come. Without working in metaphors or details of local color, I shall tell it now as it was told to me. The story took place to the west, in the district of Chivilcoy, sometime back in the eighteen-seventies.

THE hero's name is Wenceslao Suárez. He earns his wages braiding ropes and making harnesses, and lives in a small adobe hut. Forty or fifty years old, he's a man who has won a reputation for courage, and it is quite likely (given the facts of the story) that he has a killing or two to his credit. But these killings, because they were in fair fights, neither trouble his conscience nor tarnish his good name. One evening, something out of the ordinary happens in the routine life of this man: at a crossroads saloon, he is told that a letter has come for him. Don Wenceslao does not know how to read; the saloonkeeper puzzles out word by word an epistle certainly not written by the man who sent it. In the name of certain friends, who value dexterity and true composure, an unknown correspondent sends his compliments to don Wenceslao, whose renown has crossed over the Arroyo del Medio into the Province of Santa Fe, and extends him the hospitality of his humble home in a town of the said province. Wenceslao Suárez dictates a reply to the saloonkeeper. Thanking the other man for his expression of friendship, and explaining that he dare not leave his mother—who is well along in years—alone, he invites the other man to his own place in Chivilcoy, where a barbecue and a bottle or so of wine may be looked forward to. The months drag by, and one day a man riding a horse harnessed and saddled in a style unknown in the area inquires at the saloon for the way to Suárez' house. Suárez, who has come to the saloon to buy meat, overhears the question and tells the man who he is. The stranger reminds him of the letters they exchanged some time back. Suárez shows his pleasure that the other man has gone to the trouble of making the journey; then the two of them go off into a nearby field and Suárez prepares the barbecue. They eat and drink and talk at length. About what? I suspect about subjects involving blood and cruelty—but with each man on his guard, wary.

They have eaten, and the oppressive afternoon heat weighs over the land when the stranger invites don Wences-

"Father, you skipped the part where Abimelech looks out the window and sees Isaac sporting with Rebecca."



"If they ever develop a computer that can bow and scrape, we've had it."

lao to join in a bit of harmless knife play. To say no would dishonor the host. They fence, and at first they only play at fighting, but it's not long before Wenceslao feels that the stranger is out to kill him. Realizing at last what lay behind the ceremonious letter, Wenceslao regrets having eaten and drunk so much. He knows he will tire before the other man, on whom he has a good nine or ten years. Out of scorn or politeness, the stranger offers him a short rest. Don Wenceslao agrees, and as soon as they take up their duelling again he allows the other man to wound him on the left hand, in which he holds his rolled poncho.* The knife slices through his wrist, the hand dangles loose. Suárez, springing back, lays the bleeding hand on the ground, clamps it down under his boot, tears it off, feints a thrust at the amazed stranger's chest, then rips open his belly with a solid stab. So the story ends, except that, according to one teller, the man from Santa Fe is left lifeless, while to another (who withholds from him the dignity of death) he rides back to his own province. In this latter version, Suárez gives him first aid with the rum remaining from their lunch.

IN this feat of Manco (One Hand) Wenceslao—as Suárez is now known to fame—certain touches of mildness or politeness (his trade as harness and rope maker, his qualms about leaving his mother alone, the exchange of flowery letters, the two men's leisurely conversation, the lunch) happily tone down and make the barbarous tale more effective. These touches lend it an epic and even chivalrous quality that we hardly find, for example—unless we have made up our minds to do so—in the drunken brawls of "Martín Fierro" or in the closely related but poorer story of Juan Muraña and the man from the Southside. A trait common to the two may, perhaps, be significant. In both of them, the challenger is defeated. This may be due to the mere and unfortunate necessity for the local champion to triumph, but also (and this is preferable) to a tacit disapproval of aggression, or (which would be best of all) to the dark and tragic suspicion that man is the worker of his own downfall, like Ulysses in Canto XXVI of the "Inferno" or like that other doomed captain in "Moby Dick."

Something fundamental in the brutal story just told saves it from falling into unalloyed barbarousness—an episode out of "La Terre" or Hemingway. I speak of a religious core. "His beliefs," said the poet Lugones of the gaucho, "could be reduced to a few superstitions, which had no great bearing on his everyday life." He then adds, "The one thing he respected was courage, which he cultivated with a chivalrous passion." I would say that the gaucho, without realizing it, forged a religion—the hard and blind religion of courage—and that this faith (like all others) had its ethic, its mythology, and its martyrs. On the plains and out on the raw edges of the city, men who led extremely elementary lives—herders, stockyard workers, drovers, outlaws, and pimps—rediscovered in their own way the age-old cult of the gods of iron. In a thirteenth-century saga we read:

> "Tell me, what do you believe in?" said the earl.
> "I believe in my own strength," said Sigmund.

Wenceslao Suárez and his nameless antagonist, and many others whom myth has forgotten or has absorbed in them, doubtless held this manly faith, and in all likelihood it was no mere form of vanity but rather an awareness that God may be found in any man. —JORGE LUIS BORGES

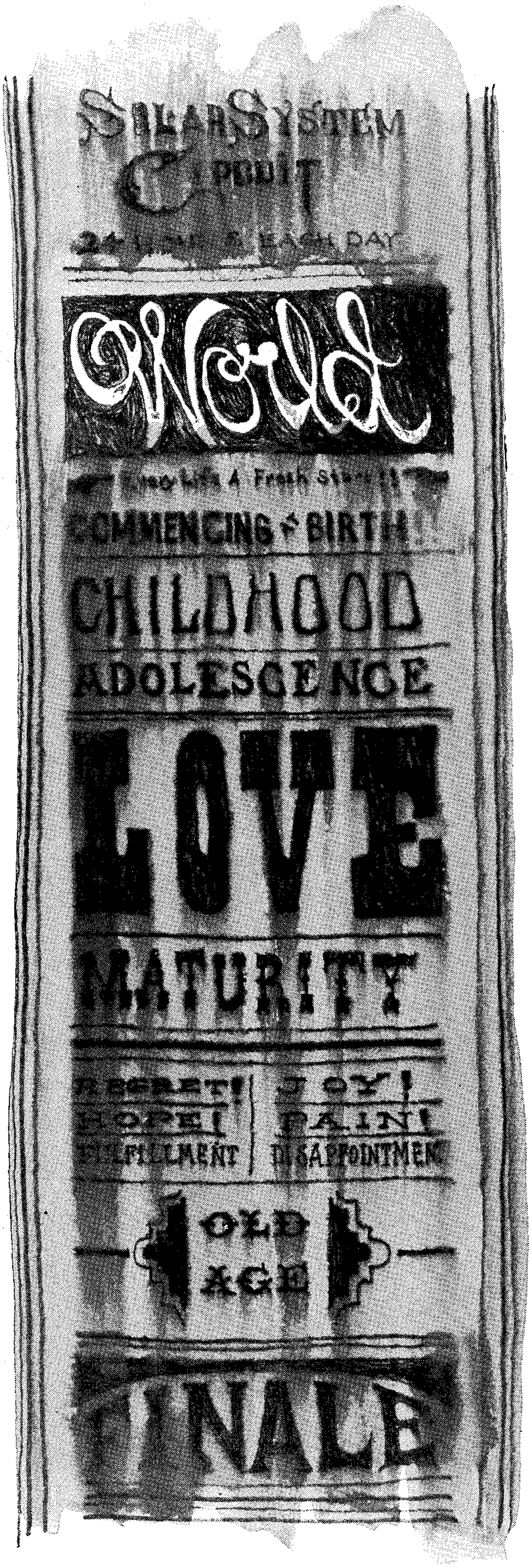
(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.*)

---

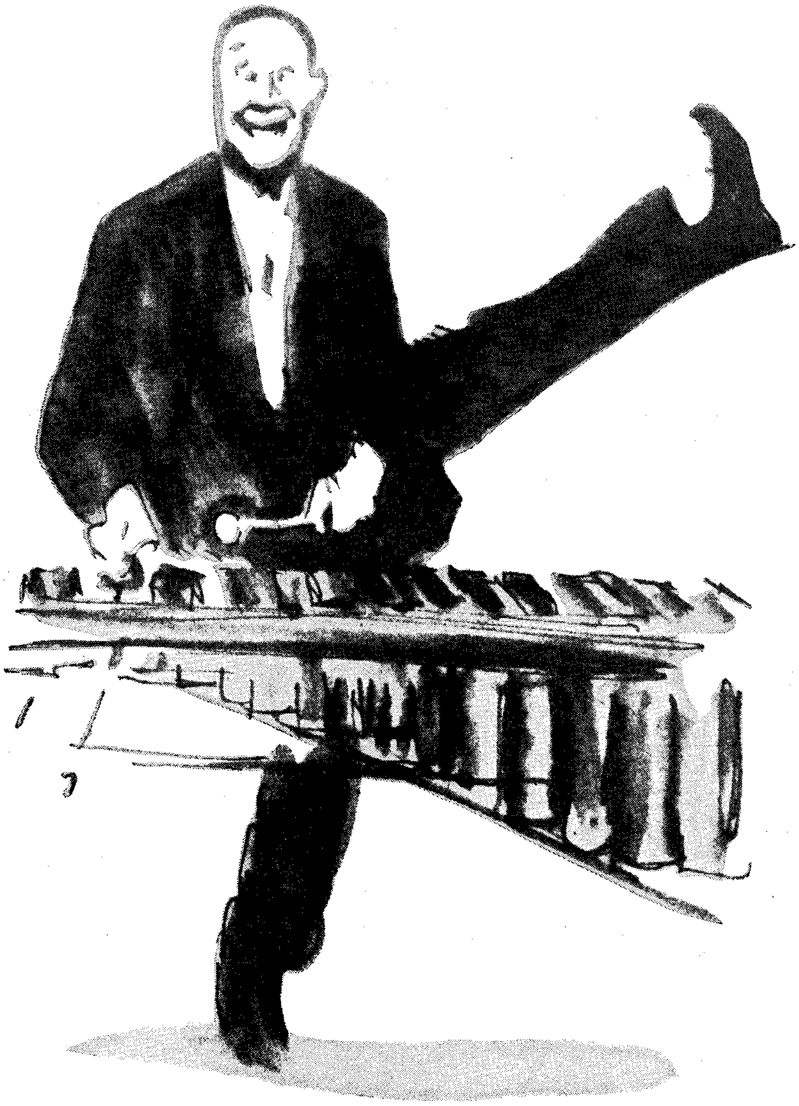
*Montaigne ("Essays," I, 49) says that this manner of fighting with cloak and dagger is very old, and quotes Caesar's finding, "*Sinistras sagis involvunt, gladiosque distringunt*"—"They wrapped their cloaks around their left arms and drew their swords" ("Civil War," I, 75). Lugones, in "El payador" (1916), quotes these verses from a sixteenth-century *romance* of Bernardo del Carpio:

Revolviendo el manto al brazo,
la espada fuera a sacar.
(Wrapping the cape round his arm,
he drew his sword.)

THE CASE AGAINST PROF. LAMBERTI


SOLAR SYSTEM
CIRCUIT
24 ... EACH DAY
World
Life A Fresh Start!!
COMMENCING BIRTH!!
CHILDHOOD
ADOLESCENCE
LOVE
MATURITY
REGRET!
HOPE!
FULFILLMENT
JOY!
PAIN!
DISAPPOINTMENT
OLD AGE
FINALE

Early Bill

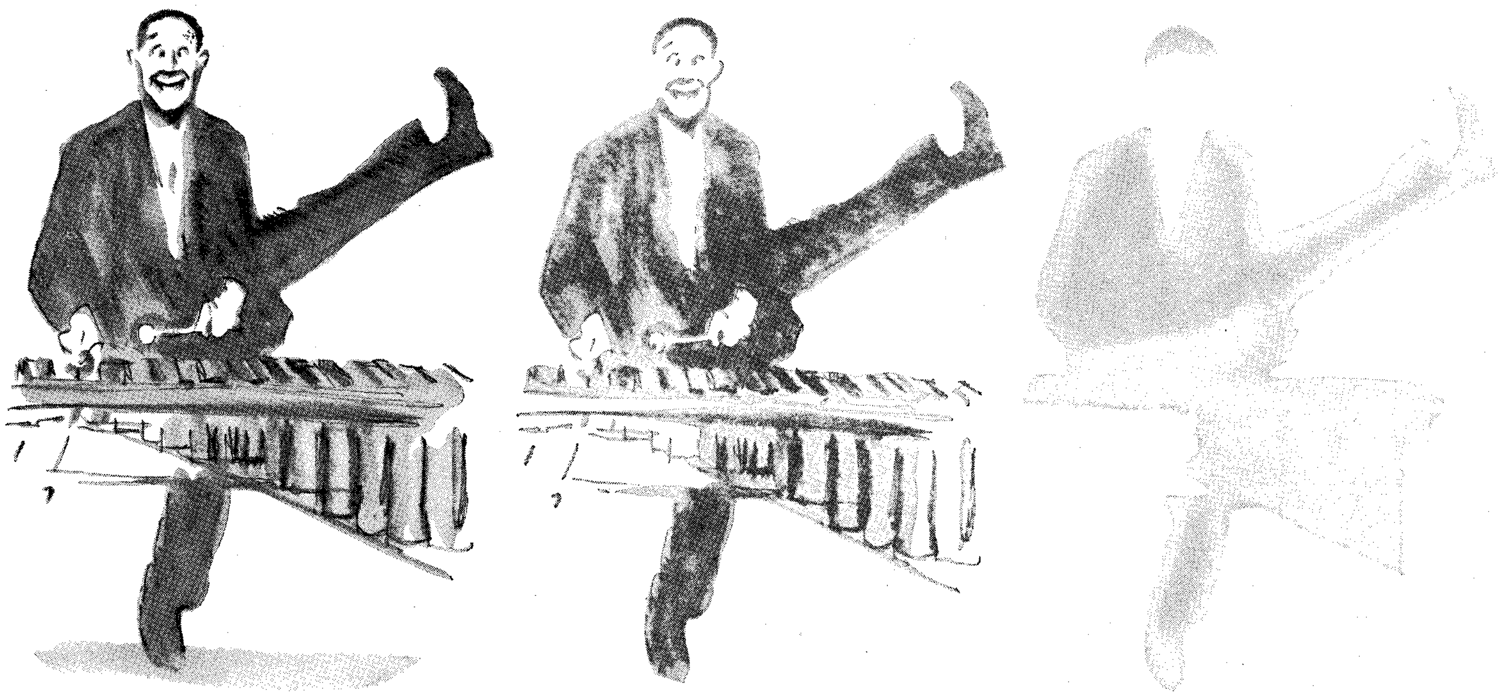


PROF. LAMBERTI ONSTAGE
(*From an old photograph*)

"There were some real good xylophone players like the Four Avalos, Friscoe (Lou Chiha), El Celeve, the Johnsons, El Cota, the Five Musical Spillers . . . and of course to me the funniest of 'em all, the Great Lamberti, whose special bit was that while he was playing a strip teaser appeared behind him (unbeknownst to him, of course) and when the audience applauded he thought it was for him (real funny)."—*"Vaudeville: From the Honky-Tonks to the Palace," by Joe Laurie, Jr.*

ABOVE: The primary source for Lamberti cultists. This, plus the purported photograph, forms the basis for their belief.

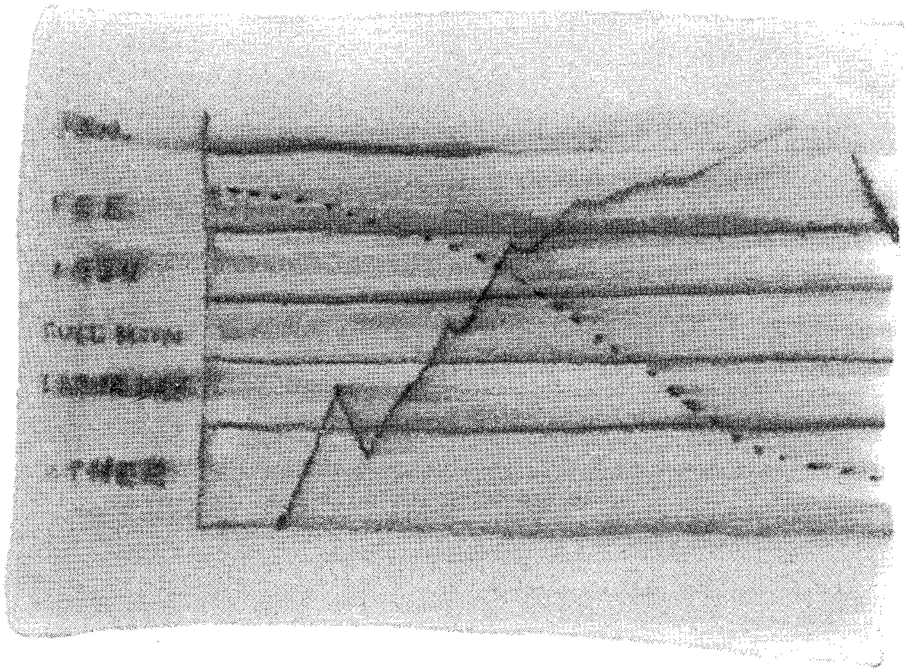
LAMBERTI VANISHING



"There . . . has been . . . a general decline in . . . public acceptance."—*Anon.*

NOTE: The above sequence of pictures is regarded as one of the most telling arguments against Lamberti.*

LAMBERTI
Public Acceptance Sampling



FOR · · · · ·
AGAINST —
UNDECIDED 〰

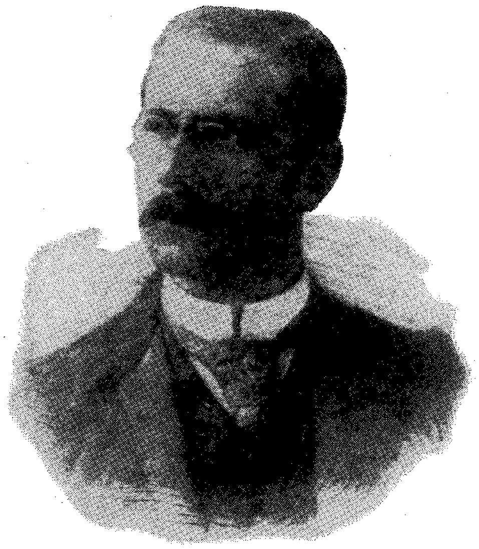
As far as can be determined there has never been a Prof. Lamberti in the American Society of Professors, and, if so, no course of his was accredited;

—Fragment of a lengthy letter from President of American Society of Professors

---

*Pro-Lamberti forces do not accept this; in fact, they maintain that the sequence has been deliberately printed in reverse.

MANNING MAKES NO MENTION OF LAMBERTI WHATSOEVER



Engraved for Practical Book for Practical People.

James H. Manning

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

BY JAMES H. MANNING.

THIS is preeminently the business age. N before have commercial schemes and un takings assumed such vast proportions. Neve fore has the spirit of business permeated e avenue and relation of life as it does to-day.

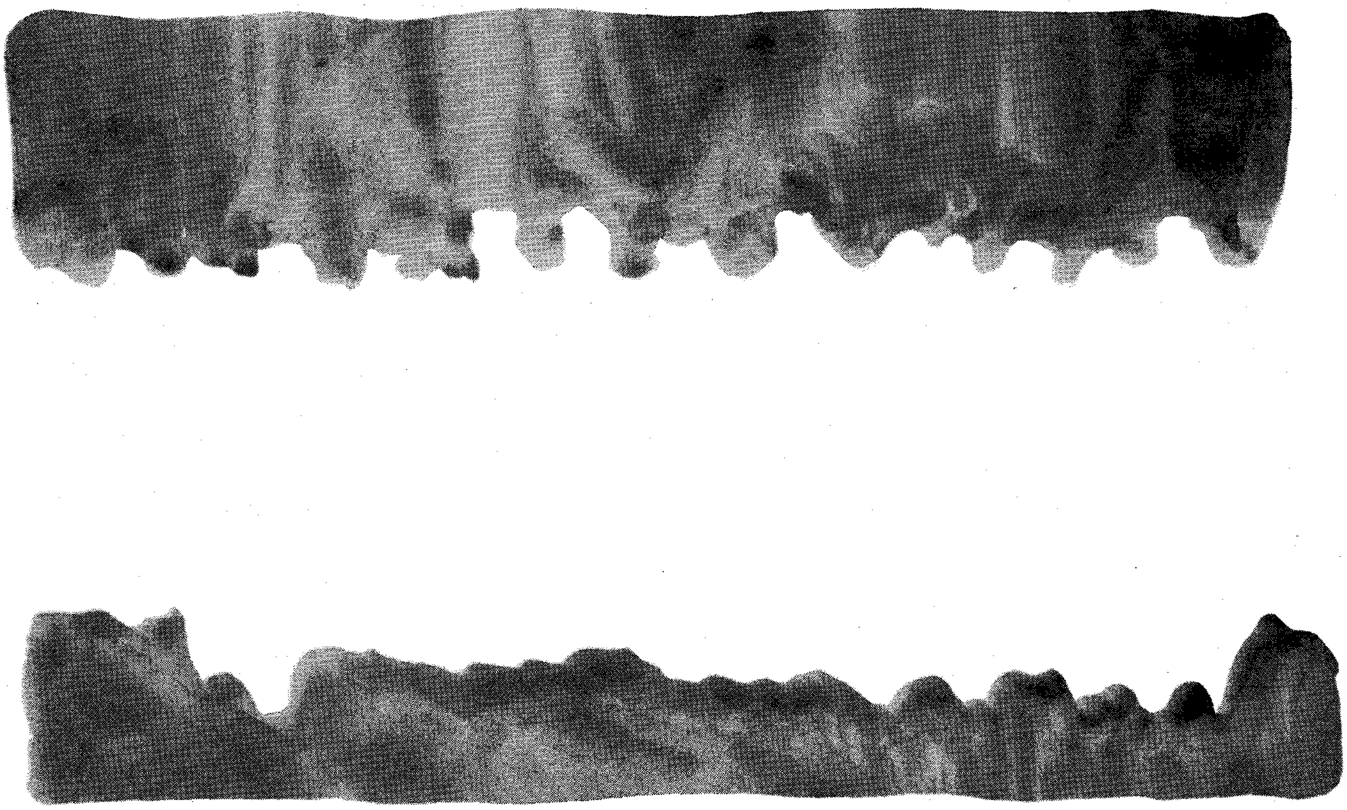
Business is King, and the man of affairs, is t the moving figure on the world's stage.

He has reduced commercial interests to a sc and has so advanced competition that high pr is the rule, and unremitting watchfulness the p not only of success but also of self-protection.

Every one is sooner or later swept into relat with this modern spirit of business.

The day has gone by when man or women ca without inevitable disaster, disregard the nece for sufficient knowledge of how to transact ordi business affairs.

The constantly enlarging sphere of women modern days is making it increasingly important t



PRESIDENT'S ADVISORY COMMISSION ON LAMBERTI

(Spring Outing, Bethesda, Maryland, 1968)

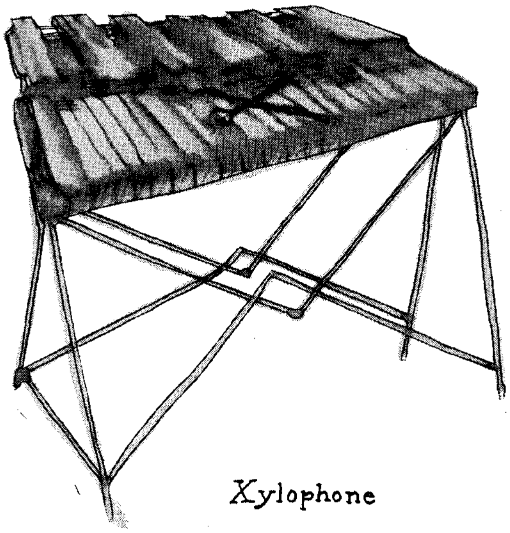
Front Row: McGeorge Bundy, Juan Trippe, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., Arthur Goldberg, Archbishop Terence Cooke, John J. McCloy, Lionel Trilling, Alex Rose, Nathan Pusey, Paul Newman, Crawford Greenewalt, Harry Belafonte, William McC. Martin.

Second Row: Same.

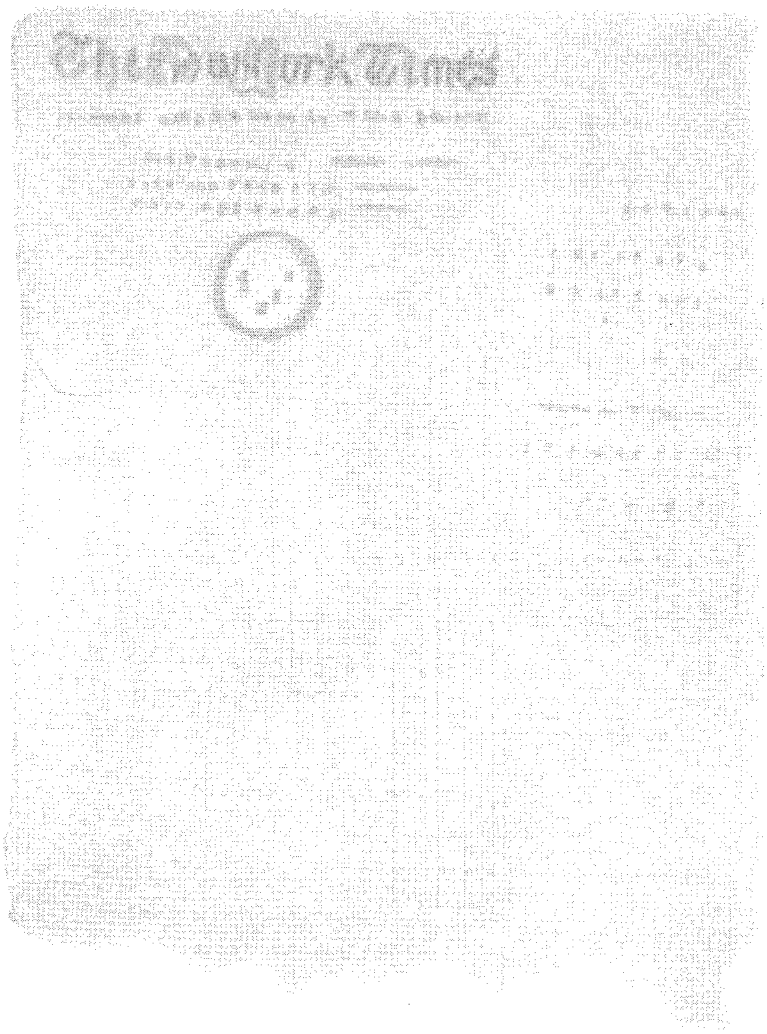
Third Row: Friends of the Metropolitan Opera and two men from NASA.

Fourth Row: Employees of reputable firms who have served more than forty years and Rhodes Scholars.

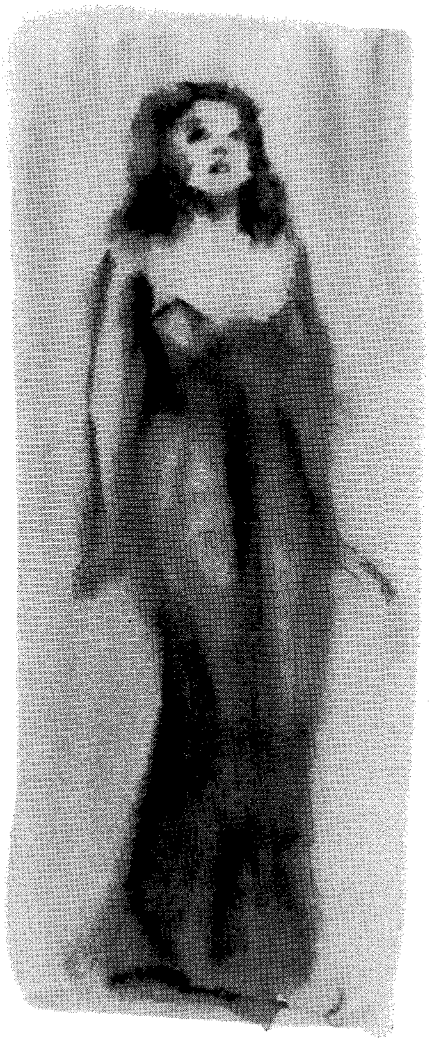
CASE IS MUDDLED BY PRESENCE OF REALITY ELEMENTS



There has never been serious doubt about the xylophone.


The New York Times

The most perceptive analysis to date; both sides presented fairly, with a number of penetrating insights and a firm conclusion, which does not, however, altogether rule out an alternative, or, indeed, several alternatives.



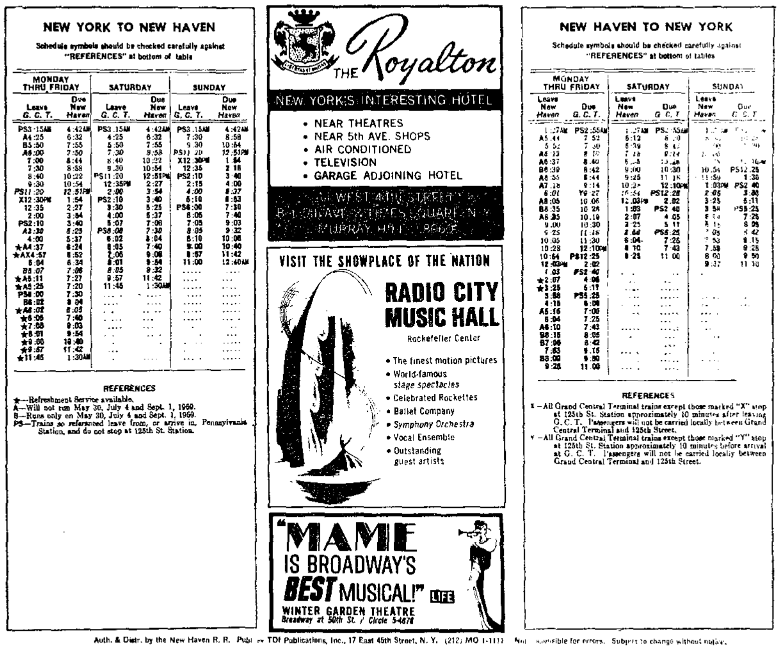
The stripteaser has been authenticated repeatedly. (Above: Margie Hart, from an early photo.)

"Lamberti" does not appear in the dictionary. The closest word is:

lam·bert (lăm′bərt), *n.* the cgs unit of brightness;

The addition of the suffix "i" to "Lambert," creating "Lamberti," may have been a blatant attempt to enlist the sympathy of Italians, or those of Italian stock. (This appears to be self-defeating, since Italians are basically sympathetic anyway.)

EXAMPLES OF REALITY (INDISPUTABLE)



NEW YORK TO NEW HAVEN

Schedule symbols should be checked carefully against "REFERENCES" at bottom of table

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY		SATURDAY		SUNDAY	
Leave *G. C. T.*	Due New *Haven*	Leave *G. C. T.*	Due New *Haven*	Leave *G. C. T.*	Due New *Haven*
PS3:15AM	4:42AM	PS3:15AM	4:42AM	PS3:15AM	4:42AM
A4:25	6:32	4:25	6:32	7:30	8:58
B5:50	7:55	5:50	7:55	9:30	10:54
A6:00	*7:50*	*7:30*	*9:58*	*PS11:20*	*12:51PM*
7:00	8:44	8:40	10:22	X12:30PM	1:54
7:30	8:58	9:30	10:54	12:35	2:16
8:40	10:22	PS11:20	12:51PM	PS2:10	3:40
9:30	10:54	12:35PM	2:27	2:15	4:00
PS11:20	*12:51PM*	*2:00*	*3:54*	*4:00*	*5:37*
X12:30PM	1:54	PS2:10	3:40	5:10	6:53
12:35	2:27	3:30	5:25	PS6:00	7:30
2:00	3:54	4:00	5:37	6:05	7:40
PS2:10	3:40	5:07	7:06	7:05	9:03
A3:30	*5:25*	*PS6:00*	*7:30*	*8:05*	*9:32*
4:00	5:37	6:02	8:04	8:10	10:06
★A4:37	6:24	6:05	7:40	9:00	10:40
★AX4:57	6:52	7:06	9:08	9:57	11:42
5:04	6:34	8:01	9:54	11:00	12:40AM
B5:07	*7:06*	*8:05*	*9:32*	....	....
★A5:11	7:27	9:57	11:42	....	....
★A5:25	7:20	11:45	1:30AM	....	....
PS6:00	7:30	....	....	....	....
B6:02	9:04	....	....	....	....
★*A6:02*	*8:05*	....	....	....	....
★6:05	7:40	....	....	....	....
★7:05	9:03	....	....	....	....
★8:01	9:54	....	....	....	....
★9:00	10:40	....	....	....	....
★*9:57*	*11:42*	....	....	....	....
★11:45	1:30AM	....	....	....	....

REFERENCES

★—Refreshment Service available.
A—Will not run May 30, July 4 and Sept. 1, 1969.
B—Runs only on May 30, July 4 and Sept. 1, 1969.
PS—Trains so referenced leave from, or arrive in, Pennsylvania Station, and do not stop at 125th St. Station.

THE *Royalton*

NEW YORK'S INTERESTING HOTEL

- NEAR THEATRES
- NEAR 5th AVE. SHOPS
- AIR CONDITIONED
- TELEVISION
- GARAGE ADJOINING HOTEL

[illegible] WEST 44th STREET
BET. 5th AVE. & TIMES SQUARE, N.Y.
MURRAY HILL [illegible]

VISIT THE SHOWPLACE OF THE NATION

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Rockefeller Center

- The finest motion pictures
- World-famous *stage spectacles*
- Celebrated Rockettes
- Ballet Company
- *Symphony Orchestra*
- Vocal Ensemble
- Outstanding guest artists

"MAME IS BROADWAY'S *BEST* MUSICAL!" LIFE

WINTER GARDEN THEATRE
Broadway at 50th St. / Circle 5-4878

NEW HAVEN TO NEW YORK

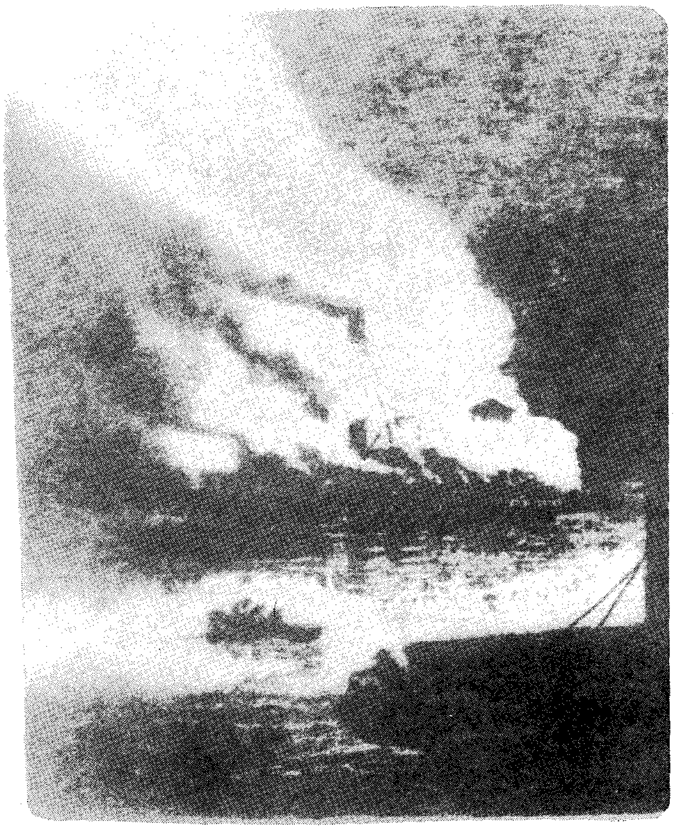
Schedule symbols should be checked carefully against "REFERENCES" at bottom of tables

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY		SATURDAY		SUNDAY	
Leave New *Haven*	Due *G. C. T.*	Leave New *Haven*	Due *G. C. T.*	Leave New *Haven*	Due *G. C. T.*
1:27AM	PS2:55AM	1:27AM	PS2:55AM	[illegible]	[illegible]
A5:44	7:52	6:12	8:10	[illegible]	[illegible]
5:52	7:30	6:39	8:42	[illegible]	[illegible]
A6:13	*8:10*	*7:16*	*9:24*	[illegible]	
A6:37	8:40	8:35	10:26	[illegible]	[illegible]
B6:39	8:42	9:00	10:30	10:54	PS12:25
A6:55	8:44	9:25	11:18	11:59	1:30
A7:16	9:14	10:25	12:10PM	1:03PM	PS2:40
8:01	Y9:27	*10:54*	*PS12:28*	*2:05*	3:50
A8:05	10:06	12:03PM	2:02	3:25	5:11
B8:35	10:26	1:03	PS2:40	3:58	PS5:25
A8:35	10:19	2:07	4:05	[illegible]	7:26
9:00	10:30	3:25	5:11	[illegible]	8:05
9:25	*11:18*	*3:58*	*PS5:25*	*7:05*	*8:42*
10:05	11:30	6:04	7:26	7:53	9:15
10:28	12:10PM	6:10	7:43	7:58	9:28
10:54	PS12:25	9:25	11:00	8:00	9:50
12:03PM	2:02			*9:37*	11:16
1:03	*PS2:40*	....	....		
★2:07	4:06	....	....		
★3:25	5:11	....	....		
3:58	PS5:25	....	....	....	....
4:15	6:06	....	....	....	....
A5:16	7:00	....	....	....	
6:04	7:25		....	....	
A6:10	7:43	....	....	....	
B6:15	8:05	....	....		....
B7:06	8:42		....		
7:53	9:15	....	....	....	
B8:00	9:50	....	....	....	
9:28	11:00	....	....	....	

REFERENCES

X—All Grand Central Terminal trains except those marked "X" stop at 125th St. Station approximately 10 minutes after leaving G. C. T. Passengers will not be carried locally between Grand Central Terminal and 125th Street.
Y—All Grand Central Terminal trains except those marked "Y" stop at 125th St. Station approximately 10 minutes before arrival at G. C. T. Passengers will not be carried locally between Grand Central Terminal and 125th Street.

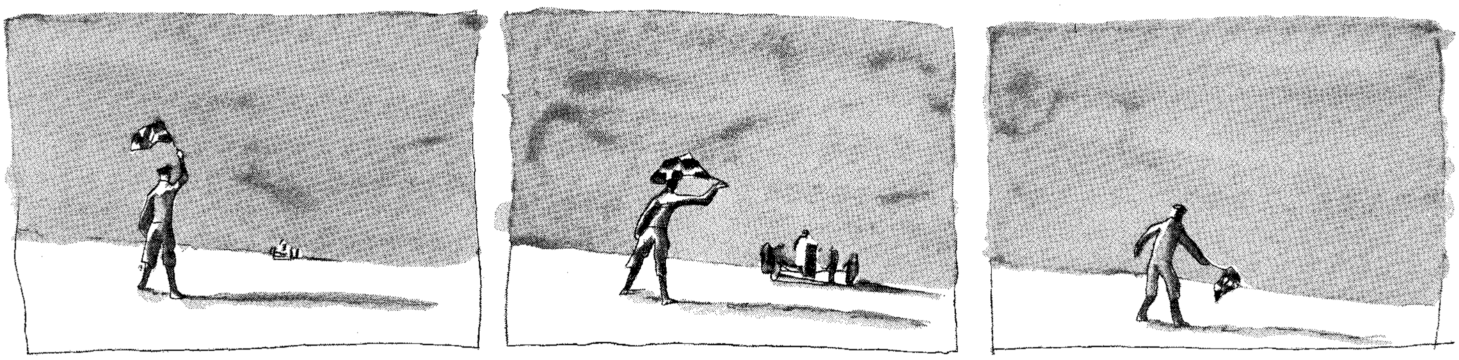
Auth. & Distr. by the New Haven R. R. Publ. by TDI Publications, Inc., 17 East 45th Street, N. Y. (212) MO 1-1111 Not responsible for errors. Subject to change without notice.



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER DECEMBER

Burning of the ferryboat *Idaho*. "A disaster which [illegible] long predicted by those acquainted with the way in which our boats are managed has just occurred. The illustrations which accompany this will give our readers some idea of the awful scene which was presented on Monday evening, the 26th of November, by the burning of the ferryboat *Idaho* while crossing from Brooklyn to New York. The excitement which prevailed on both shores while the boat was to be seen on fire, and no one knew how many lives were in peril or what means those unfortunate persons on board had for escape, was terrible to witness. Providentially no lives were lost, but every one shudders to think what would have happened if, instead of only thirty or forty people on board, when the fire broke out, there had been, as is not unusual, between six and eight hundred, which number, it may be observed, there would certainly have been when the boat was returning on the same trip from the New York side. It is safe to say that in the horrid confusion that would have arisen, very few could have escaped a miserable death. We may thank God that we have been spared such a catastrophe."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, December 15, 1866.

Theodore Roosevelt with lion



Ormond Beach, 1908. Pro-Lamberti forces prize this series of photographs as particularly telling. Anti-Lamberti scholars maintain that the photographs have been "doctored."

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S VIEW

A

Will you please
my secretary which date
may make the necessary

B

have your secretary advise
you would prefer so that I
arrangements.

Sincerely,

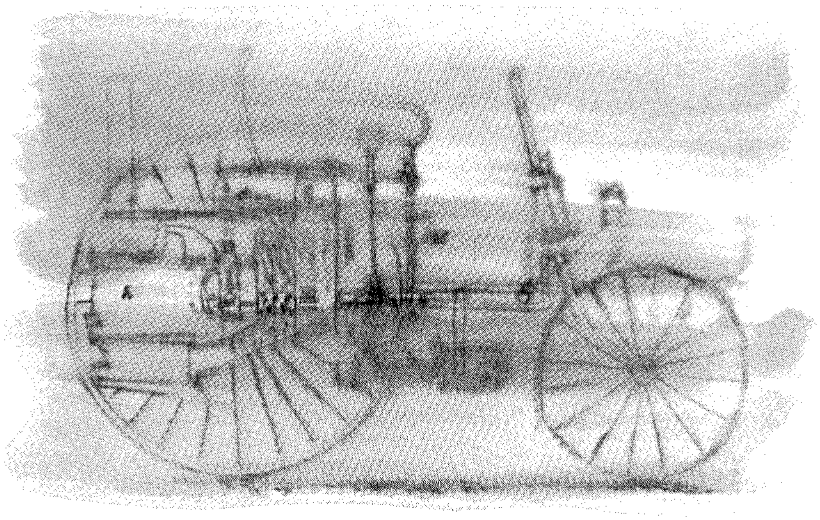
Obviously the same letter

Kick too high, unless Lamberti was an acrobat — no evidence on this.

Note:
If there was girl stripper, why not appear in photo? (Indicates that girl did not exist either.)

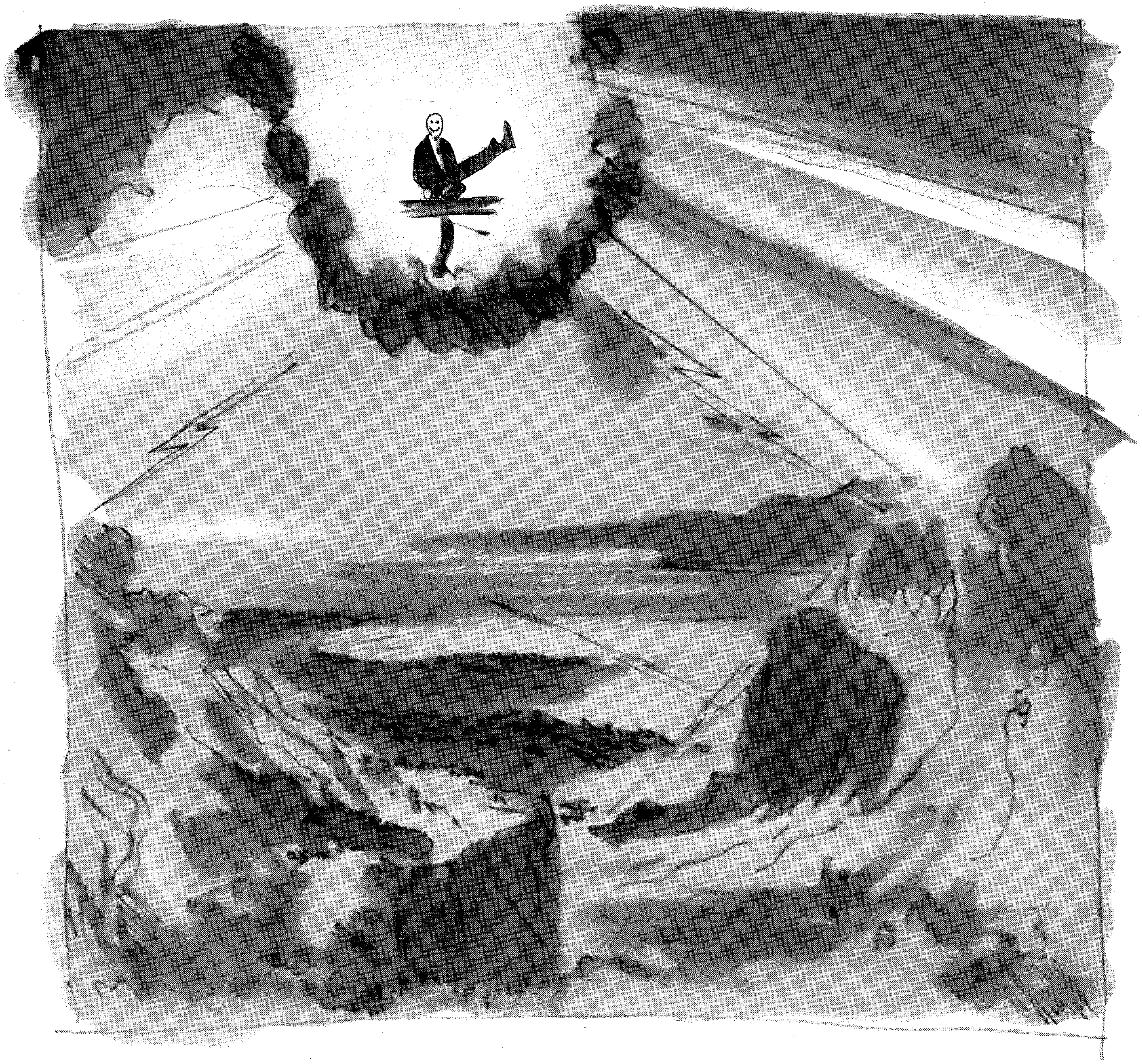
"... considering the evidence, it seems unlikely—in view of the paucity of documentation and the preposterous nature of his 'act'—that Prof. Lamberti ever existed."—*Report of the U.S. Bureau of Authentication, 1969.*

Numerous examples of the Lamberti-type fallacy exist—popular belief sustained by meagre documentary evidence in the absence of concrete proof (see illus.).

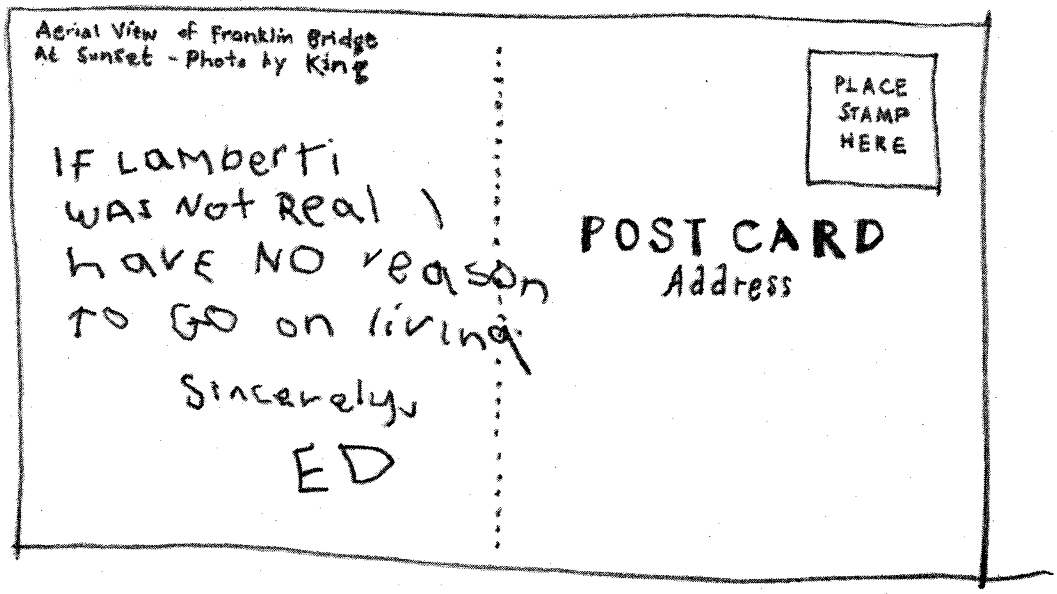


SERPOLLET'S STEAM TRICYCLE.
(FROM MEMORY.)

Uncle Ollie from Rochester



An example of visionary art produced by cultists



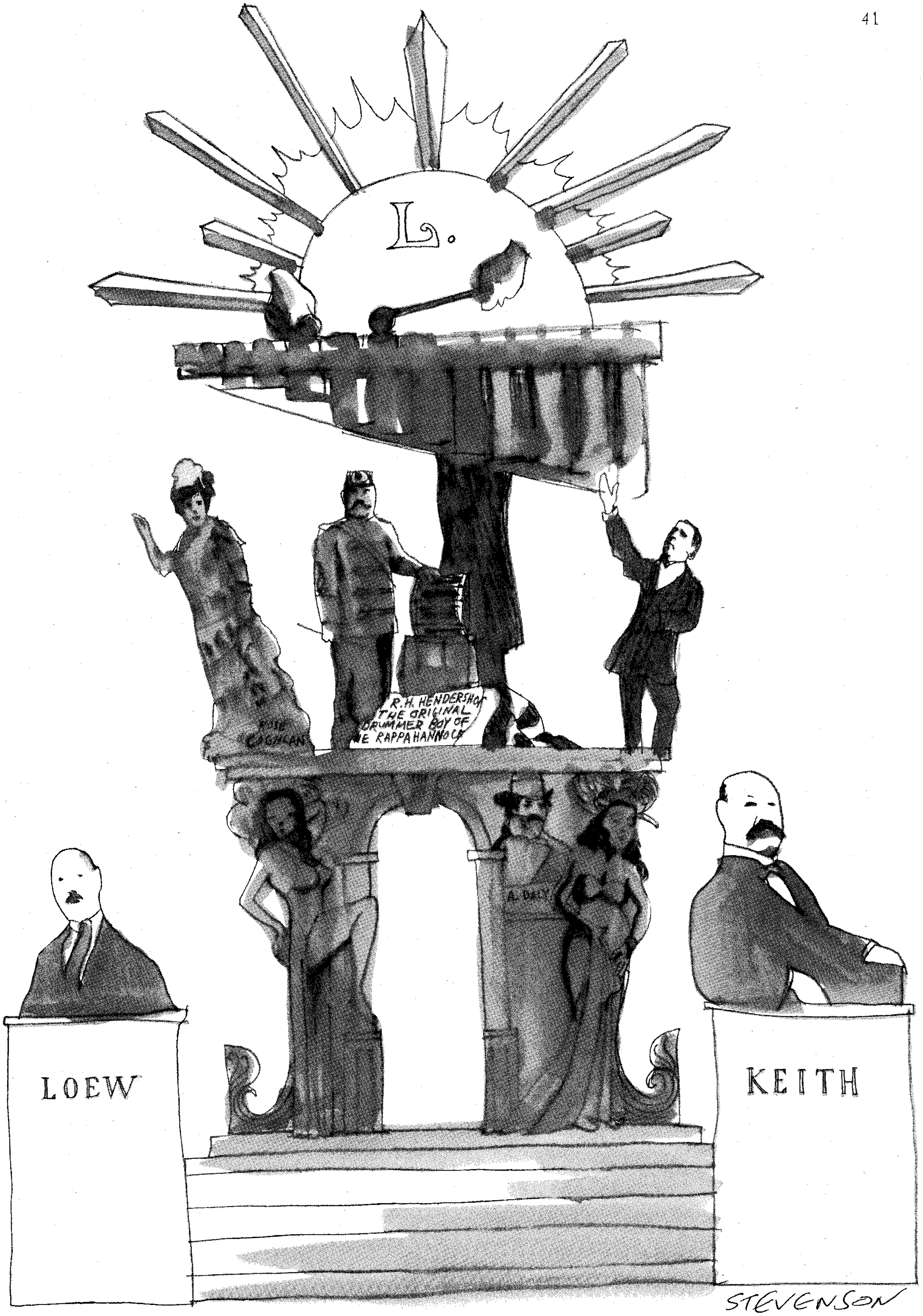
Aerial View of Franklin Bridge
At Sunset - Photo by King

If Lamberti
was Not Real I
have NO reason
to GO on living
Sincerely,
ED

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

POST CARD
Address

An example of the most irresponsible sort of Lamberti-believer
(*Note that the card never was mailed.*)


L.
ROSE COGHLAN
R.H. HENDERSHOT
THE ORIGINAL
DRUMMER BOY OF
E RAPPAHANNOCK
A. DALY
LOEW
KEITH
STEVENSON

Proposed Lamberti Memorial *(Early design)*

(Note presence of R. H. Hendershot, the original drummer boy of the Rappahannock—unfortunately, the subject of a somewhat similar cult some years ago.)

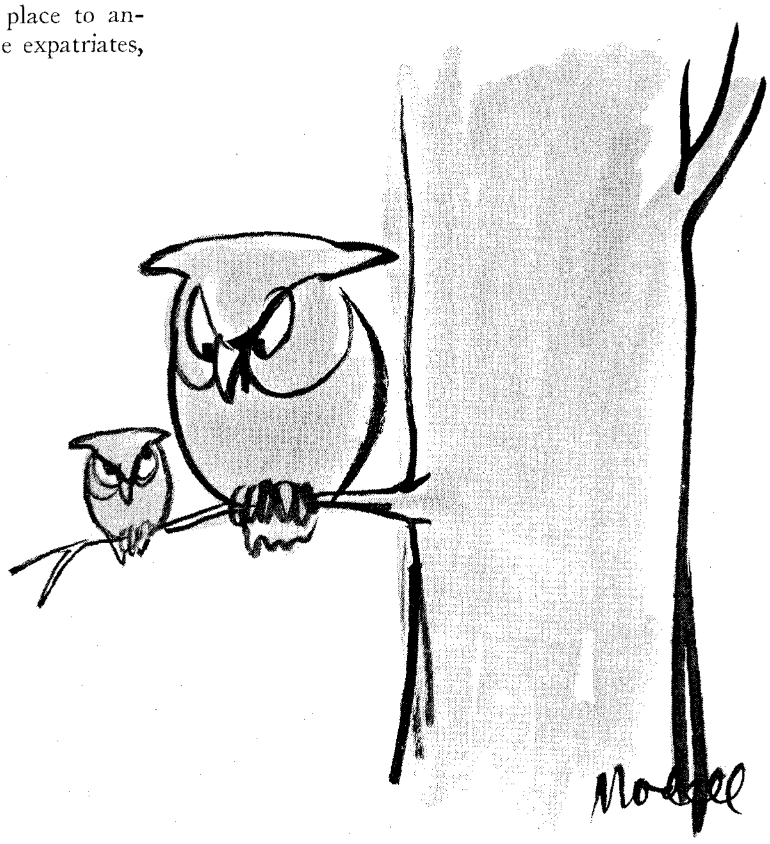
A REPORTER AT LARGE

OUT OF IT

THE longer the undeclared war in Asia goes on, the more apparent it is that Americans are questioning the government's right to ask them to bear arms. When the first of our armed "advisers" set foot in Vietnam, a decade ago, military service was largely an unchallenged institution, but with the lengthening of the controversial war even the "straightest" of our young men now think twice about heeding Uncle Sam's call to the colors. Thousands of them have taken to resisting the draft in the past two or three years, but what is more startling perhaps is that large numbers of those already in uniform are resorting to desertion. More than seventy thousand desertions—illegal absences from military duty for more than thirty days—occurred in the last twelve-month period for which the Defense Department has given out figures. Again according to the Defense Department, "most" deserters return voluntarily. But many do not, thereby risking sentences of up to five years in the stockade at hard labor; were the war one that had been conventionally declared by Congress, deserters would be subject to the death penalty.

Many of the deserters have gone underground in the United States, moving from one hiding place to another. Others have become expatriates, finding haven abroad, notably in Canada and Sweden. In Canada, at present there are far more draft resisters than there are deserters, but in Sweden, which I recently visited, deserters have been predominant since 1967, when Sweden granted asylum to the first of our disaffected servicemen—four sailors off the aircraft carrier Intrepid, who had jumped ship in Japan and then, to Russian cheers, crossed the Soviet Union. Since the arrival of the Intrepid Four, as the sailors became known, a colony of outlaw exiles from all branches of the armed forces has gradually grown up in Sweden. Talking with numerous deserters, as well as American Embassy people and Swedish government officials, I gathered that their ranks come to roughly four hundred. Nobody would venture an exact figure. For one thing, it was pointed out to me, there is no keeping track of the number of loners earning their livelihood as miners and lumberjacks in isolated settlements along the Arctic Circle. Then, too, the deserter population varies when its members, indulging an impulse toward wanderlust, drift on to some other European country. Occasionally, a deserter turns himself in at the American Embassy in Stockholm. The size of the colony also changes constantly with the steady but unpredictable influx of military immigrants, some of whom, I learned, have already inspected Sweden as a prospective haven while on leave from their units; one deserter and his wife arrived with a working knowledge of Swedish, having studied the language while he was at camp in California. The feelings of the young men on reaching Swedish soil are often a mixture of elation and uncertainty. In reading a diary loaned to me by one of them, an infantryman who had been decorated in Vietnam, I came upon the following entry: "Freedom at last! I'm in Sweden now on the train to Stockholm. I feel at the top of the world. My new home, my new country. May I be happy here! People take me for a Swede. That is good—when I learn the language, life here will be easier for me."

With few exceptions, the men are alone when they reach Sweden, for their decisions to desert are the result of solitary ruminations in America, Germany, and Asia. As for organized political activity, this seems to begin in Sweden, more or less as an afterthought. From what I could ascertain, it is only a minority of the deserters who seek political expression, and their principal outlet, the American Deserters Committee, is an impoverished group racked by confusion and dissension. While its leaders sound Maoist in viewpoint, the organization has thus far proved itself less an ideological force than a fraternal lodge, its good works consisting in helping deserters get their bearings in an alien land. Discussing the organization with me, Mrs. Kristina Nyström, who sees nearly all deserters in her capacity as *kurator* of Sweden's Immigration and Naturalization Board, said that she frequently counts on the A.D.C.'s assistance. "I don't consider it a political act to ring them," she said. "There's always someone there who'll go fetch some deserter for me—some bewildered boy who hasn't picked up a welfare check, or kept an appointment for a job opening, or perhaps with a doctor who can help him cut out drugs. The majority of deserters I see feel deserted themselves, especially those who tell me their parents won't have anything more to do with them." Some deserters are fairly well-heeled their first days in Sweden, thanks to having employed such last-minute ruses as negotiating Army loans or collecting reënlistment bonuses; one deserter I encountered left his tank unit in Germany with a hundred dollars



"Don't be such a wisenheimer."

“Say, you’re a regular Voltaire!”

• •

that an officer had given him as a farewell gift. The men are usually broke, however, which is not an unfamiliar state for most of them, since, as Mrs. Nyström has found, they are preponderantly volunteers from small towns who signed up out of economic need. Only two or three of the dozens of deserters I talked with were college graduates, and, in sharp contrast to campus draft resisters, all of the deserters told me that prior to enlisting they had had only the haziest notion of the issues at stake in the war. Even while maintaining that their own opposition to the war—based on actual military experience—was unquestionably more authoritative than that of “just book readers,” several of them betrayed a certain envy of draft resisters. Referring to them, a recent artillery sergeant told me, “They didn’t have to throw away a uniform, the way I did. Once you do that, it’s like a sin. It sticks with you that maybe you’ve done something wrong to get out of it, no matter how wrong the war itself is.”

The deserters are not an easygoing group. Cast in the un-American role of refugee, they are hard pressed, as immigrants always have been, to gain a foothold in a foreign country. It makes an oddly disconcerting sight, I found, to watch them queue up with huddled masses of tired, hungry-looking Greeks, Czechs, Hungarians, and Yugoslavs in a gloomy police station to cope with immigration red tape. Attracted to Sweden by its reputation as a welfare state, the ex-servicemen depend heavily on the government for medical care, tuition grants, housing allowances, and other benefits—all told about a hundred and thirty dollars a month, a sum that leaves the deserters scrambling for a marginal livelihood. The bulk of them divide their time between attending school and holding down such menial jobs as dishwashers, garbage collectors, and, in one instance, a household servant; one of the Intrepid Four now works as a janitor in a factory that turns out frozen French-fries. The most educated deserter I talked with was a Columbia Law School graduate, Class of 1967, and he was studying to be a programmer in a computing firm. A former Republican Party worker in a Brooklyn precinct, he told me sardonically that it was too bad his training was going to waste, since American lawyers were both needed and scarce in Sweden. “I could help people at the U.S. Embassy file tax returns, but I’m not counting on it,” he said. Along with refugees from other countries, the Americans attend language schools for at least two months, their studies underwritten by the government, on the theory that the sooner outlanders learn Swedish the sooner they will be able to support themselves. The schools operate on a five-day week, each day lasting six hours, and the atmosphere in the classes is likely to be on the sombre side. “It’s a break with your past to have to study that language,” one deserter told me. “All of us sit there knowing full well that only trouble could have driven us to neutral Sweden.” Fortunately for many deserters, they are popular with Swedish girls, whose quarters are often the men’s solution to the general housing shortage in Sweden. Occasionally, I was told, the relationships between the deserters and girls mature, but when they don’t the deserter is likely to feel a sharp sense of dislocation. “Breaking up with a girl here isn’t the same as doing it back home,” a twenty-five-year-old Midwesterner told me. “When it happens here, you start asking yourself all over again where in the world it is that you really belong.”

Perhaps the colony’s most discernible sign of wariness is its guarded treatment of outsiders, for the suspicion is widespread among deserters that, through one trick or another, the United States government is bent on spiriting them from their safe ground into captivity. At the United States Embassy, officials ridiculed this fear, while freely admitting to me that they were empowered to pay the fare of “absentees” willing to return to American jurisdiction. Even among Swedes, however, the feeling persists that security agents, Swedish or American, may be infiltrating the colony. Mrs. Nyström, for example, informed me that her countrymen found it mysterious, several months ago, when mail from America reached deserters who, for one reason or another, were trying to keep their whereabouts secret; the mail was from parents imploring their sons to abandon their criminal existence.

GIVEN the suspicion of outsiders, I might have had considerable difficulty in meeting deserters had it not been for the good offices of Father Thomas Lee Hayes, a thirty-seven-year-old Episcopal priest, who was in Sweden, with his wife and two young daughters, as an emissary of Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam, an anti-war organization. A portly man with hazel eyes that gleam sympathetically from behind rimless glasses, Father Hayes, who wears a peace cross of his own design, had been sent to minister to the needs of what he called “the parish over the hill.” His mission, he told me at our first meeting, reflected the recognition of many churchmen that deserters have become “one of the costs of the war.” But in the course of the half year he had thus far spent in Sweden, he said, it had become plain to him that something other than a charitable impulse was now required in dealing with the phenomenon of deserters. They were continuing to cross borders in increasing numbers, he said, and sooner or later they would have to be either shunned as rank outlaws, like the handful of thieves and pushers in their midst, or looked upon as belated conscientious objectors—as though they had never donned uniforms. Father Hayes thought that the deserters, for all their youthful confusion, indigence, political callowness, and outlaw state, were causing people everywhere to think anew about the nature of patriotism. No anti-American plot accounted for their defection. He said he knew this from long talks with the men, who told him, in different ways, that their military experience did not tally with their conception of "the truly American." In every instance, Father Hayes said, arduous self-examination had preceded desertion. He spoke theologically. "The quality of surprise is once again at work," he said. "The presence of spirit in history again makes contact with men through their conscience. It leads them to face up to what they consider evil, regardless of danger. That is what the whole Biblical witness is about."

Father Hayes didn't often speak in a theological vein. He was perpetually occupied with the deserters' immediate, quite mundane needs, which he attended to not only in his office, a small, oblong room over a narrow street in Stockholm's Old City, but also in his apartment, which was open house for deserters. Between these two points, he was in motion a good part of the day carrying out errands of one sort or another in a balky Volvo, an expiring contraption that a smooth-talking deserter had conned him into buying. While I was in Sweden, he made several trips to the airport, an hour's drive from the capital, to pick up musical instruments for deserters who wanted to form rock groups; he had prevailed upon friends in the States to provide the instruments. He also exhorted American tourists to come bearing foods that the deserters missed—soul food and peanut butter, bagels and Fig Newtons. Much of Father Hayes' time was given to relieving homesickness. It was rampant; the men turned out in force, for example, at any movie that afforded sweeping views of America. Father Hayes visited deserters who had suffered mental breakdowns, and on two occasions last summer he was called in after deaths. One of them was the suicide of a deserter who lived by himself on an island in the Baltic, and the other the accidental drowning of a twenty-one-year-old Texan named Greg. Perhaps exhilarated by the steady effulgence of a midnight sun, Greg and some friends had piled into a rowboat moored near a footbridge in Stockholm; the boat was caught in an eddy and capsized, its hull striking his head. Father Hayes had arranged for Greg's Swedish fiancée, Nita, a reserved, dark-eyed brunette, to accompany the body to Texas. I met her one evening at the Hayes apartment, and she told me of her journey. Greg's father adamantly refused to believe his son had been a deserter. Repudiating Nita's account, he insisted that Greg's drowning had not been accidental but the result of an enemy agent's guile. "He told everyone Greg had been with the C.I.A.," Nita said. "There was no use my saying how Greg had changed in Europe, how in Germany he had become a deep believer in non-violence, and how in my country he had given himself to writing poetry and stories. No, I cannot say I liked Greg's home town, but it showed me how much it is possible for a human being to grow."

Evenings, there were always a dozen or so visitors at the Hayes apartment—young men at loose ends who dropped in to have coffee and talk or read American publications. Some of the deserters would arrive with new girl friends to introduce to the Hayes family. Explaining this regular attendance at his home, Father Hayes told me, "Stockholm isn't much of a town for

---

HOW I LOVE YOU

Kind of green, kind of gray, i.e.,
striated all over with rain,
and the linden fragrance, so heady,
that I can hardly— Let's go!
Let's go and abandon this garden
and the rain that seethes on its paths
between the flowers grown heavy,
kissing the sticky loam.
Let's go, let's go before it's too late,
quick, under one cloak, come home
while you still are unrecognized,
my mad one, my mad one!

Self-control, silence. But with each year,
to the murmur of trees and the clamor of birds,
that separation seems more offenseful
and the offense more absurd.
And I fear ever more that rashly
I may blab and interrupt
the course of the quiet, difficult speech
long since penetrating my life.

Above red-cheeked slaves
the blue sky looks all lacquered,
and pumped-up clouds
with scarcely discernible jerks
move across.
I wonder, is there nowhere a place there
to lie low—some dark nook
where the darkness might merge
with a wing's cryptic markings?
(A geometrid thus does not stir
spread flat on a lichened trunk.)

What a sunset! And once more tomorrow,
and for a long time, the heat is to last,
a forecast faultlessly based
on the stillness and on the gnats—
hanging up in an evening sunbeam,
their swarmlet ceaselessly jiggles,
reminding one of a golden toy
in the hands of a silent peddler.

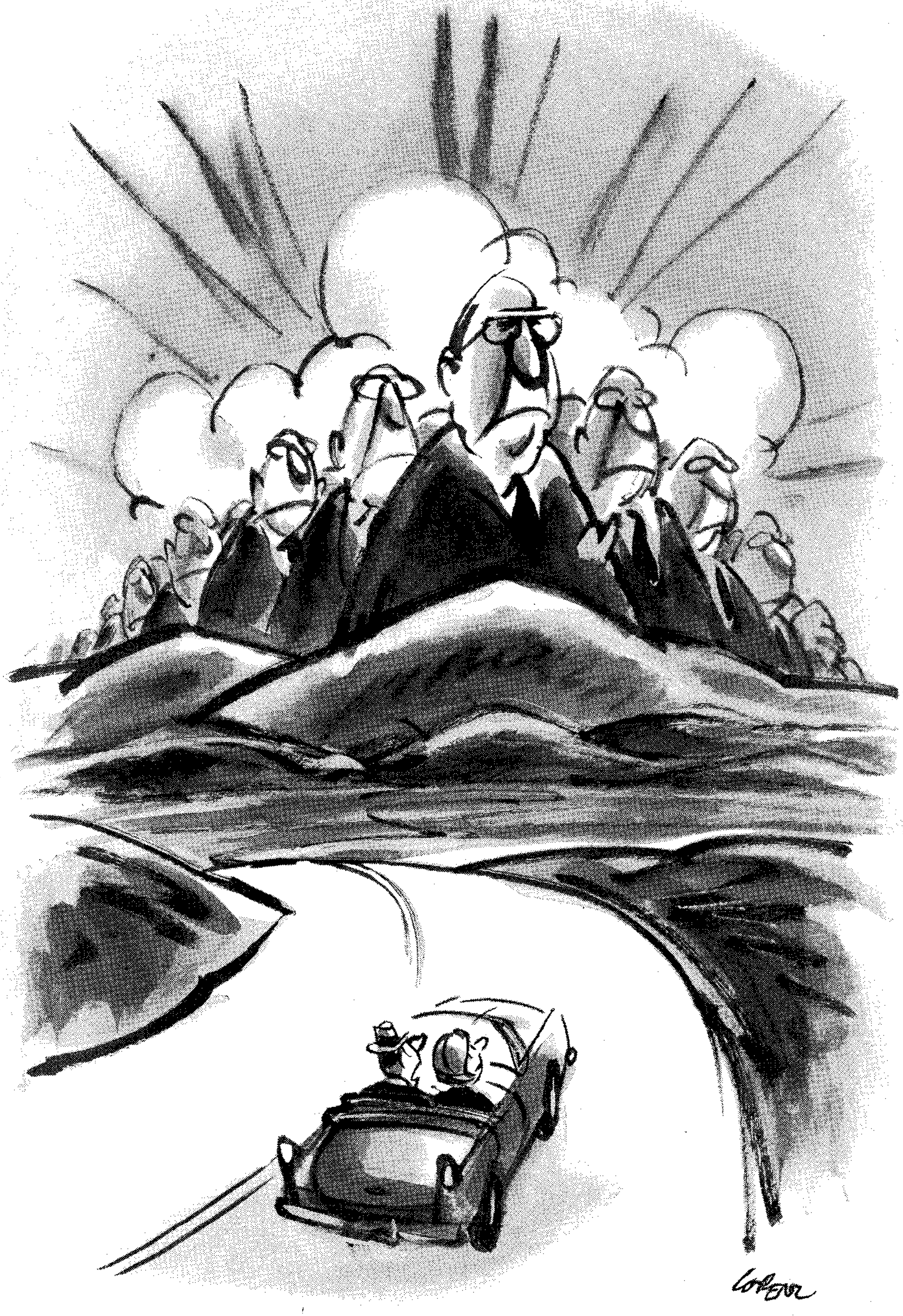
How I love you! In this
evening air, now and then,
the spirit finds loopholes, translucences
in the world's finest texture.
The beams pass between tree trunks.

How I love you! The beams
pass between tree trunks; they band
the tree trunks with flame. Do not speak.
Stand motionless under the flowering branch,
inhale—what a spreading, what flowing—
Close your eyes, and diminish, and stealthily
into the eternal pass through.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV
Berlin, 1934

(*Translated, from the Russian, by the author.*)

• •

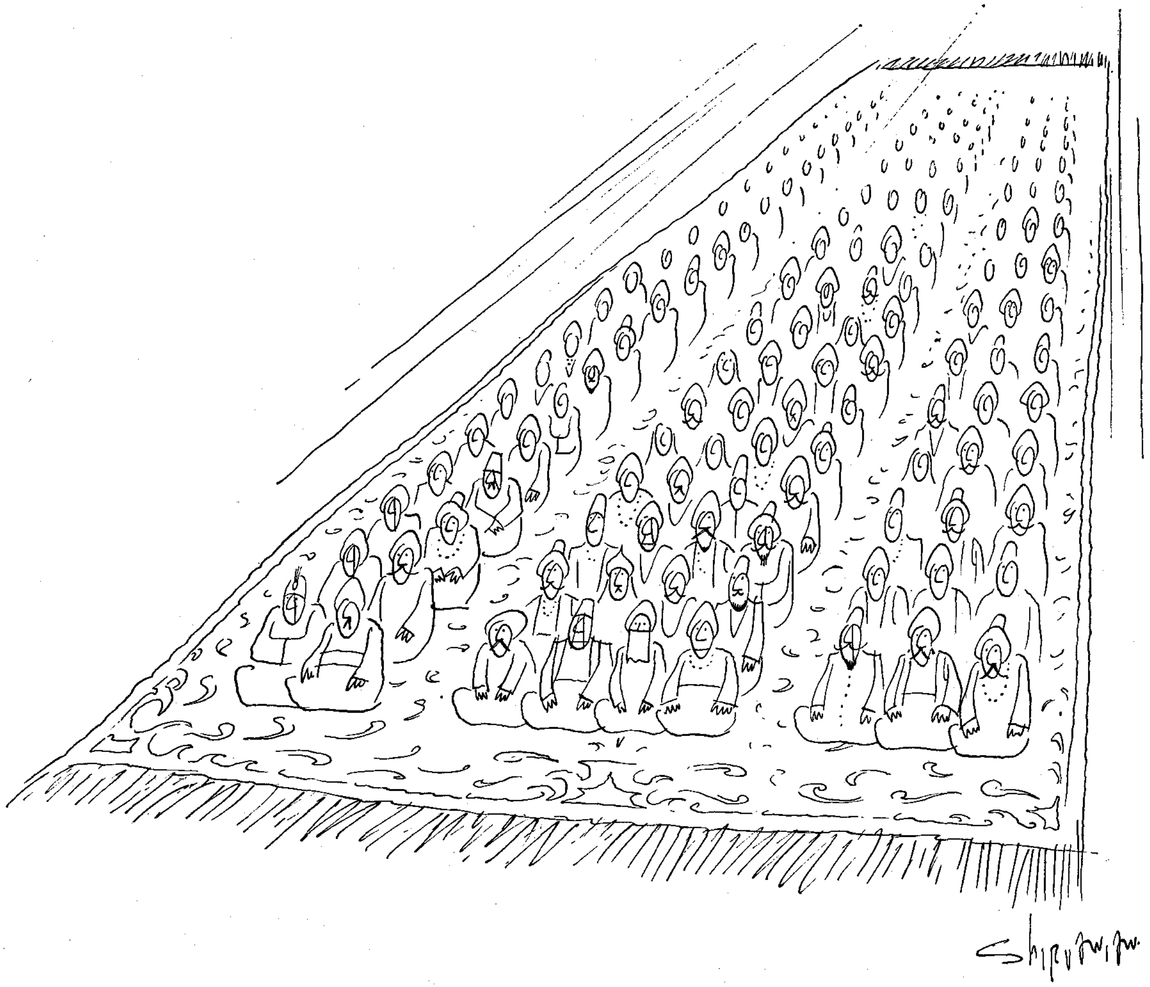


"*Good Lord! The emerging Republican majority, do you suppose?*"

• •

hangouts, and the fellows like to come to a place where they can hear English." His evenings were often marked by phone calls concerning deserters, and on one occasion when I was present he left his guests abruptly on hearing that a member of his parish, a drug addict, had been jailed for an attempted holdup. Father Hayes told me later that similar incidents had taken place previously and inevitably attracted press attention that disparaged all deserters, despite the fact that, according to Mrs. Nyström, drug addiction was no more prevalent among them (or among U.S. soldiers still on duty) than among Swedish contemporaries. However, that was of no moment to the native population, most of whom had misgivings about the strangers settling in their midst. Their presence made businessmen nervous about the future of commercial relations with America, but, more broadly, the deserters were a source of confusion, because Swedes were accustomed to receiving refugees from the East, not the West. "We think of America as the very opposite of Russia," a hotel manager told me. "Many of us have family in your country. We think of it as a place of freedom." In keeping with this reluctance to equate our government with dictatorships, exiles from Russia and the Balkans are almost automatically granted "political asylum," which protects them from deportation, while the deserters are accorded "humanitarian asylum," which does not—the clear implication being that if the occasion arose America, unlike one-party states, would deal understandingly with her aberrant children. Apparently, the Swedes draw a distinction between the United States as "a place of freedom" and as a prosecutor of the war. In a Swedish poll two years ago, more than eighty-three per cent of those canvassed were in favor of immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. Large anti-war demonstrations have been held at which deserters were fêted as heroic fighters for peace. In the privacy of Swedish homes, though, deserters are not necessarily cherished for their heroism—a quality that Swedes are able to judge with detachment, having avoided all wars, whether just or unjust, for nearly two centuries. The noted economist Professor Gunnar Myrdal, a highly publicized opponent of the war, spoke belittlingly of the deserters, even while conceding he has had scarcely any contact with them. "They should have stayed home and fought for their convictions, and if necessary gone to prison," he told me in his office at Stockholm University. "I think the average deserter here is not very bright, not cultivated, but then one needn't be very bright to get out of a war."

In Father Hayes' office, the press of business was even greater than at his apartment. When a new deserter wandered in, his sole luggage perhaps a gas-mask bag into which he had stuffed a few odds and ends, Father Hayes dropped everything to find him a bed for the night, warned him that Sweden might be a haven but was no heaven, and informed him of Mrs. Nyström and the country's welfare system. His very attentiveness seemed to relax the new arrivals, who were generally on edge. When he introduced me as a journalist to one of them, an enormous, hulking Green Beret who had fled Vietnam, the man, whose home was in Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, thrust his passport at me and said, "Here's my picture, my number. Tell the world I've deserted." He made much of his passport. It had been issued him in four hours in New York, he said, when he convinced the clerk that his sister lay dying in Brussels. And before that he had been given an emergency home



• •

furlough by getting his mother to wire him overseas that she was dying. He had been wounded twice, as a corporal with the Fifth Special Forces Group, for which, among other things, he acted as an interpreter; the son of a French-Canadian father, he spoke French, as do many Vietnamese. He had had his fill of the Army, he said, after watching ten soldiers in his unit dismember a nine-year-old girl and her father. His voice needlessly loud, he said, "Politics are a fake. Be nice to people—that's the way to be."

It was in Father Hayes' office that I met a twenty-four-year-old fugitive from a Signal Corps unit near Frankfurt who told me that a week after he reached Sweden, in February, 1968, a former lieutenant of his called him up from Germany to try to negotiate his return. "I was flabbergasted," the deserter said. He was Robert A. Agento, of Miami, Florida, a bearded, thin-featured former sergeant, who theorized that the lieutenant must have learned his phone number from a soldier to whom he had written while he was living with a hospitable Swedish family that was seeing him through his first weeks in Stockholm. "The call made me feel right about having split," he said. "I'd done it to stop playing the Army game of compromise from one day to the next. I'd had two and a half years of that, and it was wrecking whatever idealism I had in me. Well, along comes this phone call to Sweden, and all it is is an invitation to play more compromise. The lieutenant tells me that if I come back within thirty days I can keep my grade. All that will happen to me is that I'll lose two-thirds of my month's pay, or a hundred and seventy dollars. He'll even meet me at the airport. I don't want to be impolite to him, so I join in the bargaining. Who has authorized this offer, I ask, and he answers that the commanding general has given it a verbal O.K. Me: Send it in writing to me or my parents. The lieutenant: I don't know whether we can do that. Me: Maybe we should try. The lieutenant: Take my word for it, as an officer and a gentleman. Me: But the guys upstairs might be liars. After that, the lieutenant gave me his home phone number and told me to call him collect if I changed my mind."

Father Hayes was reluctant to generalize about the deserters, but he did say that those who had been stationed outside Vietnam appeared to decide on desertion only after learning they were headed for the war zone. Naturally, he said, this could give an impression that they were fleeing military service solely to save their skins, but the impression would be quite wrong, for their motives were many-faceted, as I would see for myself in talking with the men. And it was most assuredly untenable, he added, to associate desertion in general with skin-saving, at least in relation to the present war. There were infantrymen in Sweden with outstanding combat records, among them a wounded Negro Marine by the name of Terry Whitmore, who had been decorated by President Johnson himself on one of his visits to Vietnam. (Whitmore made up his mind to quit after watching a television newscast on the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in Memphis, Whitmore's home town.) Getting back to deserters who had not been in Vietnam, Father Hayes told me of one man who had come to Sweden from the Edgewood Arsenal, in Maryland, on hearing that he was to proceed to Vietnam with fifty Dobermans he had just finished training for guard duty. "Maybe his was a case of snobbery," Father Hayes suggested. He said that another deserter—a West Point graduate, no less, in the Class of 1968—was a likable, serious lieutenant, with ramrod posture and close-cropped hair, who turned up in Stockholm after abandoning his post at Fort Benning, Georgia. As a cadet, Father Hayes told me, the young man had done a senior thesis on the Constitutionality of the war, and his research had left him with so many doubts that on being ordered to Vietnam he decided to go somewhere and meditate about the future of his military career. He remained in Stockholm five or six weeks, then went down to the Embassy one afternoon and arranged for his return. "He didn't want any part of the war, but he decided he had a commitment," Hayes said. "The last I heard of him, he was back at Benning."

Many deserters came from Germany, just across the Baltic, Father Hayes went on. One of them, a Midwesterner who had been trained for

This is the new generation in grooming. Aramis 900.

the comprehensive system for men developed by a group of leading dermatologists.

hair and scalp

daily shampoo I
daily shampoo II
hair managing spray
weekly scalp scrub
hair conditioner

body

concentrated
extra dry deodorant
all over body deodorant

face

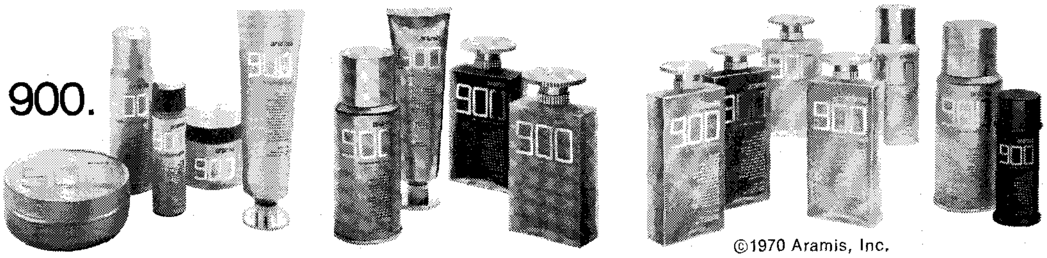
non-greasy face lubricant
clarifying face formula
deep cleansing face bar
granular face scrub
clear skin pack

shave

bracing after shave
absolute comfort shave foam
absolute comfort shave cream
after shave soother

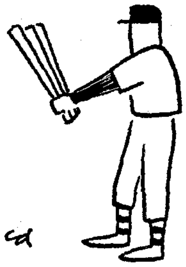
Aramis 900 is the '70's approach to men's grooming. Scientifically formulated by a group of leading dermatologists, it brings you a comprehensive system of hair, body, and face care. Simply answer eight questions about your appearance on the Aramis 900 computer. It will select, from the 16 formulae listed here, the ones geared for your specific needs. So whether you have a special grooming problem or want to reach your maximum grooming potential, discover what has been proven in extensive clinical testing: Aramis 900 works.

This is Aramis 900.



©1970 Aramis, Inc.

“pacification duty” in Vietnam, came to Sweden three weeks after his unit, as part of its training, was assembled to listen to a former Nazi officer lecture in a thick accent on “effective methods of administering detention camps.” In March of 1968, Father Hayes told me, a military policeman on night duty at Checkpoint Charlie, in West Berlin, ended a five-year Army career by the simple expedient of stepping over to the East Berlin side. He was a noncommissioned officer with the 287th M.P. detachment, who had a German wife and an infant son. Astounded at seeing him on their side of the barrier, his East German counterparts, all of whom he knew, passed him on to their superiors, who invited him to issue a denunciation of the United States. He refused. He wanted only to reach Sweden and live there with his family. He now does, Father Hayes said, in a town a hundred miles south of Stockholm, where he works in a paper mill. After rummaging in his desk drawer, Father Hayes handed me a long letter from the deserter, in which I read, “I could never consider myself as being a political type person. My lack of education has limited my knowledge of such matters. However, I do not think that it requires an exceptionally bright person to understand what my government wishes to do in the bloodbath that it is carrying out in Viet Nam. . . . I have a quiet anger in these matters and the best thing I have been able to do is refuse my services to the U.S. Army in this act of aggression.”



ONE of the deserters with whom I spoke extensively was Steven Gershater, a high-school dropout from New York, whom I met in Father Hayes’ office, where Gershater had called to say goodbye. He was leaving for Lapland the following morning, after living in Stockholm since his desertion, in late April, 1968. We talked in an outdoor café nearby, even though there was an autumn chill in the air. Gershater wanted to watch the afternoon’s waning light. “Where I’ll be this winter, the night lasts twenty-three hours,” he said. He was a short, genial man of twenty-two, large-nosed, with blue-gray eyes and brown hair that was moderately long. His mind was on his impending departure. He could never have contemplated going to an Arctic outpost, he said, when he first came to Sweden. He had then very much wanted to be near other deserters, who were intensely clannish. “Those were the Mayflower days,” he said. “If we heard a new deserter was due in, there’d be a group of us out at the airport to greet him. We were an aristocracy—we’d call ourselves No. 10 or 19, or whatever, to show in what order it was that each of us had got here.” Evidently, Gershater went on, smiling, he had ridden out this stage, judging by his readiness to become the northernmost deserter in Sweden. “Somebody gave me an axe for a going-away present,” he said. In Lapland, he would live in a town of two hundred, whose housing was primitive but whose central ornament was a special school that stressed the study of economics in different countries. Gershater wanted to learn about socialism and imperialism and other ideas that he often heard fellow-deserters bandy about. He suspected that they knew no more about such matters than he did, but nevertheless he held back on entering discussions. Speaking earnestly, as though grading himself, he said, “I think I’ve reached the point where I can present my views on the shortcomings of capitalism.” On attaining military age, he recalled, he had confessed his ignorance of world affairs to his father, a tailor in Greenwich Village. The father had responded, “When I was eighteen, I didn’t worry about the President.”

Gershater told me that when he reported to camp at Fort Rucker, Alabama, early in 1967, he assumed that idealism motivated our government’s participation in the war. But he could find no signs of any such idealism. Repeatedly, he said, military indoctrinators lectured that the war was being fought for “the glory of America,” which sounded vague to his ears. He attended Army films that impressed him as simpleminded, their footage depicting the enemy as bad and our troops as good. For a time, Gershater said, he tried to persuade himself that the South Vietnamese forces were underdogs, but it was a hard thing to believe. “All of us knew the amount of stuff we were pouring into Asia,” he said. Nor did his duties impart a sense of idealism. He was assigned to run the camp’s bowling alleys, in which capacity he was permitted to wear civilian clothes. Now and then, a uniformed bowler would ask whether he was in the service, and Gershater would lie. “I didn’t want to hurt morale,” he said. “I had the cushiest job in camp.”

Shipped to Germany later in 1967 as a member of the 24th Division, Gershater remained acutely aware of his unsatisfied quest. Toward the end of 1967, his division was ordered to Fort Riley, Kansas, an established way station for outfits going to Vietnam, and Gershater knew that his moment of truth was at hand. Others must have felt the same, he thinks, for once the division’s orders became known there was an outbreak of ostensibly facetious remarks about hightailing it for Sweden. Recalling the mood around him, Gershater said, “The fellows were in that in-between phase when they might make up their minds one way or the other. In the end, they let the Army do it for them.”

“Were you afraid of being killed?” I asked.

Gershater replied, “That could be, but I was even more afraid of doing the killing. It’s not right for one person to tell another to kill, especially when he sees no cause for it. The thing I really stewed about was whether clearing out would be just an act of self-indulgence. I had to convince myself that it was O.K. for anyone to desert, not just for Steven Gershater.”

A month before the division pulled out of Germany, Gershater received fourteen days’ leave, nine of which he spent in England, where he had relatives. He took his remaining time in Stockholm, both to look over the terrain and, equally important, to grant himself a final respite in which possibly to change his mind. “But I knew I wouldn’t,” he said, studying the leaden glint that passed for Stockholm’s autumn sun. “In or out of the Army, I had to lose, and today there’s nothing I can do but accept the consequences of my desertion. I’m out of step with my country’s authorities, and my life is confused. I miss Americans. I can’t go to the place in the world I know best, where my family lives, where I grew up.” Speaking impatiently, as though seeking to rout any semblance of self-pity, Gershater told me, “But I’m not saying I lost out on my ambitions. I hadn’t yet developed any. I was nineteen when I went in, so I hadn’t yet seen for myself the kinds of opportunities that can determine what you do with your life. Maybe something wonderful will happen in Lapland.”

UNLIKE Gershater, John Toler, a tall, thin, yellow-haired former Green Beret sergeant from the Far West, had little urge to leave Stockholm. He had established a serious relationship with a handsome Swedish

TURN TO OPEN
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
4/5 QUART
94.6 PROOF
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY" DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN LONDON. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 94.6 PROOF. [illegible]

GIMLET
COCKTAIL
LIME JUICE, 4 or 5 parts Gin
Stir and Serve
ICE COLD
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
ROSE'S
WEST INDIA
SWEETENED
LIME JUICE
RECONSTITUTED
L. Rose & Co. Ltd.

The Rose's Gimlet: It's somewhere between the martini and champagne.

It's the best of all possible worlds. All the spirit of a martini with the elegant smoothness of champagne. Just mix *one* part Rose's Lime Juice and four or five parts Gin or Vodka. That's the Gimlet. Once you taste it, you'll find it really stands alone.

girl and his existence appeared to be generally well ordered. He lived in a neat, modest apartment in a walkup in the Old City, and on the walls of his study there were snapshots of his parents. They were planning to visit him next summer, Toler said, which was a pleasant surprise. "They couldn't have expected me to do what I did," he said. "My father used to be a naval officer." Toler's study table was strewn with several books on philosophy, his field of concentration at Stockholm University; in America, he had left Oregon State University as a sophomore in order to enlist. His Swedish, Toler went on, was now good enough for him to envision becoming a teacher in his new country. Occasionally, he said, he experienced an intense craving for his mother's cooking and for certain forms of progressive rock, but otherwise he was content to go on sinking his roots in Sweden. He didn't want to return to the United States; nor was he interested in amnesty, for which other deserters were currently campaigning. Early in 1969, he told me, he had openly opposed the leadership of the American Deserters Committee, whose disposition he felt was to impose political discipline on all deserters; Toler organized a group called the Underground Railway, devoted to helping each man develop a life of his own among Swedes.

Toler put in a year and a half with the Special Forces, all of it at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. As an unpolitical nineteen-year-old, Toler said, he was highly susceptible to "the John Wayne myth" that lent glamour to the outfit. Besides, Toler added, qualifying for the Green Berets offered a number of unmythical advantages, among them better pay and faster promotion than were forthcoming in ordinary branches of the service. In addition, Toler said, the work itself was more interesting than routine training. There were all sorts of schools one could attend as a Green Beret, and among those he himself went to were parachute school, which he liked, and the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare School, where he learned, among other things, how to make a printing press out of berry juice and cheesecloth. Everybody was on a big school kick, Toler said, and for good reason. "The longer you kept going to schools, the closer you got to civilian life," he told me. "Except for a few officers, nobody I met wanted to go to Vietnam. Certainly the returnees from there didn't talk up the place. All they came back with was shoptalk—tips, for instance, on which camps to avoid because they were easy for Charlie to overrun. And when the tough old sergeants—the career-oriented E-7s—got drunk, they'd say things like 'You can dump 'Nam in the ocean.' There just didn't seem to be anything over there worth dying for. In my father's war, there was. I can imagine fighting in that one. I may be a deserter, but I'm no pacifist."

Reverting to his life at Fort Bragg, Toler, like Gershater, said that he failed to find a shining justification for his activities, some of which consequently took on an absurd quality. He learned to play the bass drum for the Special Forces Drum and Bugle Corps. Under orders, he and other Green Berets honored Walter Cronkite, a visiting V.I.P., by jumping from helicopters. Driving a two-and-a-half-ton truck, Toler backed into a passenger car, for which, as punishment, he was made head of the motor pool. Then, there was an elaborate guerrilla-warfare problem on which he was dispatched to the bayou country of Louisiana. "We were liberating Louisiana," Toler began, suppressing a smile. A civil war, it appeared, was in progress, and Texans (in the form of an Army division) were occupying a section of bayous that Louisianians (Toler and other Green Berets) were out to free; Cuban exiles were advising the Texans. Actually, Toler said, a real civil war was going on, but it wasn't supposed to be noticed. "We couldn't have blacks on our team," he explained. "The farmer who was renting us his acreage wouldn't have it. No 'niggras'—not while he paid taxes."

Toler's unit received its Vietnam orders late in 1967, and the men went on leaves of forty-five days. Within that time, Toler knew, he had to face up to the doubts he had been harboring. He was tempted to talk things out with his parents, but he felt that wouldn't be fair to them—whatever decision he reached, it had to be his own. He flew to San Francisco, where, dressed in civilian clothes, he spent time with antiwar protesters. They had little to teach him. He was beyond slogans. When he did come to his decision, Toler believed, it would be the product of the "sense impressions" he had accumulated in his daily life as a Green Beret.

"Were you afraid of being killed?" I asked.

Toler shook his head. In fact, he said, when he saw himself in Vietnam, it wasn't as a corpse but as the holder of a safe job, far from combat. "I had to ask myself whether that would be a happy ending," Toler said. "The question led me straight to what I think of as moral considerations. Sure, I decided, I'd stay alive if I had safe duty,

THE
COLONIAL
ELECTRIC COMPANY
announces
THE CONSTRUCTION OF
ANOTHER DAMNED
POWER PLANT
ON THIS SITE
BOOTH

WE'LL EVEN LISTEN TO AN ARM TALK IF IT'LL HELP US DO OUR JOB BETTER.

An arm can tell us a lot. It can tell us, for example, how often it can perform a motion without tiring — before its owner is even aware of fatigue.

The arm talks to us through tiny electric currents generated by its muscle fibres.

Listening to arms — and to legs and backs — is part of the science of biomechanics that's helping us at Western Electric do our job of manufacturing communications equipment for the nationwide Bell System.

Our people are devoted to the goal of perfection, but they are also human. And biomechanics is the study of the relationship between man and the tools he uses.

Western Electric, in cooperation with Texas Tech and the University of Michigan, is pioneering in its application. We're redesigning tools and machines, chairs and workbenches, to make the people who use them more relaxed and more comfortable. And better able to build complex equipment to the extremely high standards demanded by the Bell System.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. We have also learned it is easier to change jobs to fit people than people to fit jobs.

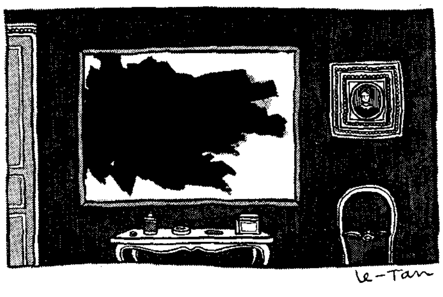
Western Electric

but it would leave me a weaker person, just floating, drifting. The real cop-out would be to stay in."

From San Francisco, he drove to New York in a rented car. "More sense impressions," he said. "What a country! It's got fantastically beautiful places—more beautiful than anything here in Sweden. Crossing the continent, I must have talked with a hundred people—gas attendants, carhops, hitchhikers, truckers having coffee. The war didn't bother them too much. It made me wonder just what it was I would be defending if I did go to Vietnam." In New York, he stayed with some people whose names he had been given out West. He applied for a passport, which he received in a few days—about a week after he was due back at Fort Bragg. His mind was made up, Toler said, but he didn't know *how* made up it was until a friend informed him that a man making a documentary film about the war was looking for a soldier to speak his piece. Toler reported to a private home, where he heard himself declare in front of a camera and microphone that he was going to desert. After that, he was in a big hurry to use his passport. He did, that very evening, at a time when New York was in the throes of a garbage strike. "The city reeked," Toler said. "I think I was in a state of moral ecstasy when I boarded the plane. It was going to land in Sweden February 10, 1968—the same day I was due in Vietnam."

IN Uppsala, a historic seat of Lutheranism, fifty miles northwest of Stockholm, I talked with a devout Catholic, a former corporal at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, who had deserted with the utmost reluctance. "All my officers knew I didn't want to desert," he told me. The deserter was Patrick Downey, a tall, lithe, mild-mannered man whose home was in Copiague, Long Island, where he had earned his high-school letter in four sports. He was now a student of sociology at Uppsala University, having enrolled there shortly after he and his wife and infant son had reached Sweden in October, 1968. They had a pleasant three-room apartment in a building given over to student families, and it was there that Downey and I talked. Things were fairly well in hand at present, he said, thanks in part to the fact that his wife, Linda, was holding down a job teaching English in a Swedish kindergarten. He preferred the relaxed atmosphere of Uppsala, a college town that had a Catholic church, to that of Stockholm. Last summer, he remarked, American tourists who visited Uppsala had made a point of seeking out deserters, plying them with questions. On the whole, Downey said, the tourists had been more curious than anything else, but this past fall a contingent of collegians from California had come to spend their junior year at Uppsala, and they were openly hostile. "I used to feel the same way about deserters," Downey said.

Downey had majored in physical education at North Texas State University, where he met Linda, a beautiful Texan, who arrived home from her teaching job at the end of our talk, as I was leaving. It was in his senior year, shortly after Linda had become pregnant, that events crowded in on him, rattling him hard, since, in his words, he had been complacent about the war. Two months shy of turning overage for the draft, Downey heard from his board that he was 1-A. He moved at once to control his situation as best he could, taking it up with a recruiting sergeant. Downey wanted to finish school, get a good job in the Army, and stay out of Vietnam, all of which the sergeant said could be guaranteed if he would enlist for three years instead of being drafted for two. Downey agreed. "I never even knew the sergeant's name," Downey said. In August, 1967, now a college graduate, Downey reported to Fort Jackson, where in a matter of days he came into conflict with the Army. It happened when Downey informed his captain that he would never kill anyone, so there was little point in his learning how to handle weapons, a standard part of the eight-week basic training that everyone was expected to take. "I seemed to confuse the captain," Downey told me. "He promised that the Army would help me out but said that he would appreciate it if I went ahead in the meantime with basic training." Downey agreed, but when nothing happened after this period he started seeing chaplains. All of them gave varying estimates of the number of years he would have to serve in prison if he persisted in abjuring weapons. The most discouraging chaplain was a Catholic, who held that anyone who bucked for conscientious-objector status after joining the Army must be out of his mind. The same chaplain also observed that Catholics had fought in all previous wars and never failed to kill their share of the enemy. "There are priests and priests," Downey said. "Several months after I'd been at Jackson, I was in New York on a short leave and talked with a priest at the Catholic Peace Fellowship offices. He counselled me to believe in my conscience."



In due course, Downey continued, he received orders to ship out from Jackson as a member of an artillery division. When the day of departure came, Downey and others assembled before parked buses that were to take them to an airport. Routinely checking attendance as the men boarded, a first sergeant called out each man's name, but when Downey's turn came he refused to enter a bus. The next thing he knew, he was standing at attention before the brigade commander, a colonel, who irately asked Downey what he intended doing. "Sir," he replied, "the question is what are *you* going to do?" For an answer, the colonel had an aide march Downey to the Jackson stockade. According to Downey, the colonel told the aide, "Put him in for six months. If he doesn't obey his orders after that, give him another six months." Downey had been in jail a week when a new chaplain came into his life, a Baptist, who was making his pastoral rounds of the stockade, benignly listening to the complaints of those who had fallen from military grace. Downey had no complaints. "I told him I was happy in the stockade," Downey said. "I could avoid trouble in there—I think that's all I tried to do for as long as I was in the Army." After hearing Downey's story, the chaplain declared that Downey didn't belong in jail. The Army had forms for conscientious objection, the chaplain said, and he would be glad to help Downey fill them out. The chaplain inquired whether Downey would be willing to work in an Army hospital. Downey said yes. And would Downey be willing to do so in Vietnam? Downey said yes. The chaplain then relayed this information to the brigade commander, who released Downey forthwith.

Over the next three weeks, Downey told me, the chaplain helped him complete the forms, which first had to go through channels at Jackson before submission to the Pentagon for final disposition. Downey's company commander, a tough airborne Ranger, was

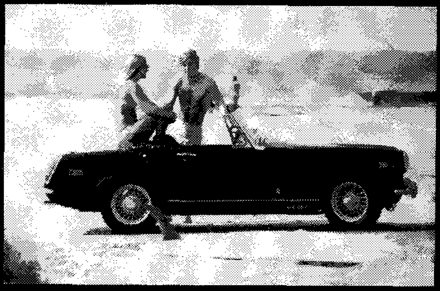
MG MIDGET '70

Living in this sports car world has its price. A very low one.

Now, more than ever before, the MG Midget offers you unparalleled sports car performance for your money. Among other things, the 1970 Midget features radial-ply tires and a sleek new grille. Plus, of course, its classic rack-and-pinion steering, racing suspension, and short-throw gearbox. But the best part of the Midget is the midget price tag—$2279*. Which makes the Midget '70 the lowest-priced true sports car going.

AT AUSTIN-MG DEALERS

*P.O.E. N.Y. Wire wheels, taxes and handling extra. For overseas delivery information, write British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07605.



TIME TO CHOOSE STIEFF! FROM MAY 15 TO JUNE 30 SIX IDENTICAL PIECES FOR THE PRICE OF FIVE

Here's a wonderful way to save on hand-crafted Stieff sterling and complete your service more quickly. Every time you purchase five identical place setting pieces, you get a sixth piece free. The same applies to any size place settings. Buy five, and the sixth is our gift to you. Choose from Stieff's sixteen elegant patterns, all in luxury weight sterling for a lifetime of gracious dining. See your Stieff dealer for full details . . . while there's still time to get your free silver.

WILLIAMSBURG®
ROYAL DYNASTY
LADY CLAIRE
Stieff Co.

Wyman Park Drive
Baltimore, Maryland 21211

® Identifies trademark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

unsympathetic to Downey's application but permitted him to see the battalion's executive officer, a major, who was a West Pointer and a Vietnam veteran. "I could sense his respect at once," Downey said. "He knew from my record I hadn't ever got out of line, except on trying to see this one thing through." During their talk, the major, who was a convert to Catholicism, asked Downey what he thought of Cardinal Spellman's endorsement of our war policy in 1965, when the prelate said in Saigon, "My country, may it always be right. Right or wrong, my country." Downey replied, "I consider that immoral." From the major, he was sent on to a colonel, who impressed the enlisted man. "He let me know he had a son who felt about violence exactly as I did," Downey told me. The papers were approved for submission to Washington, and Downey settled down to await their return in a capacity that spared him from handling weapons—he was made a typist-clerk at brigade headquarters. In six months, the papers came back from Washington. They were disapproved. Downey told me, "I went to the captain and said, 'Send me back to the stockade.' His attitude toward me had changed, and all he said was 'I'm just a captain. I'm going to talk to the major.' "

For a while, it looked as though the officers' friendly auspices would save Downey, for, smoothly and efficiently, he found himself shifted from brigade headquarters to a specialists' school for typists, where a two months' training course was about to begin. The shift took place just as the company to which Downey had been assigned was being dispersed from Jackson. "Fortunately for my peace of mind, the fellows weren't sent to Asia," he said. Suddenly, though, as Downey was completing his course, the officers' plot failed. A levy for Vietnam troops came down, Downey told me, and he was among those chosen. The captain tried to retain Downey in his own command, but it was no use. Neither he nor the major nor the colonel could any longer exert influence in behalf of Downey's conscientious objection. Power over that had passed into the hands of a master sergeant, a product of eighteen years' military service. He was the managerial factotum in the Military Police division that had direct charge of selecting the troops for Vietnam. "His name was Kennedy," Downey said. "Someone told him about me, and I heard him say, 'This guy's going to kill or be killed.' "

Downey resolved at once to go to Sweden; he had three weeks' leave in which to organize his family's departure. He had small appetite for it, particularly since his father wasn't well. (He died a week after his son arrived in Sweden.) "I hated turning my back on my country," Downey told me. "Naturally, here in Uppsala, it's making ends meet that's on my mind, but I won't soon forget that I had to break a contract. I've become more political than I used to be. The way I see it now, I may have taken a step against economic imperialism. Gandhi's revolution inspires me, but all this talk of violent revolution in America bothers me. It's playing into the hands of atheistic elements."

A FEW days before I left Sweden, I tried to have a look at the American Deserters Committee, the would-be political hub of the deserters' colony. I got in touch with Vincent A. Strollo, of whom Mrs. Nyström had spoken warmly as one of her most willing helpers inside the A.D.C. A stockily built young man from the Philadelphia area, Strollo told me he had quit LaSalle College as a freshman, in 1966, when his father, a postal employee, had fallen ill. Determined to contribute to the family's support, Strollo, then nineteen, saw an Army recruiter, who assured him that if he volunteered for four years three of them would be spent in Germany, and that when he got out the G.I. Bill would enable him to go back to school. The deal was made, and Strollo eventually settled down to a safe, quiet existence in Germany as a hospital clerk. It eroded his sense of self-regard, however, Strollo told me. At Landshut, and later at Ramstein, he saw officers and master sergeants engage in shady transactions, including the sale of Army trucks to German civilians. When G.I.s raised questions concerning our policy in Vietnam, sergeants encouraged other soldiers to haze them. Sounding the same note other deserters had, Strollo said, "When I enlisted, I had this idea there must be something idealistic to military life, that someone—maybe a general—was making valid decisions, but all I could hear in Germany was lifers talking about rackets."

In November, 1967, the flight of the Intrepid Four to Sweden made desertion a widespread topic of conversation. Several months later, a friend said

AM
7 56
FM 87 92 98 100 104 108
AM 53 60 70 80 100 130 160
SONY
FM-AM SOLID STATE
DIGIMATIC

The first clock radio you don't have to set the night before.

Remember those mornings when you slept right through? Pleading that the alarm forgot to go off and all the time you forgot to set it?

That doesn't have to happen anymore. Now there's a clock radio that remembers to wake you. Permanently.

Sony's Digimatic clock radio.

Just set it once. And it's all over and done with. Day after day after day it goes off. And you do too.

It gets you going in the morning with tender music (FM/AM). Or a not-so-tender buzzer.

And if you're a late night listener, our Deluxe Hardwood model sports a handy speaker that hides right under your pillow. Our standard model comes in Antique White or Midnight Grey.

And as for our clock, well, who needs anything more than the numbers anyway?

So now you can thank our clock radio when you rise and shine on time.

And probably blame it too.

**The Digimatic
forget-you-not
clock radios from Sony.®**

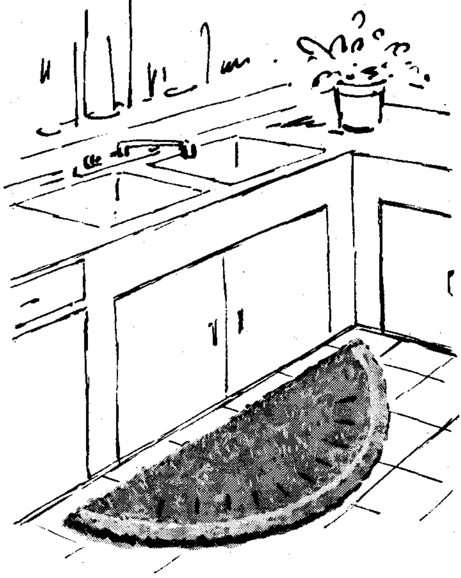
© 1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

to Strollo, “Let’s go to Sweden tonight.” “It was all I needed,” Strollo told me. “I didn’t want to waste two more years of my life. I didn’t take my stereo equipment—just some records.” The two left in Strollo’s Volkswagen, and they slept in it their first nights in Stockholm. Their third or fourth day, a deserter sitting on a park bench heard Strollo and his friend speaking English, and two newcomers were added to the colony. Strollo’s friend subtracted himself at the end of a week, returning to Germany, but Strollo remained, falling in at once with the A.D.C. He spoke of it gratefully. It had not only helped him find his first lodging, he said, but, far more important, given him an ideological grasp of world events that lent significance to his desertion. “I now realize that the U.S. has always been an imperialist force,” he said. “The U.S. does not plan indoctrination of its people, but just the same that’s what happens. Had I become a teacher back home, as I hoped, I would have been helping the system. The time has come for power to be distributed to the people. I am trying to improve America as a society.” He recited it all like a catechism, and I asked him if some of the words he used weren’t rather sweeping. “I never used them before I came to Sweden,” he said good-naturedly. “Incidentally, I forgot to mention that Sweden is no better than the United States.” He had a girl, and a job with an electronics firm, and he took science courses, but it was the A.D.C. that gave shape to everything. He wanted to tell me about the A.D.C., but he thought it would be more appropriate if I talked with the organization’s leader and theoretician, a deserter by the name of Bill Jones. Strollo arranged for me to meet Jones the following day at the A.D.C. headquarters.

Jones didn’t show. I waited for him forty minutes in the headquarters, a damp, dishevelled basement where a shaft of gray light filtered downward through the iron bars of a small window. Two deserters were present, neither of whom knew whether Jones would appear. Batting the breeze, one of them, lately a Navy carpenter, said that without physical exercise he tended to feel tense; he thought he had better find himself stevedore’s work. Looking up at the window grille, his companion speculated on the possibility of “a right-wing tourist” tossing a bomb into the A.D.C.’s basement. Just as I was leaving, a short, pink-cheeked young man entered, greeted the others, and took two letters from a table. He joined me as I climbed the basement stairs, and asked me who I was. After I told him, he said, “I don’t like the A.D.C. It’s just where I pick up my mail.” He was a deserter from upstate New York; he declined to give his name, saying that his desertion had caused his parents harassment from their neighbors. When we got out into the street, it was raining. He asked me to buy him something to eat, and we went into a nearby restaurant. “I’m not a political person,” he said after he had eaten. “When I first got here, it was the A.D.C. that answered my questions. My head was full of them. Was it safe here? Did the C.I.A. tap your phone? How did you meet girls? Where could you get *Mad* magazine?” Politically, though, the A.D.C. wasn’t much use, as he saw it. Its leaders, he claimed, pushed a single view, and while his own politics were vague, he was dead set against “sameness,” no matter what its form. Maybe the Army had done that to him, he conjectured. “It was a prison of sameness,” he said. He watched the rain fall against the restaurant window. “This weather is when I like Stockholm best,” he said. “I know its places now—the Strandvägen, the NK store, the T-Centralen. If I had enough money to call home a dozen times a year, I might be satisfied, by which I don’t mean that I’m ready to settle down here, or anywhere else. I don’t even want a job. In fact, all I feel like doing is taking off for Prague. Still, those dozen calls would be nice. The U.S. is a part of my life, but so is being young, and for a rotten war like this it just isn’t worth forgetting the things that can go with being young.”

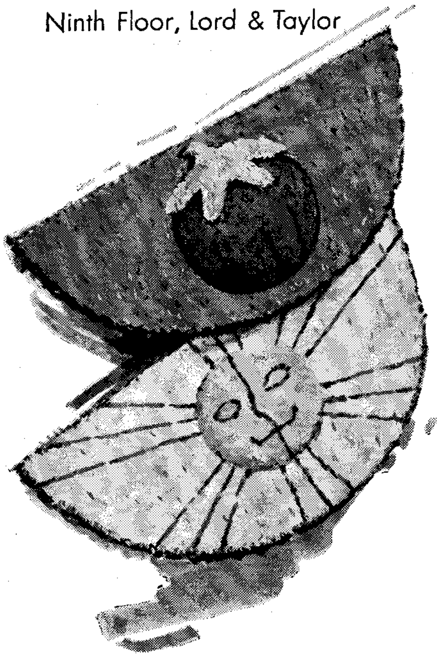
That evening, I phoned Strollo, who, apologetically, arranged a second appointment for me with Jones. “Tomorrow afternoon at four at the pad,” Strollo said, referring to an apartment the A.D.C. maintained at Karlbergsvägen 52. Strollo also told me that Jones had said he would have on hand some tapes of radio broadcasts that he and other members of the A.D.C. had made for the Vietcong and Hanoi; U.S. troops in Vietnam listened to the broadcasts, and I had expressed an interest in hearing them.

Jones was present the following day. A tall, good-looking man, he had deserted from Germany; prior to entering the Army, he had studied for the priesthood at Loyola University, in Chicago. Our meeting was a fiasco. His opening words to me were “I hear you



Lord & Taylor

Color your floor—kitchen or bath! Our bright nylon-polyester-rayon pile rug has a non-skid back and is machine washable. Watermelon (pink), tomato (red), sun (yellow): 20" x 36", 7.00 Bath Shop, Ninth Floor, Lord & Taylor



The Laughing Cow is more than cheese.

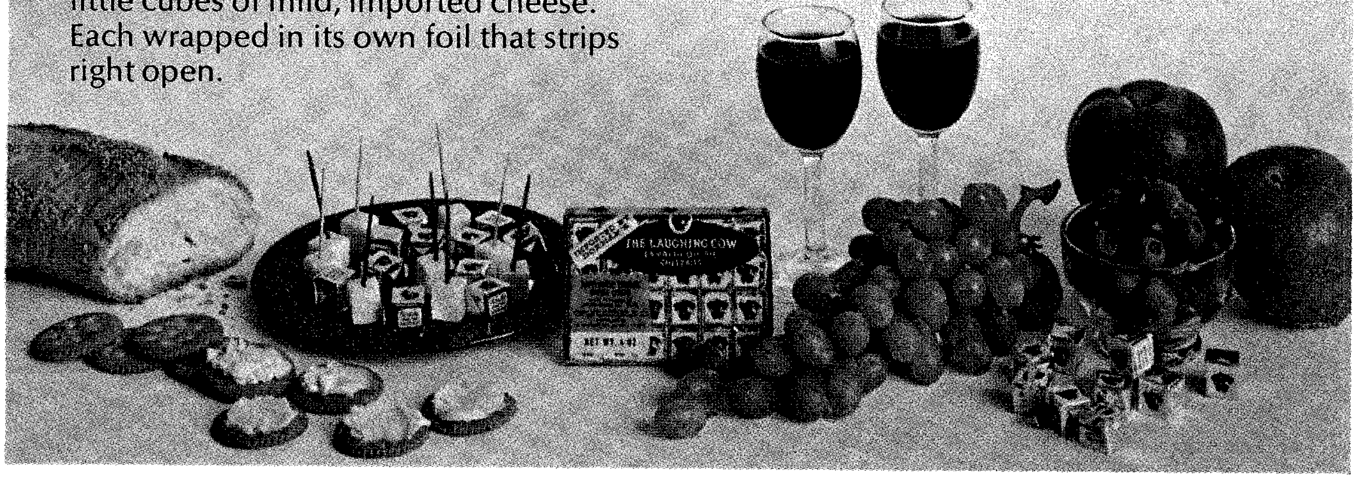
La vache qui rit

It's a conversation starter. A go-with that goes with everything. A compliment to a cracker. A "snack in the mouth" everybody loves.

Laughing Cow Cheezbits. 24 delicious little cubes of mild, imported cheese. Each wrapped in its own foil that strips right open.

Go get some Laughing Cow. It's at your supermarket.

IMPORTED BY
N. DORMAN & CO., INC.
73 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

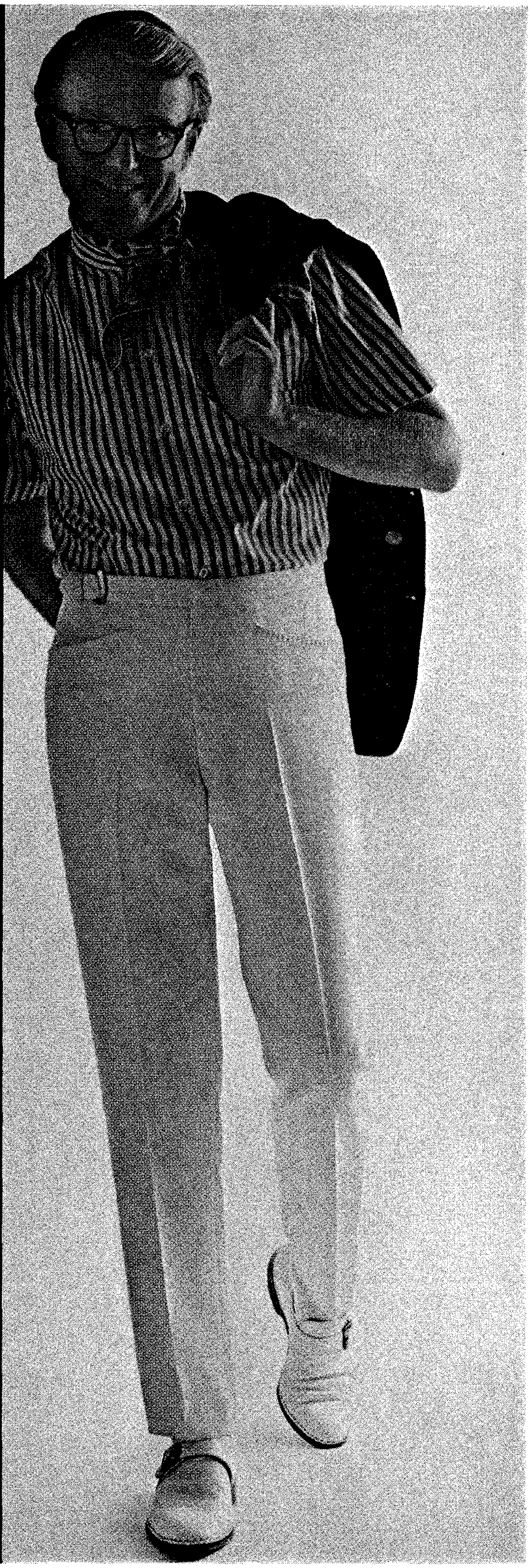


"Somebody finally made a trouser for the uncommon man"

Trousers by Asher. Make you look like somebody. Which is exactly who you are.

With Dacron*

*DuPont's reg. T.M. for its polyester fiber



These trousers sit lower on the hips. There's no baggy look in the legs. They're worn by uncommon Americans like Mr. Donald Eldridge of New York, who dresses with his own individual style, taste and flair. If you still don't see the big difference, maybe it's because you're accustomed to such features. In that case, we wouldn't dream of changing your habits. If you'd like a pair, write Asher, Fitchburg, Mass.
Browning Fifth Ave., N.Y. • *Jordan Marsh*, Boston • *Halle's*, Cleveland • *Sibley's*, Rochester • *Silverwood's*, L.A. • *Lansburgh's*, D.C. • *Donaldson's*, Minneapolis

talked to those two fellows at our headquarters yesterday." He fixed me with a sullen, suspicious expression. He was seated at the center of a circle of several adherents, who, it appeared, had gathered to watch him take me on. There were others elsewhere in the apartment, a dim, rambling dormitory of six or seven rooms, where deserters, homeless or otherwise, could come in off the streets. I asked Jones his conception of the A.D.C.'s purpose, and he answered that desertion by itself "might degenerate into a Boy Scout thing" unless it was validated by political action. He was momentarily interrupted when Strollo arrived, adding himself to the group near Jones. Continuing, Jones volunteered the information that Students for a Democratic Society had conferred chapter status on the A.D.C. When I inquired whether he favored any particular faction in the S.D.S., he said, "The S.D.S.'s recognition legitimizes us as part of an *American* movement." The A.D.C. was doing its best to promote that movement, he declared, citing the fact that the A.D.C. was regularly circulating its publication, *Second Front*, among thousands of United States troops. In addition, he said, there were the broadcasts that he and Strollo and others made for Hanoi and the National Liberation Front; both had delegations in Stockholm, and their representatives had said the A.D.C. broadcasts were popular with G.I.s in Vietnam.

Genially, Strollo put in, "We usually start the broadcasts with a little rock—Jimi Hendrix, Moby Grape, groups like that."

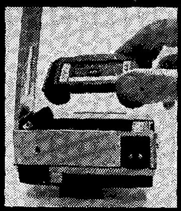
Jones considered it "patriotic" to broadcast for Hanoi and the Vietcong. "It's helping G.I.s," he said.

I asked whether I could hear one or two of the tapes, and Jones said he had none. I glanced at Strollo, who looked unhappy. When I told Jones I had been promised I would be able to hear the tapes, he sat silent, his expression as sullen as when I arrived.

I moved toward the door, and Strollo walked with me part of the way, mumbling something to the effect that Jones had been burned by previous interviewers. Anyway, I said, trying to make the best of matters, Jones had inadvertently reminded me that Hanoi and the Vietcong had delegations in Sweden. Remarking that perhaps I should avail myself of a chance to talk with them, I asked Strollo whether he could facilitate my meeting a Vietcong representative.

He shook his head. Half turning toward Jones, he replied, "You might

Kodak
INSTAMATIC 814 CAMERA
LENS
KODAK
SHUTTER



Most automatic automatic.

If there's one thing you want when you travel—around the block or around the world—it's a camera that's fast and easy.

This is it. The Kodak Instamatic 814 camera. The most automatic automatic. Just drop in the film cartridge. The "814" accepts any 126-size film, for snapshots or slides; adjusts itself to the speed of the film; computes the exposure; tells you when to use flash; adjusts automatically for flash exposure as you focus. It's so automatic, it even advances both film and flashcube for the next picture after you've clicked the shutter!

You could hardly make a mistake even if you tried.

Complete and self-contained, this traveler's aid comes with a precision rangefinder and a superb 4-element f/2.8 Ektar lens. Travel right. It's less than $145 at your photo dealer's.

Kodak Instamatic® 814 camera.
Price subject to change without notice.
Kodak

Cognac is a very special kind of brandy. Only 1 glass of brandy in 9 can be called Cognac.*

And only 1 glass of Cognac in 10 is Fine Champagne Cognac. By French law it must come only from the tiny "Champagne of Cognac" region where the best of all Cognac is produced.

Every glass of Remy Martin is not just Cognac. It is Fine Champagne Cognac (V.S.O.P., of course). We produce nothing of lesser quality.

FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC V.S.O.P. QUALITÉ DU CENTAURE
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC E. Remy Martin & Co. COGNAC REMY MARTIN

*Based on import figures indicating usage in the U.S.

REMY MARTIN

80 Proof. Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York

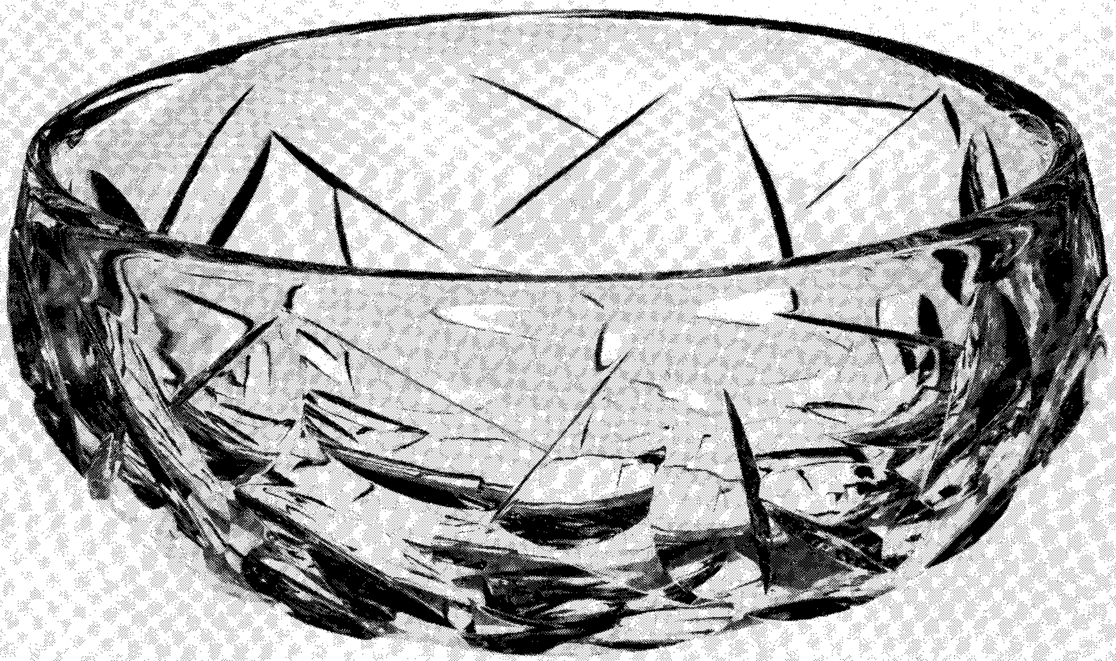
write something about them. We don't know what you would write."

THE Vietcong offices in Stockholm are a collection of several sparsely furnished cubicles on the third floor of a shabby building at Drottninggatan 13. I was granted an interview there with a short, serious man with graying hair named Le Phuong, who was an official of the Provisional Revolutionary Government, the Vietcong's diplomatic title. American troops are deserting in Vietnam, Le Phuong told me; he had no exact figures, but the rate of desertion had gone up since President Nixon first talked of a pullout. There are deserters in Saigon itself, he said—G.I.s who have put on mufti and melted into the white civilian population of Greek businessmen, French journalists, and other foreigners. Le Phuong didn't want me to think, however, that Americans were deserting in anything like the numbers in which the French had toward the end of their long reign in Vietnam. They would come over in droves, waving white handkerchiefs, he recalled, adding, "We had strict orders not to shoot. Anyone who did was sent to jail." The same policy held today, Le Phuong told me; the National Liberation Front's radio continually emphasized that fact to American units, and the voices of the N.L.F. announcers were often those of deserters. That was about the most use to which the Vietcong hoped to put deserters. It was unreasonable to expect them to bear arms, Le Phuong said. That would mean shooting at fellow-Americans, and, besides, they were weary of the war. They wanted to get out of Vietnam, he said, and the N.L.F. helped them do so by setting them on their way to Sweden and other havens. He handed me a blue propaganda flyer, the text of which was attributed to a black deserter who inveighed against "racism," "oppression," "imperialism."

From the clutter on his desk, Le Phuong produced another exhibit—an unmailed letter, allegedly found on a battlefield, in which a G.I. described his discontent to a friend back home in Hadley, Massachusetts. I also noticed on the desk a copy of an underground newspaper from Berkeley, California, whose front page proclaimed that "the American people" were in a state of high revolt against the war. Tapping the newspaper, Le Phuong seemed about to thrust it at me, but he didn't. He shut his eyes a moment, and then announced in a determined monotone, "I wish to say something." Gesturing toward the newspaper, he said that in his mind he honored America's "peace forces" but that their effect on the American public did not appear to be decisive. Looking at me directly, he said, "Your people judge the war by the safety of their sons, not by the deaths of us Vietnamese. We must go on killing your sons—as many of them as we possibly can."

THE last deserter I saw was Raymond Sansivero, a compact young man with black hair. Like several of the others, he had seen action as a Marine in Vietnam. Sansivero's father was a taxi-driver in Huntington, Long Island, and his mother worked for a medical-insurance organization. He was barely out of high school when he enlisted, in 1968, at the age of eighteen. Six months later, he lay in a U.S. military hospital in Osaka, Japan, wounded in his left leg and eye, the vision in which remained impaired. He had been hit at Khe Sanh. "I was one of the lucky ones," he said. "A new corporal called in the wrong coördinates, and our artillery got ten of us—four killed." Sansivero told me of these and other matters in his one-room apartment, with kitchenette, on the fifth floor of a walkup in a nondescript Stockholm district. We sat on the household's bed—a mattress on the floor. The room was close and still. Sansivero's two-month-old son lay asleep in a crib, and the infant's mother, Maria, a short, worried Swedish girl, hovered nearby. "The baby's got fever," Sansivero said, speaking low as he glanced anxiously at his wife. Occupying the one chair in the room was a new deserter—a high-school friend of Sansivero's. He was spending his second day in Sweden, and, staring down at Sansivero and me half recumbent on the mattress, he followed the interview with curiosity, as though he imagined it was a ritual to which all deserters submitted.

For Sansivero, I gathered, joining the Marines was the equivalent of enrolling in a vocational school. He had had no idea what the war was about, he told me, but he was unable to afford college and he knew he had to learn a trade. Another thing he knew was that the Marines ran a school for aviation mechanics, and that, he figured, was for him, even though it meant signing up for four years. Once in uniform, he took a flock of physical and aptitude tests, one of which disclosed that he was color-blind. As a result, his ambition to



"unchangeable, transparent . . . an inspiration"

To Orrefors artist-designer Sven Palmquist, the "unchangeable, transparent material called crystal is an inspiration to create." Its beauty, he has shown, can be expressed as exquisitely in a simple utilitarian object as in a richly decorative one. Many of the pieces he has created for Orrefors have become prized throughout the world. The cut crystal bowl, priced at $120, and the graceful goblets, at $5.00 each, are expressions of his genius. Whichever you choose, you will have an inspired Palmquist design for your very own.

For brochure of fine crystal pieces by Palmquist and other famous Orrefors designers, write our U.S.A. representative, Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106 or 527 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

ORREFORS
CRYSTAL

See the fastest animal in the world.

The Thoroughbred.

Racing at
Beautiful Belmont Park.
First race 1:30.
May 25 through June 27.

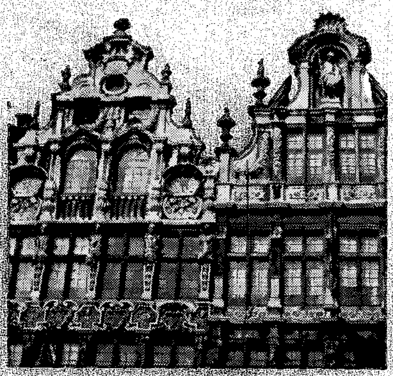
Enjoy fine dining at three great restaurants.

For reservations at the Belmont Terrace, call (516) 488-1740.

become an aviation mechanic went out the window. "I was put in the infantry," Sansivero said. "I didn't mind. I'd often heard my parents say that we were all obligated to do our bit for our country."

After he completed basic training, he was flown to Danang, where he was struck by the animosities that existed between officers and enlisted men. There was tension even at Khe Sanh, the besieged valley where his combat experiences were largely concentrated. "We took thirteen hundred rockets there one day," he recalled. "We tried to stay underground, but we had to go out and get food and ammunition. Those were the last errands some of the guys ever ran." In Sansivero's opinion, the South Vietnamese troops at Khe Sanh were practically useless—undisciplined, demoralized, and so filthy in their habits that they attracted rats. But it was the South Vietnamese civilians who made the most profound impression on him. "They didn't like us, and we didn't like them back for it," he told me. "When we came near one of their hamlets, they would disappear inside their homes. They never gave us information, so we'd round up some of them and ship them off to Danang for questioning. There was no use kidding ourselves. We got their message. Those people had no love or respect for us. I realized someone big in Washington had made a mistake but he was too proud to correct it. I realized I wasn't fighting for freedom or for any of the other things I had been taught at Huntington High School." The new deserter nodded vigorously.

While Sansivero was hospitalized in Japan, his morale was further lowered when a sergeant ordered him to clean toilets. Sansivero refused, and the sergeant took to marking him absent whenever he left his bed. One day, a Marine colonel came to his bed and presented him with some ribbons, including a Purple Heart and a Presidential Unit Citation. The following day, the same colonel, responding to the sergeant's reports, demoted Sansivero from E-3 to private. When Sansivero protested, the colonel said, "My N.C.O.s don't lie." Glancing over at his child as it stirred feverishly in its crib, Sansivero said, "One day ribbons, the next day busted. I was well enough to split, so that's what I did." He drew a thousand dollars in back pay and left for Tokyo. His first afternoon there, he met a Japanese girl who turned out to be a member of the Zengakuren, a militant leftist group that encouraged desertion. Yielding to the Japanese



Discover why Europe begins in Belgium.

Visiting Europe? It makes sense to go via Belgium because Belgium is on the way to everywhere.

And now is the time to take advantage of the new *lower-than-ever* air fares to Europe. Choose from one of the nine AUTOJET/RAILJET tours listed below. Prices include:

- **Round trip group economy air fare**
- **Accommodations for entire stay**
- **Use of auto and unlimited mileage for entire stay—or—free rail mileage**

$301.—BRUSSELS, 2 WEEKS
$350.—BRUSSELS/PARIS, 3 WEEKS
$350.—BRUSSELS, 3 WEEKS
$350.—PARIS, 3 WEEKS
$362.—ZURICH, 3 WEEKS
$372.—BRUSSELS/ZURICH, 3 WEEKS
$372.—MILAN, 3 WEEKS
$372.—BRUSSELS/HAMBURG, 3 WEEKS
$382.—VIENNA, 3 WEEKS

1970 DEPARTURES
MAY 24 THRU AUG. 31

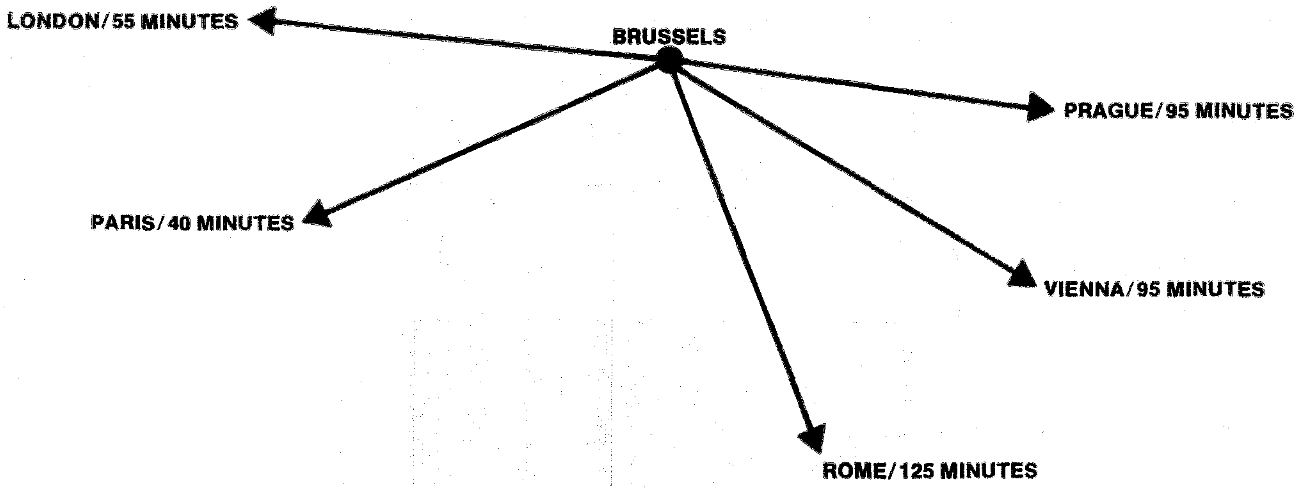
Mail coupon below for full details. All prices per person based on 14/21 day contract Bulk Inclusive air fare, subject to participation of a minimum of 40 persons. (You don't have to belong to a group to take advantage of these new low rates. Your travel agent will assist you in joining a group.) Accommodations and self drive car are for two people traveling together.

SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
Sabena Building—Room 824
720 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me full details on Sabena's Autojet/Railjet tours:

Name
Address
City
State Zip

SABENA
BELGIAN World AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST


BRUSSELS
LONDON/55 MINUTES
PRAGUE/95 MINUTES
PARIS/40 MINUTES
VIENNA/95 MINUTES
ROME/125 MINUTES

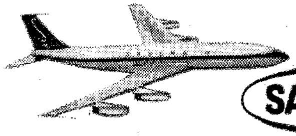
There's a starting point for everything. And for Europe, it's Belgium.

Linger a while in Brussels. Discover why food lovers rate Brussels "a gourmet's paradise" (over one dozen restaurants starred by Guide Michelin). Stroll past the gold encrusted guild halls in the Grand'Place and bask in the old world charm of Europe.

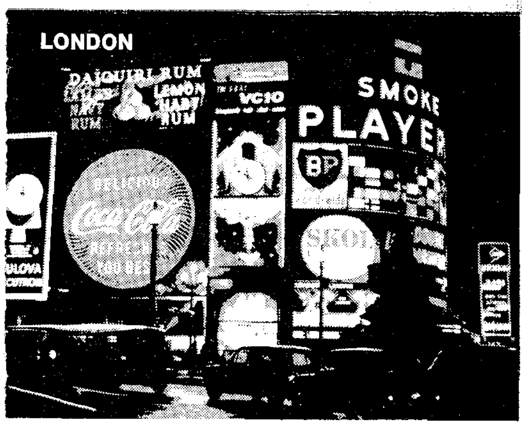
Shopping for a memorable gift? Don't leave until you visit bustling Antwerp — diamond center of the world. And for romantics, there's Bruges — with picturesque buildings and dreamy canals straight out of a 13th-century masterpiece.

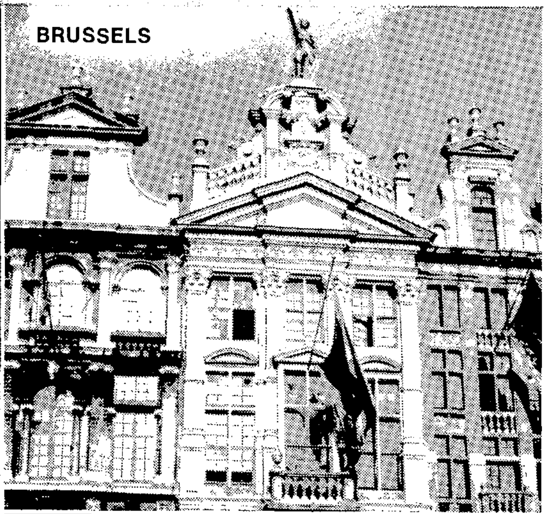
When you *are* ready to continue on, you'll discover that Sabena has more flights from Brussels than any other airline. In less than 100 minutes Sabena can whisk you to Vienna. Or Prague. Glittering Paris is only 40 jet minutes away. Mod, swinging London 55. *Belgium is on the way to everywhere!*

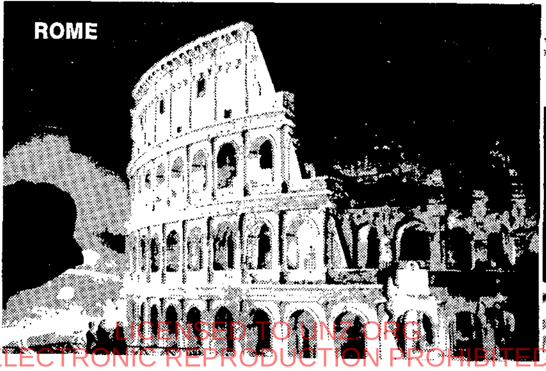
Tell your travel agent that you want to begin where Europe begins: In Belgium.

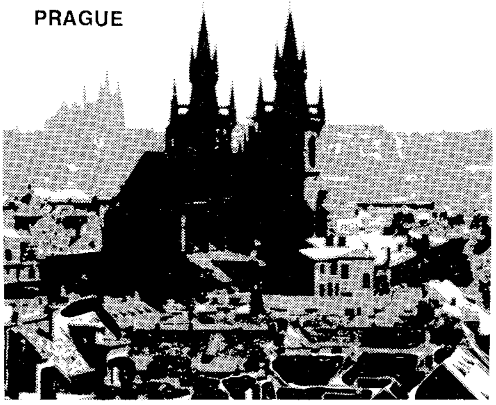


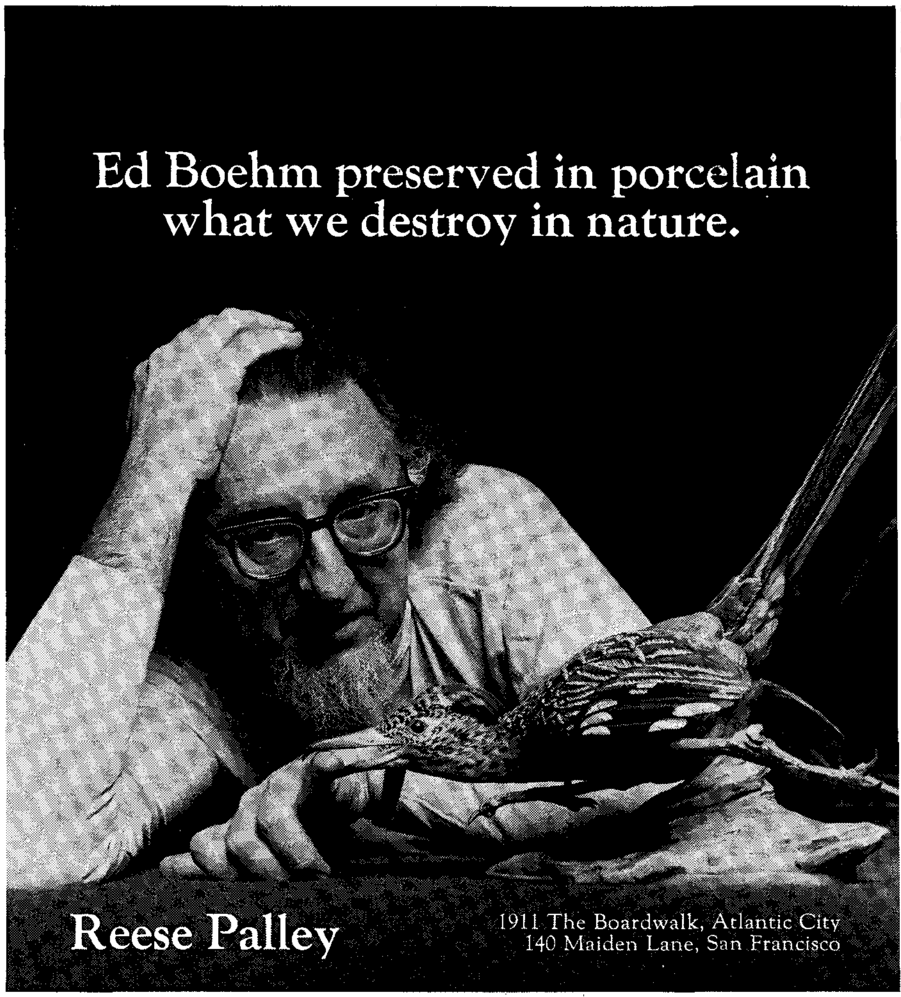
SABENA
BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICA EUROPE AFRICA MIDDLE & FAR EAST


LONDON
DAIQUIRI RUM
LEMON HART RUM
VC10
SMOKE PLAYER'S
BP
Coca-Cola








Ed Boehm preserved in porcelain
what we destroy in nature.
Reese Palley
1911 The Boardwalk, Atlantic City
140 Maiden Lane, San Francisco

We're
not too modern

You could call it a Treadway philosophy. A combination of the best modern conveniences with old-fashioned hospitality. Being as modern as possible without being plastic. That's what L.G. Treadway originally had in mind when he started the first Treadway Inn. And that's how our Innkeepers manage the Inns today.

Good old-fashioned things like fresh apples at the check-in desk. Fragrant lemon soap in our rooms along with the air conditioners and TVs. And food in Treadway's own restaurants that's served with the idea that no one is on a diet.

The way old Mr. Treadway figured it, the traveler should enjoy his visit, no matter how short his stay. And a little bit of old-fashioned hospitality is just one way Treadway Inns do it.

Treadway Inns
We're not *too* modern

For a brochure describing all of the Treadway Inns write:
Treadway Inns and Resorts, 339 East Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14604

girl's persuasion, he went to the northern island of Hokkaido, off the Russian coast, where, Sansivero told me, a Soviet gunboat called for him and two other deserters—another Marine, by the name of Randy Coates, and You Tsi Oyang, an Army sergeant from Manhattan. "It was all out of a storybook," Sansivero told me. "My first champagne and caviar. There were two interpreters aboard—mean-looking Russians who were probably enforcers. They had pointy shoes and raincoats down to here. They said to call them Mike and Stanley. They said they'd take care of us, that our worries were over. They also said that when we got to Moscow we were to steer clear of American correspondents, that there'd be Russian ones for us to talk to."

Sansivero spent two months in Russia, where, by his teen-ager's standards, he was shown a wonderful time. He brought me some souvenirs from a wooden shelf on the wall above where his high-school friend was sitting, and I glanced at the titles of several Marxist-Leninist tracts and the snapshot of a Russian girl. "That's Luba," Sansivero said, as his high-school friend snatched the mementos from me. In Moscow, Sansivero went on, he and the other deserters stayed for three weeks in a penthouse at the Hotel Sputnik. "Caviar and tomatoes for breakfast," he recalled. They passed other pleasant weeks at a country place outside Moscow that had an enormous garden and floodlights for night parties. In mid-July, the adventure ended when a Soviet functionary, presenting the deserters with the Marxist-Leninist tracts, told them, "Read these, and then go home and make your country better." The Russians arranged to fly the deserters to Stockholm, and at the Moscow airport the young Americans were ushered into a special waiting room for V.I.P.s, from which the press was barred. When the plane was ready for boarding, two military guards escorted the G.I.s to first-class seats before the other passengers were permitted to get on. "We had on black Russian suits," Sansivero said. "Everyone thought we were big-shot Communists. I remember American tourists walking past our seats real slow to get a good look at us."

In Sweden, the three deserters separated. Sansivero was uncertain what became of Oyang; Coates turned himself in at the American Embassy. Sansivero said that he himself had tried to do that last summer. "I thought that if maybe I could be promised a light sentence, I'd get everything over and done with," he said. However,

If Avis rents you a Plymouth with over 19,000 miles on the odometer, you can keep it.

This pledge is good any time through June 30, 1970. At any Avis office. In any of the 48 contiguous states.

But we don't expect to have to fulfill it, because we try harder to rent you the newest Plymouths in the business.

If we should slip, and you rent a Plymouth with over 19,000 miles on it, it's yours.

Lock, stock, and barrel.

Avis.
We try harder.

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

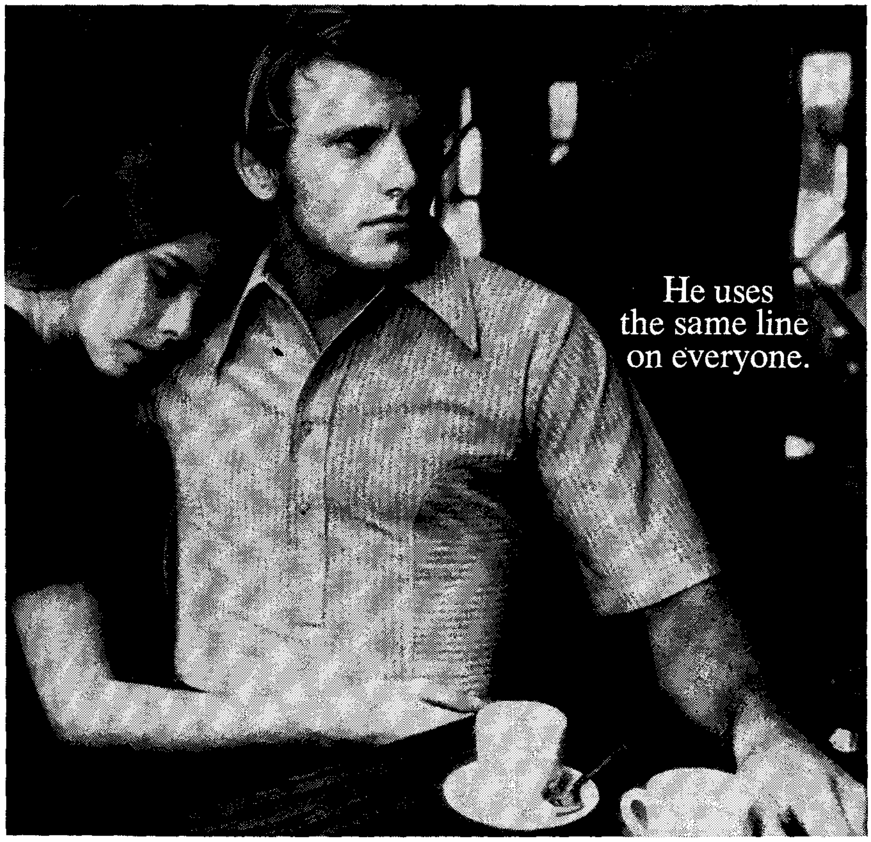
the Embassy official he saw had no authority to offer specific terms, and Sansivero was not willing to take chances. An Army deserter in need of psychiatric attention had recently done that and been sentenced to four years at hard labor. Sansivero believed that he would be punished even more severely, since he had enabled the Russians to make propaganda capital of his desertion. "I didn't think I could take the brig for too long—I'd heard so many stories about it," he said. Unlike other deserters, Sansivero said he would go back like a shot if the government offered amnesty. "If you have it on the ball, you can make it in America," he told me. "A few things need to be changed there, like foreign policy and race, but there's nothing wrong with the free-enterprise system." Thwarted at the Embassy, he settled down to trying to make it in Sweden. Some things had gone right, he said. There was Maria, and the baby; his parents were coming over in a few months to meet them. He was planning to attend a Swedish vocational school. For a while, he said, he had been active in behalf of the A.D.C., but the day I saw him he was fed up with that organization in particular and politics in general. "I want to be left alone," he said. "I want to finish my education and get a job and be a human being. It's up to the government people who goofed us into the war to get us out of it. I'd fight again if someone attacked the U.S., or even if the Chinese went into Vietnam, but one thing I know is that I'm not going to kill anyone for anyone, not without there being a damn good reason for it."

After I got back to America, I read in a newspaper that Sansivero had ceased trying to make it in Sweden. Overcoming his fear of the brig, he gave himself up at the United States Embassy, which paid his fare to Kennedy Airport, where he was arrested upon landing. Maria and the baby had preceded the Marine by a few days, their fare having been paid by his parents. Sansivero is now at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, charged with desertion. His court-martial has yet to take place. Until it does, and perhaps for a long time afterward, he will remain in the brig. —DANIEL LANG

•

He is a gourmet cook and a jogger.... The TV show "Julia's Child" is one of his favorite shows.—*San Antonio Express-News.*

It's about this kid, and he's always hungry.



The Forge/Ltd. line. It outfits the compleat man. In a style to which he is unaccustomed.

FORGE/LTD
A division of Munsingwear, Inc.

In the heart of the city–
the pride of the city:
the Manila Hilton

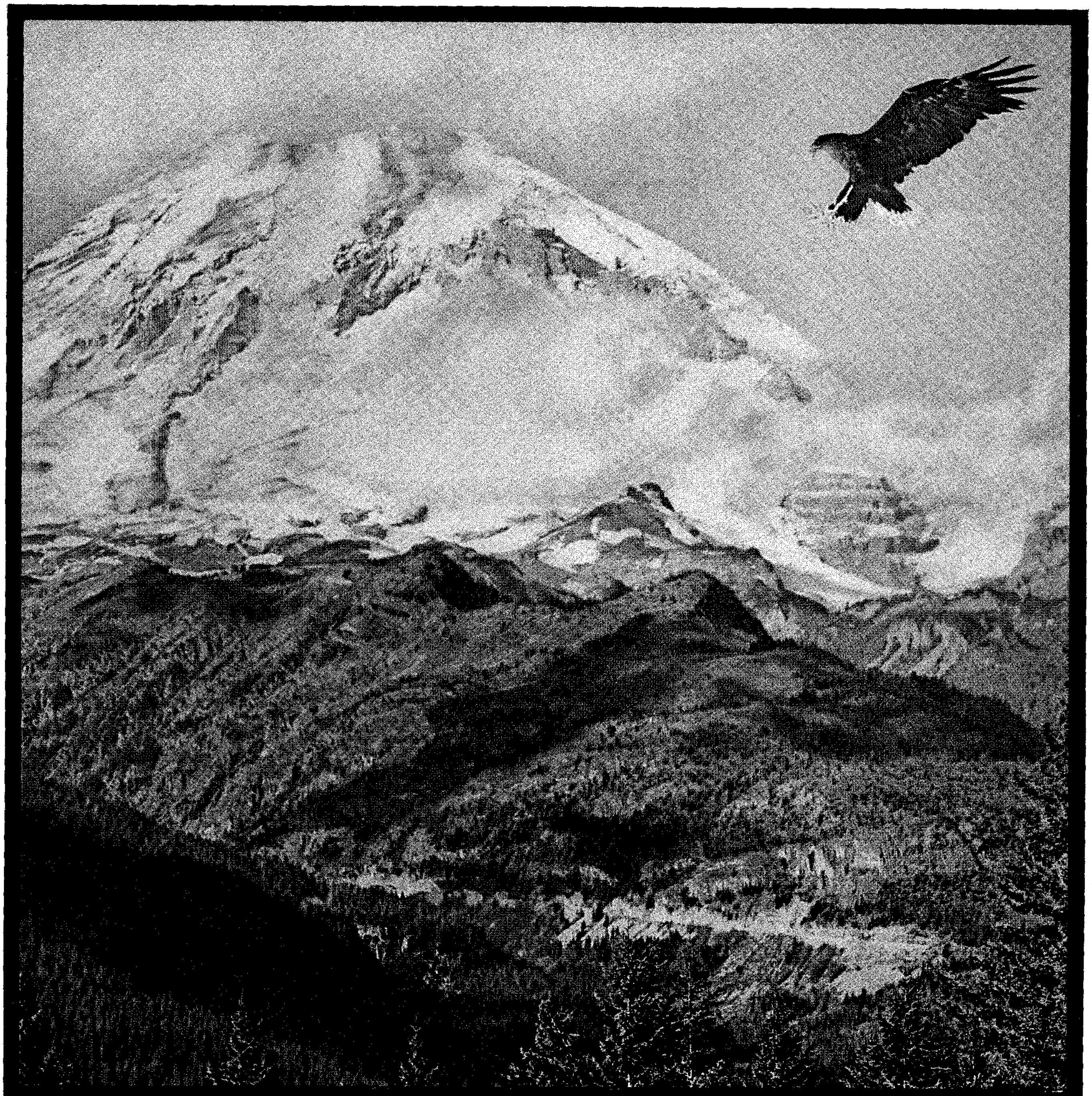
You'll be dazzled by the friendliest smiles in the Far East at the Manila Hilton, in the Pacific's newest tourist discovery—the Philippines.

Located in the heart of Manila—the Manila Hilton is within convenient walking distance of the American Embassy, Manila Bay and Ermita—principal shopping center for local products. At the air-conditioned Manila Hilton, enjoy magnificent views of Manila's beautiful Rizal National Park, Manila Bay and colorful sunsets. And go on to visit stirring Corregidor, Fort Santiago, the Spanish Walled City—Intramuros, and Taal volcano.

At no extra air fare, add Manila to your Far Eastern or round-the-world itinerary—now that the friendly Manila Hilton's there.

For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

MANILA HILTON



**IF WE DON'T PRESERVE THIS NATURAL BEAUTY,
LIFE WILL BECOME A DEAD ISSUE.**

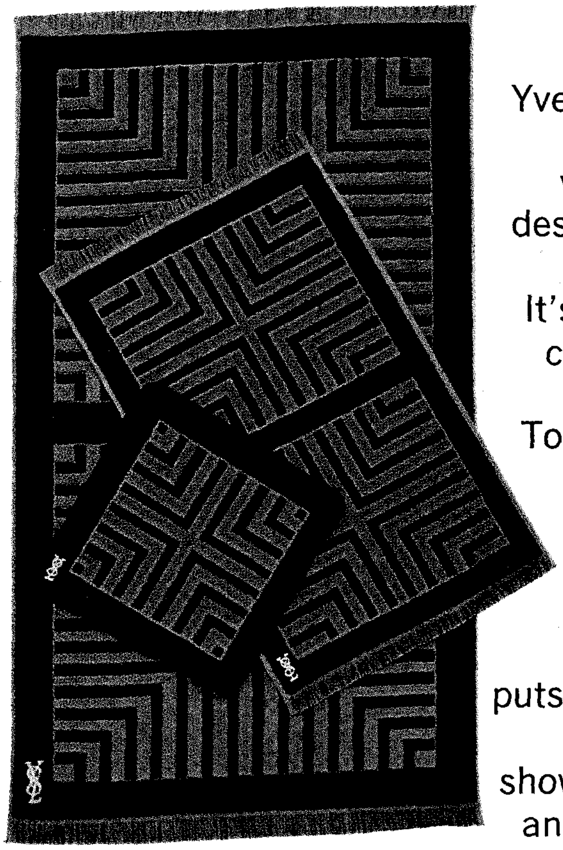
Mem Co., Northvale, New Jersey

This full color 17x22" poster is available for $1.
Send requests to the Mem Company, P.O. Box 273, New York, N.Y. 10046
All profits go to the Earth Watch Fund and other ecological organizations.

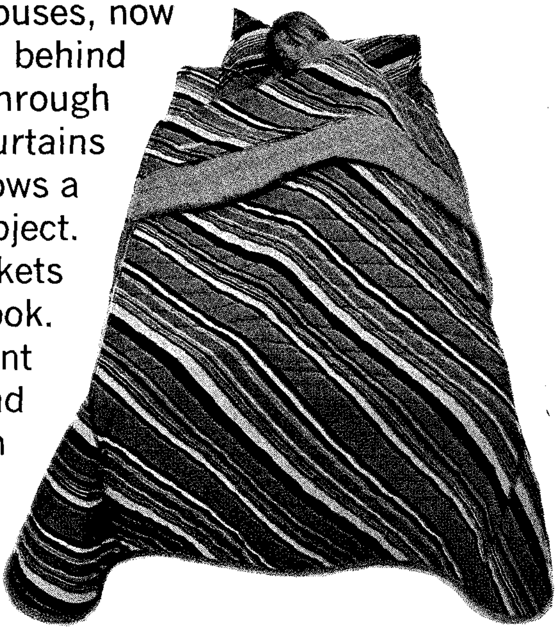
English Leather
TIMBERLINE
COLOGNE

THIS MESSAGE IS SPONSORED BY THE MEM CO., MAKERS OF TIMBERLINE™
THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

Yves Saint Laurent Originals: what your bed and bath should be wearing.



The greatest name in fashion today is Yves Saint Laurent. And now he turns his hand to the more intimate side of a woman's life—her bed and bath. He's designed a whole big beautiful collection for you—and Fieldcrest makes it. It's totally different. Special. Bright new color combinations like Spanish Straw and Ebony, together and loving it. Towels have big new geometric designs. Sheets, pillowcases, and bedspreads are more exciting. Yves Saint Laurent, the man who put women in see-through blouses, now puts them behind see-through shower curtains and throws a new light on the subject. Even bathrugs and blankets succumb to the look. The Yves Saint Laurent Collection for Bed and Bath. Sheets from $6.50; bath towels from $5.00. Made only by Fieldcrest.



For the store nearest you, call free, any time, any day: (800) 243-6000. In Connecticut call (800) 942-0655.

A division of Fieldcrest Mills, Inc., 60 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. Fieldcrest®

Only Fieldcrest does it like this.

TRY SOMETHING BETTER.

There is only one J&B Rare Scotch. And only one reason for drinking it. The delightful rare taste you pour every time from every bottle. Isn't something like that worth a few cents more?

J&B Rare Scotch

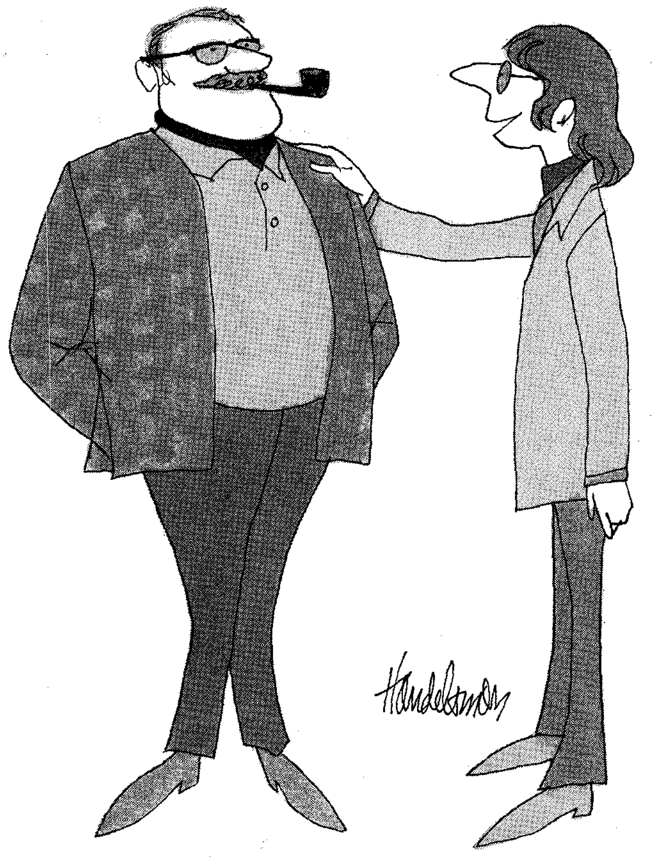
From the house of
Justerini & Brooks,
founded 1749.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corp., N.Y.

THE THEATRE

JUST RIGHT, JUST WRONG

"ROOM SERVICE," at the Edison (and what better place for a play about a hotel than a theatre *in* a hotel?), is thirty-three years old and is splendidly young for its age. The co-authors, John Murray and Allen Boretz, must have had a searingly intimate knowledge of those seedy Times Square hotels that, in the impoverished thirties, were the natural nesting place between hits and flops of producers for whom a full length of unknotted shoestring would have seemed a substantial fortune. No doubt such producers continue to exist, as do a few such West Side hotels, but the scale of the producers' operations has been obliged to expand to meet the expectations of our present affluent society; if their lives are as necessitous as ever, their appearance is that of businessmen with D. & B. ratings and suits from J. Press. (I know of one producer whose answering service is his mother, but at least it is an answering service, and I know of another who makes copies of scripts by feeding slugs into a Xerox vending machine near Grand Central, but as long as he remains out of jail he has something to peddle to backers that is not entirely in his head.) Mr. Murray and Mr. Boretz wrote so truly of the genus producer that after all these years we recognize at once his preëminent characteristic—an air of panic-stricken optimism that no change in economics and theatrical fashion can hope to conceal. If disaster threatens, then triumph beckons; they are but two sides of a coin that, as the producer spins it faster and faster before one's eyes, looks as if it had three sides and possibly four. In short, his genius lies in being able to turn a thin dime into a tetrahedron. It is, one perceives, a gift worth cultivating.



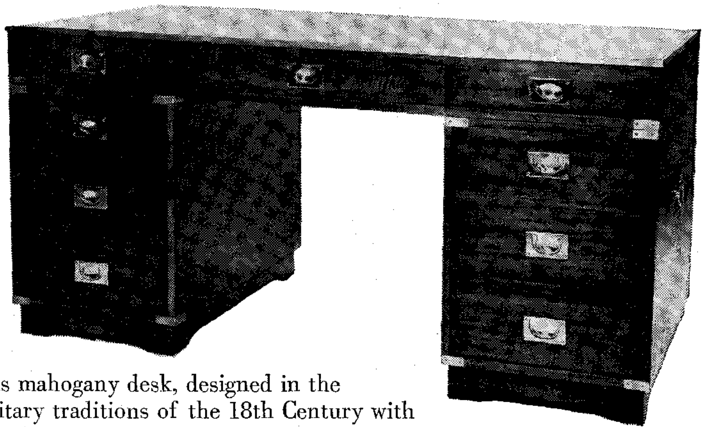
"You're O.K., Dad. You're my kind of pig."

Mr. Murray and Mr. Boretz are apt students not only of Broadway, where peace and quiet make men ill, but also of Aristotle, who taught that action is character. The action of "Room Service" is inexhaustibly violent and preposterous, with chaos fostering further chaos at every twist of its amiably idiotic plot. Whatever folly must happen next in order that *some*thing should happen next happens next, from a waiter who studied under Stanislavski in Moscow and is prepared to swap the producer a free meal for a part in a play to a supposed corpse that, as his mourners sing "Abide with Me" around his bed, rises in an improvised winding-sheet and, with a floral tribute labelled "Success" draped on his shoulders, heads for the bathroom murmuring an Aztec incantation that proves to be "Ipecac . . . ipecac." The success of farce depends on an adroitly calculated inhumanity; it savages our received notions of what to believe and how to behave, and it is characteristic of it that it should require us to mock even (or especially) death. Youth, innocence, talent, honor, marriage, sacred and profane love—all of them suffer a ruthless comeuppance in "Room Service," and the audience throws back its collective head and roars with laughter, which is as much as to say that the condemned man not only ate a hearty breakfast but looked forward with relish to the lunch he was never to enjoy. The wild goings on at the White Way Hotel, by means of which a terrible play called "Godspeed" threatens to be brought to birth, are a model of farcical invention, and it is surely obvious by now that I wish this classic a long stay here in its latest incarnation.

The cast of "Room Service" has been directed by Harold Stone with the wary permissiveness of a lion tamer who finds that he has left his whip and chair outside the cage; everyone acts his head off ad lib, and when he finds nothing to act he scats. Ron Leibman plays the producer with the scarcely controlled hysteria that the role calls for, or at least consents to, but his relentless grimacing offers more glimpses of his dentition than anyone except his dentist is likely to applaud. Michael Lombard is charming as the Stanislavski-trained waiter, and Tom Brannum gives an exemplary portrayal of a naïve young playwright newly arrived from Oswego with sixty-seven cents in his pocket. George Bartenieff is a sunny and admirably light-fingered man of all work, and Alek Primrose plays Dr. Glass, a house physician so nearsighted that he sometimes consults closets and bedsteads as well as, on occasion, himself, with a wonderfully cavalier disregard for the modesty and safety of his patients. In farce, there is little that women can be expected to do and remain women; Lucy Saroyan and Barbara Dana do their best to solve this problem by playing the two girls in a kittenish, thirtyish fashion, and no harm done. The scenery, which consists of a single squalid hotel bedroom with a welcome multiplicity of doors, is by D. Atwood Jenkins, and the amusing costumes are by Leigh Rand.

IF "Room Service" has been done almost exactly right, "Beggar on Horseback," at the Vivian Beaumont, has been done almost exactly wrong. No, not "almost" but completely, with that lack of respect for the

THE ELEGANT CAMPAIGNER
EXECUTIVE DESK FROM ENGLAND



This mahogany desk, designed in the military traditions of the 18th Century with solid brass handles and inlaid corner bindings is 60″ x 30″ x 28½″. It weighs 322 lbs. crated and is delivered F.O.B. N.Y.C. (duty included) from Britain for $590.

Tooled leather tops in black red or green and there is a deep legal sized file drawer. Complete Campaigner Collection catalogue with each inquiry. Send cheque or money order to us on Reid Street in Bermuda.

A. S. Cooper & Sons, Ltd.
BERMUDA • LONDON
Bermuda's Exclusive Wedgwood Representative

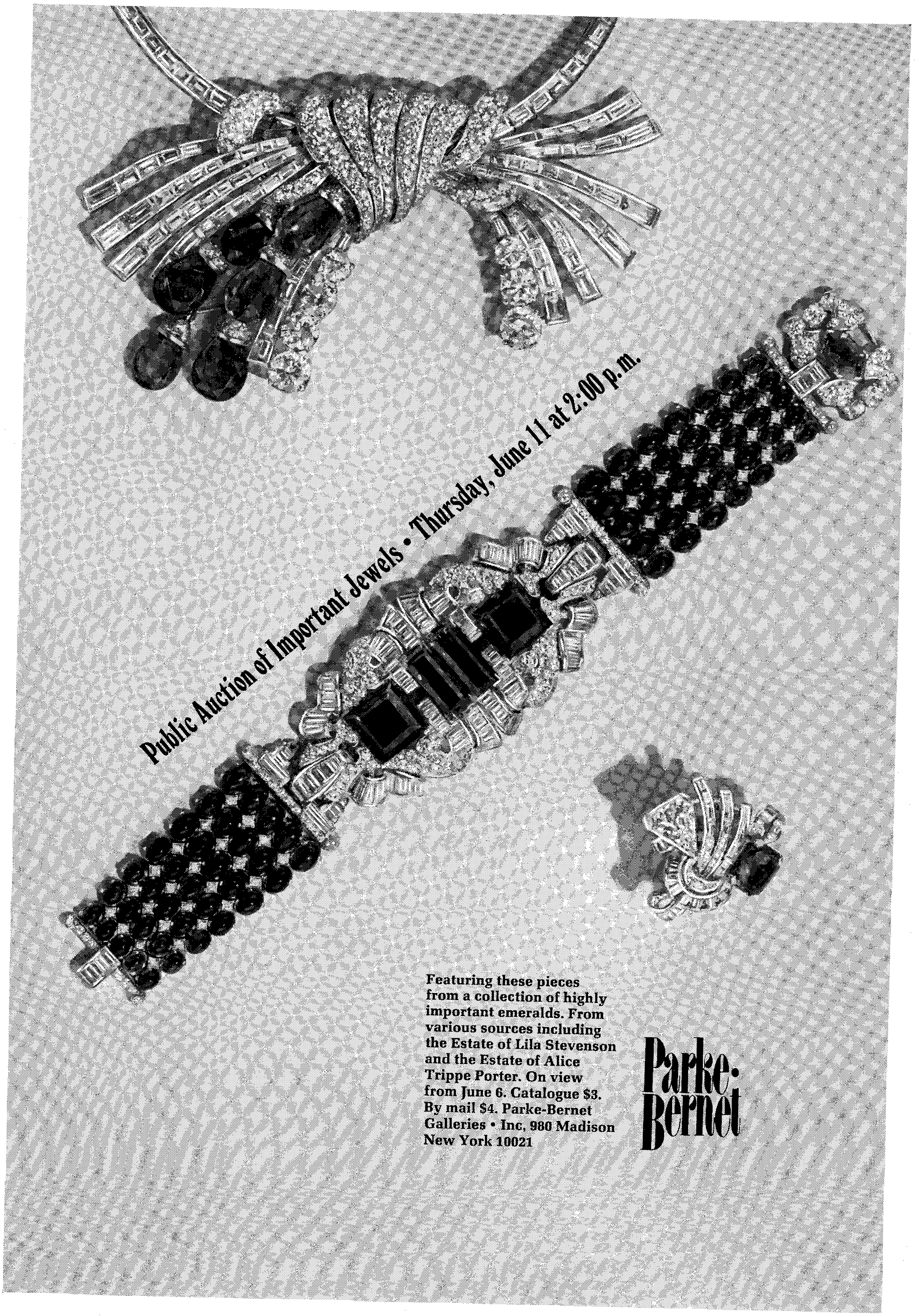
Why you should start collecting Burgues now.

Newly discovered Burgues is considered by many experts to be the world's most talented living porcelainist. So why not start collecting him now when his superb sculptures have not yet achieved their full appreciation? For booklet illustrating the entire Burgues collection, write Spode, Dept. H-1, 206 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Ruby-Throated Humming Bird
7½″x8″—Limited edition of 300 numbered pieces signed by the artist. $600.

play itself which characterizes so many of our revivals. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly wrote the play back in 1924, borrowing some of the methods of the Expressionist theatre in Europe, and I am told by lively survivors of the period that, as given, the play was a pleasantly modest affair, and not the Busby Berkeley extravaganza that it suddenly and incomprehensibly turns into on the stage of the Beaumont. It is hard to believe that the subject of the play, as distinct from its construction, was particularly revolutionary in the twenties, though the program notes imply that it was. The hero is a young composer who is squandering his genius on transcriptions of jazz and other cheap music in order to earn a paltry living; the proposition is made that in order to fulfill himself he should abandon the poor girl he loves, marry a rich girl whom he doesn't love, and so acquire the means of getting his great big symphonies written. After an extended dream sequence, in which the young man acquaints himself with the horrors of wealth, he renounces the rich girl in favor of the poor one and returns to his poverty and counterpoint. Now, it happens that the young authors of the play were themselves unlucky in their choice of values; to them, jazz was trash and symphonies were high-class, but today we would plead with the young man to pursue the very labors that he despised, on the ground that, far from preventing a career, they were his best means of achieving one. Moreover, the rich villains of the play are so exaggeratedly obtuse and venal that I don't see how anyone could have accepted them as villains as late as 1924; by then Twain, James, Wharton, Norris, Dreiser, Crane, Lewis, and a score of other writers had borne ample witness to the coarseness and empty-headedness of the American rich. Be that as it may, the present production, with the addition of some sorry music and lyrics by Stanley Silverman and John Lahr, impugns and diminishes the grotesqueries of the original by wantonly distending them. There is nothing to believe in in this production, and nothing except the scenery and costumes, which are by Michael Annals, to take pleasure in. At intermission, most of the content of the play had been exhausted, and so had most of my patience. I left the theatre and, hurrying through the blue dusk of the Lincoln Center plaza, shook a fist at all those ransackers of the past who, finding a small agreeable thing along the way, insist on making it big, and so destroy it and themselves as well.

—BRENDAN GILL



Public Auction of Important Jewels • Thursday, June 11 at 2:00 p.m.

Featuring these pieces from a collection of highly important emeralds. From various sources including the Estate of Lila Stevenson and the Estate of Alice Trippe Porter. On view from June 6. Catalogue $3. By mail $4. Parke-Bernet Galleries • Inc, 980 Madison New York 10021

Parke-Bernet

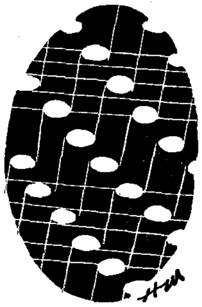
MUSICAL EVENTS

Pioneer

SOMEWHERE in musical history between the florid bel-canto style of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti and the romantic melodrama of Verdi, there lived, mostly in Naples, one Saverio Mercadante, whose works have been almost forgotten but who deserves a place as a major precursor of later Italian opera. Mercadante was born in 1795 and died in 1870, at about the time Verdi was composing "Aida." What seems to have been the most important of his works—at least, it was the most popular during his lifetime—is an opera called "Il Giuramento," first performed in 1837. The date is interesting, because in 1837 Verdi had not yet completed his first opera, "Oberto." "Il Giuramento" was translated into several languages and performed in quite a number of countries, including our own—in 1848, at the Astor Place Opera House—and it has remained in and out of fashion in Italy, where it was last revived in 1955. It has held on, tenuously, despite the competition of Verdi, whose works were to dominate Italian opera during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Last Friday night, with laudable enterprise, the Juilliard American Opera Center revived "Il Giuramento" in its spanking-new miniature opera house, and I, among others, got a chance to estimate its virtues and its influence, if any, on Verdi. The influence appears to have been considerable. "Il Giuramento" is perhaps the first Italian opera—or is *among* the first Italian operas—to make a break with the tradition of vocal athletics and to put simple melody and expressivity ahead of bel canto. It is also one of the first to make the orchestra—and particularly the brasses—an integral part of the emotional climate. The character of the work is thoroughly Italian—very much in the blood-and-thunder tradition that Verdi later brought to perfection. Interestingly, its plot, derived from Victor Hugo's drama "Angelo, Tyran de Padoue," was used again some forty years later, in a somewhat different form, by Ponchielli for "La Gioconda."

That plot is pretty confusing, and while Boito gave it some strengthening, plus a lot of froufrou, in his libretto for "La Gioconda," Gaetano Rossi, the librettist of "Il Giuramento," left it fairly simple. It concerns Elaisa, who is hopelessly in love with Viscardo, who is in love with Bianca, who is married to a powerful big shot named Manfredo. As in "La Gioconda," there is a potion with which the jealous big shot thinks he is killing his wife but is only putting her to sleep. As in "La Gioconda," the heroine turns out to be a big-hearted girl who not only supplies the benign potion but brings the lovers together. As in "La Gioconda," nobody knows what happens to the big shot, who is left dangling at the end of the opera. But there is a final scene in which the hopelessly love-crossed Elaisa taunts her beloved Viscardo into stabbing her to death, and blesses him and Bianca with her dying breath. This scene gives the singer who is doing Elaisa a chance to indulge herself in the whole gamut of tragic emotion and make quite a splash. The music is strong, masculine, and expressive, and if it is not quite as good as the best Verdi, it is a good deal better than his worst.



The production the other night was conceived and directed by Tito Capobianco, with beautiful Romanesque sets by Ming Cho Lee and magnificent costumes by José Varona. As for the visual effect, things were up to or above Metropolitan Opera standards, and the choreography, by José Limón, was a welcome relief from the ballet posturing that one finds in most opera productions. The conductor was Bruno Maderna, who was making his New York début. Despite the fact that he is known primarily as an avant-garde specialist, he conducted this thoroughly Romantic score brilliantly. As for the work of the young singers, I am in somewhat of a quandary. The auditorium is small, and small voices can sound big in it. Moreover, I am not sure whether these singers should be considered as students or as professionals. If I *am* to consider them as professionals, only two in the cast made a striking impression—Ryan Edwards, a splendid baritone who sang Manfredo, and Sung Sook Lee, who showed a cultivated style of singing and considerable flair as an actress in the role of Elaisa, though I suspect her voice is smaller than it sounded in the small auditorium. The others strove creditably, and Ellen Shade, as Bianca, showed a promising voice that is not yet under complete control.

AT last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel continued to be the mature conductor I had thought him to be in his first concert this season. He presented his wife, Israela Margalit, as piano soloist in a Haydn Concerto for Clavier and Orchestra in D Major and Strauss's Burleske for Piano and Orchestra in D Minor—whose solo part is often played here by Rudolf Serkin. Miss Margalit had all the necessary fluency of technique for both items, and played in an accomplished manner, receiving an ovation from the audience. She hadn't quite the sparkle in her performances that I have heard from certain older pianists, but she did very well for all that. Mr. Maazel seems to be developing into a refined rather than a robust maestro. He did Fauré's orchestral suite "Pelléas et Mélisande" beautifully, but I found his approach to Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, which closed the program, a trifle clinical for so stormy a work.

ON Monday evening of last week, the Opera Orchestra of New York, under the baton of Eve Queler, presented "The Tales of Hoffmann" in concert form in Alice Tully Hall. Here was another group of young singers to most of whom I can apply only the adjective "promising." As with "Il Giuramento," the hall was a small one that made small voices sound big. But in some ways the challenge was greater. "The Tales of Hoffmann" is a standard repertory item that most operagoers know by heart. It is also a very tricky proposition, with an occasional bit of rhythm that can throw any but the most experienced singers and conductors off course. It is to Miss Queler's credit that she managed these difficult moments with aplomb. The sequence of scenes was not the one we are accustomed to at the Metropolitan, and the Venetian scene came last. The level of competence in the cast was reasonably high—so high, in fact, that it seems a little unfair to pick out individuals for special commendation. Nevertheless, I shall commend the baritone Adair McGowen's singing of the "Diamond" aria in the Venetian scene, which he handled with style, reaching the terrifying high note at the end cleanly. David Ronson, a bass with considerable dramatic presence even when he is standing still, did well by the roles of Lindorf, Coppelius, and Dr.

All watch movements except this one start going out of adjustment as soon as they are adjusted.

ACCUTRON
SAT 15

Accutron Date and Day "A": One-piece case and band in 14k solid gold. Hand-applied numerals and markers on silver dial. Date resets instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. $650. Other styles from $110.

All those other watches have a problem. Imperceptible at first, its effects build up relentlessly with the passage of time.

The problem is the oil in the balance wheel bearings: it deteriorates with every day that goes by. As the oil deteriorates, friction builds up and the watch starts to go out of adjustment.

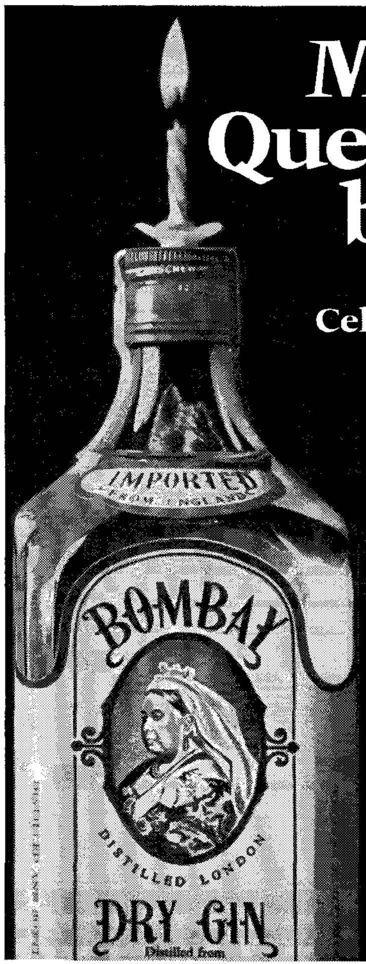
The Accutron® watch, on the other hand, doesn't have this problem. It's the *only* watch movement in the world that doesn't use a balance wheel. It uses a tuning fork, and the tuning fork *doesn't have any bearings.* So the accuracy of our tuning fork isn't dependent upon oil.

This also means that Accutron doesn't have to be cleaned every year or two, as balance wheel watches do. (And cleanings frequently cost a significant fraction of what you paid for the watch originally.)

Now you know one of the reasons why Bulova can guarantee the accuracy of Accutron to within a minute a month.* When the watch can stay in adjustment, it's a big help.

Accutron® by Bulova. The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron dealer and returned to him within one year of date of purchase. © Bulova Watch Co.



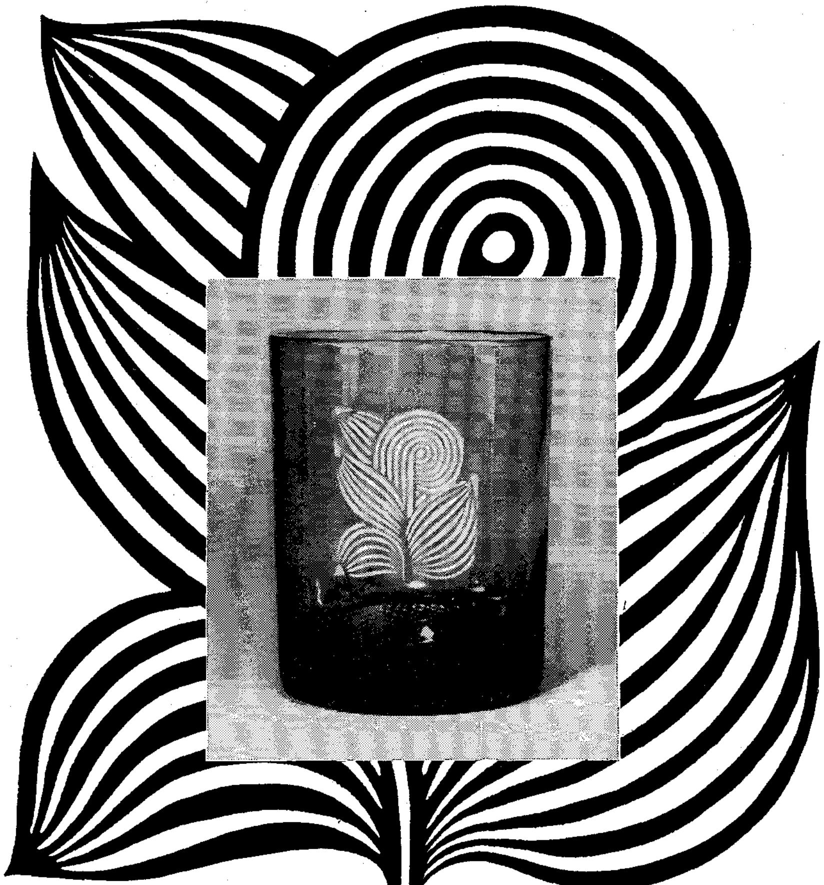
May 24th is Queen Victoria's birthday.

Celebrate with Bombay.

You wouldn't allow an occasion like this to slip by uncelebrated, would you? Then what more fitting tribute is there than a May 24th martini made with Bombay Gin, the softer, gentler gin imported from England. Anything else would be an unforgivable affront to the Queen.

The King is dead.
Long live the Queen.

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y. 86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



Show your Garfinckel—eight 14-oz. double old-fashioned glasses in smoke, Garfinckel-etched. 9.00 set. Washington, D. C.

Garfinckel's

Miracle. Melvyn Novick took the servant roles, and managed his bit as Crespel's factotum in the second act with some of the best French enunciation I heard during the evening. The rest were good, if not exceptional. "The Tales of Hoffmann" is difficult except for the most experienced singers; it is primarily a spectacle, and loses much of its significance in the concert hall, and its music, though I am fond of every note of it, runs thin here and there. But, even taking all these things into consideration, the evening was an enjoyable one.

A WEEK ago Saturday night, I went to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to see Jean Erdman's Theatre of Dance do a program that involved, among other things, the famous jazz clarinettist and saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre. Miss Erdman is a creator and a dancer of mythological spectacles, and her technique of movement descends unmistakably from Martha Graham. She has an able company, and makes use of an orchestra for most of her work. Myths are, of course, subject to different interpretations and are also often somewhat obscure. Miss Erdman employed a large number of stage constructions—all symbolic and with meanings that were not always clear to me. Her dancing, however, was, from the abstract point of view, unfailingly graceful and interesting. The novelty on this program was "The Castle"—apparently a medieval epic, complete with a Red Knight, masked figures, an intricate setting of dancers against shadows of other dancers projected on screens, and Mr. Giuffre, who walked around in an old sweater and a pair of slacks. "The Castle" is highly inventive and, in a theatrical way, quite striking.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

New York Notes

APRIL 6TH: A paradox: the big-band era, now so lamented for the wrong reasons, is irrevocably gone, but there are more good big jazz bands around than ever before. These include, in addition to the Ellington, Basie, and Herman Institutes, the newer Don Ellis and Buddy Rich bands, Ray Charles's generally overlooked big group, the so-called "rehearsal" bands of Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Clark Terry, Duke Pearson, Frank Foster, and Bill Berry, the television-network studio bands (most of whose members moonlight in the re-

That was the inspiration our founders had back in 1852.

But a lot of people thought turning a stagecoach into a bank was a funny idea.

Well, that funny idea became one of the nation's largest banks. With world-wide capabilities.

Today, we have nearly $5 billion in deposits. Over 250 branches throughout California. One of the most advanced computer systems in the West to tailor specific services for your specific requirements. And more than $5 billion in assets.

Our founders wouldn't be a bit surprised. They saw it coming.

(Administrative Headquarters, 464 California St., San Francisco 94120; Southern California Headquarters, 415 West Fifth St., Los Angeles 90054.)

Wells Fargo Bank

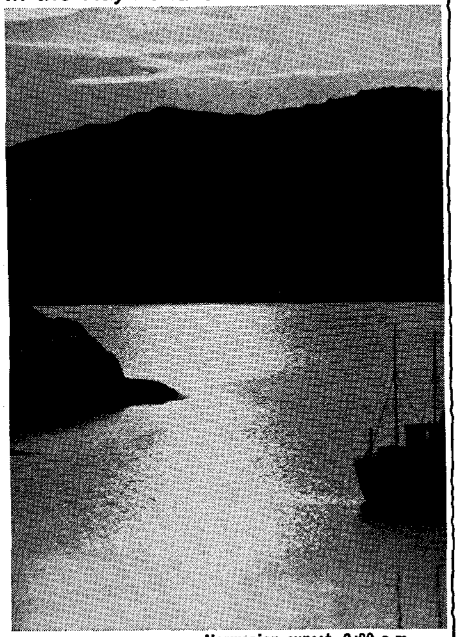
"Let's introduce a bank with 24 legs and 4 wheels."

Henry Wells

Wm G. Fargo

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

SCANDINAVIAN SOJOURN

summer of 1970

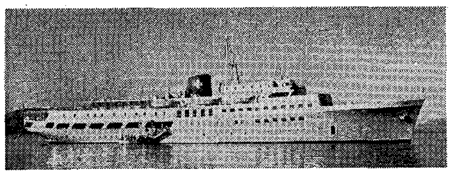
You are invited to join 150 discerning travellers flying via Scandinavian Airlines to Copenhagen and boarding the 4500-ton M.T.S. Argonaut, built as the world's largest private yacht, for a relaxed three-week voyage to the sparkling capital cities of Scandinavia, the grandeur of Leningrad, the Baltic Islands of Visby and Bornholm, and the magnificent fjords of Norway.

The weather will be brilliant, the sun's disc uniquely visible twenty hours each humidity-free warm summer day. During this private yachting experience you will meet friendly people filled with the gaiety of release from long, dark winters. You will travel in comfort, avoiding constant packing and unpacking, over-crowded hotels and busy transportation terminals.

August 1st to August 22nd

New York to New York rates are from $1,585 to $2,085 per person, double, with rooms alone at higher rates. For reservations and additional information, call, visit or write:

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017 • 212 PLaza 9-3960
"First in Travel Since 1879"



M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece.

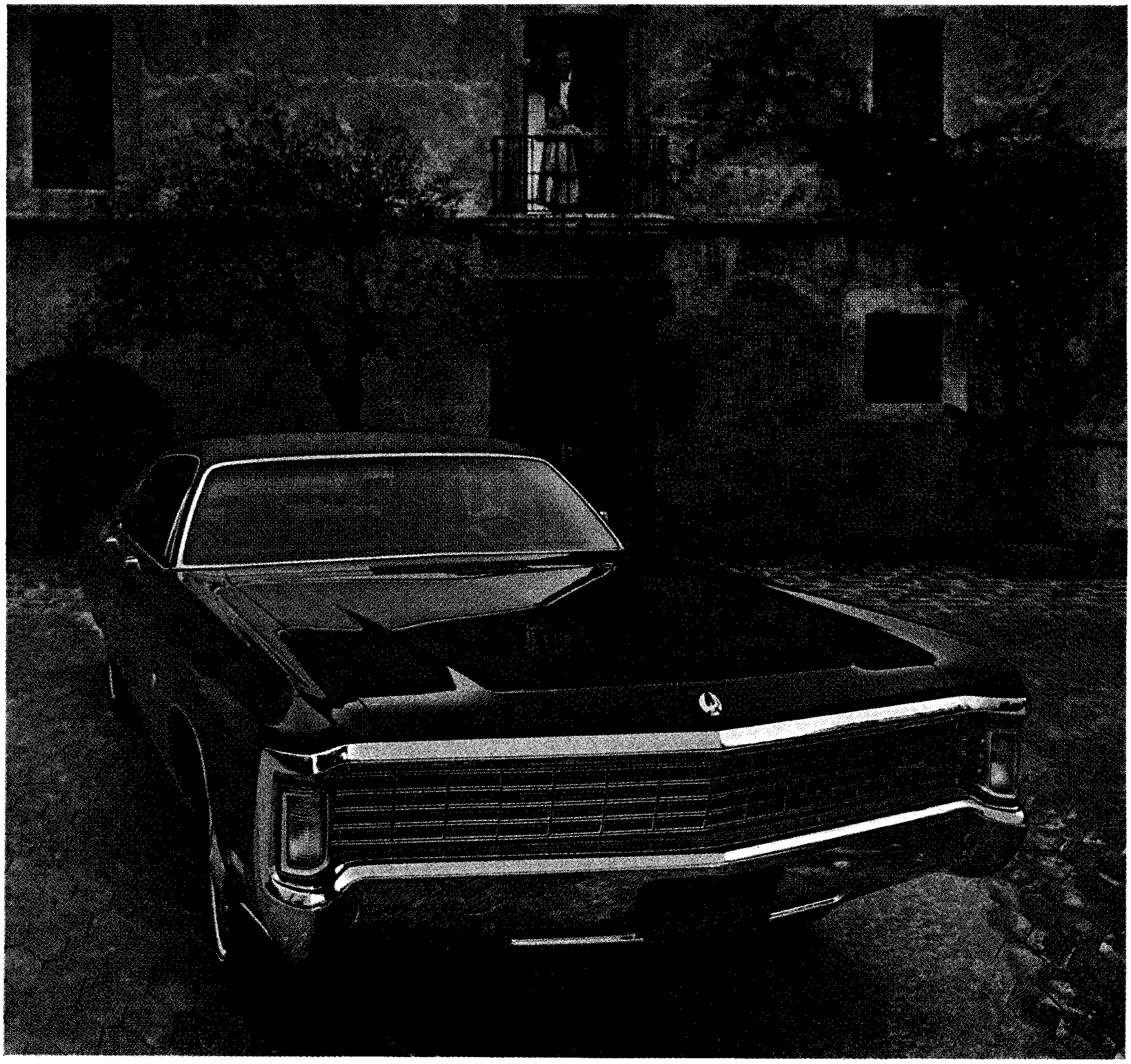
hearsal bands), and some of the college "stage" bands (the awesome University of Illinois band, for one). Ellington and Basie have largely maintained their standards; the rest are in every way superior to their nostalgia-ridden progenitors. They are more schooled, they are freer and sounder rhythmically, their arrangements are more imaginative, and their soloists are rarely less than excellent. They are what first-rate big jazz bands should be: exciting, delicate continuums of fine soloists and inspired ensembles. The big jazz-oriented bands of the thirties and forties (Ellington and Basie excepted) formed a conservative, closed-circuit operation (a lot of the pioneering jazz musicians of the time, such as Art Tatum and Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge, made up a parallel movement, and the two rarely converged), while the present big jazz bands are open, adventurous aggregations that use the best available soloists, the best of what the jazz revolutionaries are up to, the best arrangers, and the best of variants like rock, the *bossa nova*, and country-and-Western. That many of these bands do not work steadily is (except economically, of course) a blessing; as non-profit, self-pleasing groups, they are free of one-nighters, fads, and commercialism—the three bugbears of the old big bands.

A visit to the Village Vanguard tonight to hear the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band confirmed all this. But it was a surprise, too, for the Vanguard, where the band has been appearing on Monday nights since its formation, over four years ago, was packed to the cornices—the sort of alert, with-it people one found there when Mort Sahl and Nichols and May first came to town. (Why? On a recent midweek night at the Vanguard, when Thelonious Monk and Wilbur Ware were holding forth brilliantly, the place was almost deserted. I guess the cachet of the big bands remains irresistible.) The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis group is expert and roistering. Its arrangements, replete with handsome voicings and harmonies, are pretty much overrun by the soloists. Pepper Adams, the baritone saxophonist, went on for chorus after chorus in a nervous, I've-got-to-get-this-out fashion in an up-tempo number, "Once Around," and so did Roland Hanna, who constructed a brilliant piano solo made up of difficult simultaneously ascending and descending chords. Richard Davis, the bassist, took over Bob Brookmeyer's arrangement of Fats Waller's "Willow Tree" and, as is his way, was both sensational and stone-cold. Unfortunately, Jones was heard but briefly, and Mickey Roker, Mel Lewis's replacement for the evening, foundered in the sheer mass of the band's sound.

APRIL 9TH: Sy Oliver, the principal arranger for Jimmy Lunceford and Tommy Dorsey between 1933 and the late forties, is holding a retrospective of his work at the Downbeat with the help of a nine-piece group that includes two trumpets, two trombones, two reeds, and three rhythm. The Lunceford band, which flourished between 1930 and 1947, the year Lunceford died, has long been regarded as one of the four or five great big bands. As such, it resembles certain works of the imagination that, raised precipitately to false eminence, eventually appear invulnerable, like ivy-covered houses. To be sure, the Lunceford band was remarkably precise (its personnel changed very little during its best days, and its saxophone section often rehearsed, voluntarily, for hours at a time), some of its arrangements were ingenious (Oliver's "Organ Grinder's Swing"), it had humor and flavor, it was danceable, and it was a good show band. But it was not a great jazz band. (Compare it to Ellington and Basie, or even to Cab Calloway, Andy Kirk, and Benny Carter.) It used static two-beat rhythms, or a four-four beat that tended to sag or stampede. It was an arranger's band, an ensemble band, which favored florid saxophone writing (contrast Ellington's, Carter's, and Mary Lou Williams'), brass-bound trombone and trumpet figures, and section work that resembled thunderheads shouldering through the sky. Its novelty numbers, often built around a vocal trio, moved between parody and the maudlin, suggesting that the Lunceford band was the first and only all-black Mickey Mouse band. Its up-tempo instrumentals were windy and unswinging. And the band's soloists, in the cramped spaces granted them, were rarely better than mediocre. (Compare their astonishing counterparts in the Ellington and Basie bands.) Sy Oliver had a lot to do with all this, and later he had a lot to do with the metallic, inflexible quality of the Tommy Dorsey band, which became the white counterpart of the Lunceford band.

The band Oliver has at the Downbeat is a remarkable replica of the Lunceford band. It is precise, funny,

Imperial's luxury ride has been imitated. But never duplicated.



A man is understandably proud of the things that please him most.

The story behind Torsion-Quiet. Only Imperial among America's three luxury cars has a torsion-bar suspension on every model, though a competitor uses it on one of his most expensive models. Torsion bars, with unibody construction and the Sound Isolation System, deliver a Torsion-Quiet Ride. An ideal combination of quietness, stability and control.

The roomiest luxury car. We have designed Imperial to be the roomiest American luxury car. Based upon the sum of eight critical interior measurements, we come out ahead of the others. Roominess, we feel, is a prime luxury car requisite.

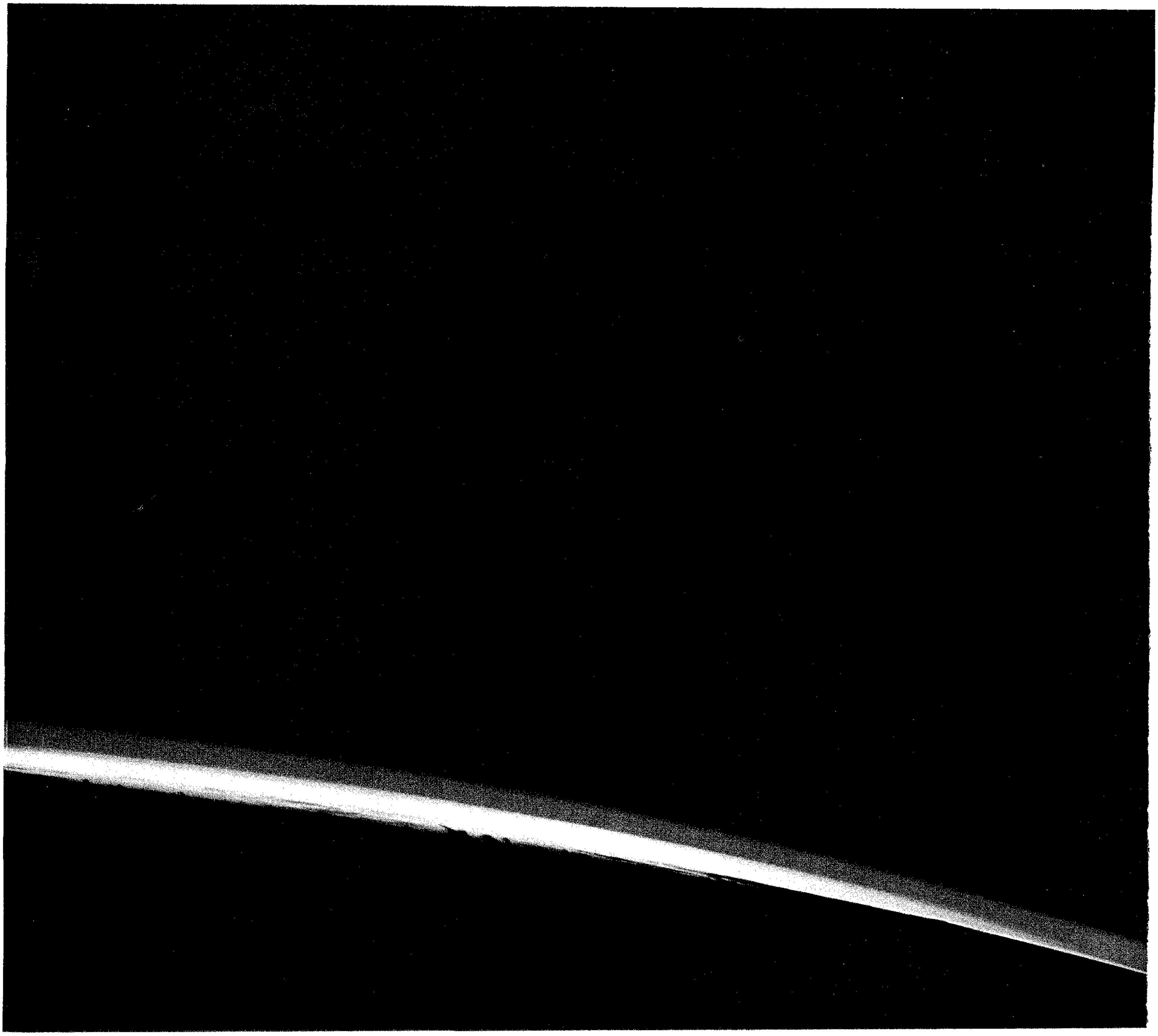
Adding convenience to luxury. In addition to Imperial's long list of standard equipment (power steering, brakes, windows, etc.), there are many interesting options to select from. Including our exclusive dual heating or Airtemp air conditioning systems. Dual controls allow the driver to set separate levels of comfort for front and rear compartments.

Price. A modicum of difference. Price differences between comparable models in the luxury class are negligible. However, the standard LeBaron 4-Door Hardtop comes with a vinyl roof and 50/50 split bench seat; thus many regard it to be the best value. It's only a three-car field. Study them all.

The new choice.

IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



Photograph by hand-held camera aboard Gemini 8 shows thin veil of earth's atmosphere with towering cumulus clouds in silhouette. NASA

The September issue of **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** will be devoted to

the single topic of

TECHNOLOGY AND THE ENVIRONMENT

under the title of

THE BIOSPHERE

If you wish a copy of a prospectus describing this issue, please write to Allan Wittman, 415 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

maudlin, clever, and unswinging. The arrangements are stripped-down versions of the originals, and such numbers as "Margie," "Four or Five Times," "Yes Indeed!," "Cheatin' on Me," and "Ain't She Sweet" are full of soupy saxophones, bruiting trombones, and sticky rhythm. But there is an interloper in the band—a young tenor saxophonist, Bobby Jones, who, every time he soloed tonight, converted the group into a jazz band. He is a close student of Zoot Sims. He was particularly memorable in a long two-beat version of "Stardust;" using high notes, tumbling arpeggios, and big-bellied melodic bursts, he managed the old Chaplin trick of being very funny and very moving. The inscrutable expression on Oliver's face during all Jones's solos was absorbing.

Late in the evening, my head full of cute muted trumpets (another Oliver trademark) and toy-soldier rhythms, I went over to the Roosevelt Grill for the final moments of Bobby Hackett's quintet (Vic Dickenson, Dave McKenna, Jack Lesberg, Cliff Leeman), which will soon be dissolved when Dickenson replaces Kai Winding in the World's Greatest Jazz Band (which will give that group *three* worthy soloists) and the rare Benny Morton replaces Dickenson in Hackett's group. I heard just four numbers, and they were perfect. Hackett and Dickenson together are the Jack Sprats of jazz. Hackett is cool, golden, and mathematical, and Dickenson is hot, shaggy, and funny, and between them they encompass most of what is worth knowing about jazz.

April 12th: A busy day. Early in the afternoon, I stopped in again at the Grill, where Bill Berry's new rehearsal band will be appearing for a few more Sunday afternoons. Roughly half the band is made up out of the Merv Griffin studio band, and present this afternoon, along with Berry, a brilliant trumpeter, were the equally brilliant trombonist Bill Watrous, Richie Kamuca on tenor saxophone, George Dorsey on alto saxophone (he is also in Sy Oliver's Downbeat band), Dave Frishberg on piano, and Jake Hanna, who was subbing for the drummer, Sol Gubin. The band's arrangements, which generally reflect Ellington or latter-day Basie, are by Al Cohn, John Bunch, Berry, Billy Byers, and Roger Pemberton. It is a light, precise, aggressive band, and its soloists are often stunning. Watrous is spectacular. He is a multi-noted performer, in the manner of J. J. John-

MONSIEUR
GIVENCHY

MONSIEUR DE GIVENCHY

HUBERT DE GIVENCHY AS SKETCHED IN PARIS

an original...

for the man who is,
by the man who is

From his collection for men—Eau de Toilette, After Shave, Savon. At fine stores.

ZODIAC
PENDANTS

Eighteen karat gold medallions with sculptured sign of the Zodiac on one side and the matching polished symbol on the reverse. Signs shown, with diamonds, $550. each. A. Capricorn, B. Leo, C. Symbol of Virgo, D. Pisces, E. Sagittarius. All twelve signs are also available without diamonds at $375. each.

Please add sales tax where applicable

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • TEL: (212) 755-8000 • ZIP: 10022
Atlanta • Chicago • Houston • San Francisco • Beverly Hills

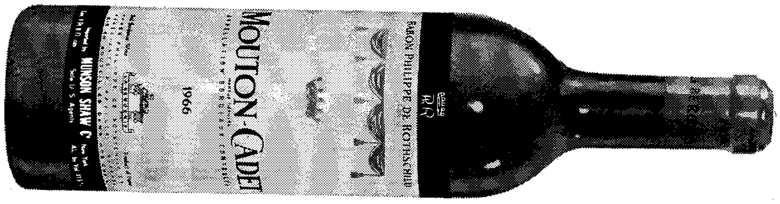
son, but there is nothing predictable or glacéed in his work. He uses high notes, wild smears, intense, jumbling Dickie Wells phrases, and he can juggle the beat in any way he chooses. Frishberg, an eclectic pianist whose daffy style is nonetheless completely his own, has been lurking superbly around New York for years, and he was exceptional this afternoon. And so was Berry, whose long, long solo in "Stella by Starlight" was a marvel of construction, lyricism, and invention. But most commanding of all was Hanna, who drove the Woody Herman band in the early sixties. His time is impeccable, as are his taste and sense of dynamics, and he has the airborne, propelling beat that only drummers like Dave Tough and Sid Catlett had. (Part of this is due to his having refreshingly resurrected the Chinese cymbal.) I doubt that Berry's band would be the same without him.

At the end of Berry's second set, I went over to Philharmonic Hall to catch the last half hour of a concert by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, from New Orleans. It was made up of DeDe Pierce (cornet), his wife, Billie (piano), Willie Humphrey (clarinet), Jim Robinson (trombone), Cie Frazier (drums), and the operator of Preservation Hall, Allan Jaffe (tuba). Excluding Jaffe, a spring chicken, the average age was sixty-eight. The music was sweet, primitive, out-of-tune, honest, wandering, and winsome. After Berry, it was like starting to weed your lettuce and coming on a brontosaurus bone. The hall was full, and the audience ranged from an interesting sprinkling of young blacks to Senator Javits, who sprinted out just before the last number—a sedate and angelic reading of "Just a Closer Walk With Thee."

After dinner, I went to Uncle John's Straw Hat, a spacious former banjo parlor on West Forty-ninth Street. For the past several months, Frank Driggs, an A. & R. man and jazz scholar, has been holding Sunday-night sessions there, built around the best of the surviving swing musicians. The group tonight consisted of Taft Jordan (who played with Chick Webb and Duke Ellington), Boe McCain, a tenor saxophonist from the Southwest, and Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones. It was, all in all, an uneventful evening. Jordan is not one of Louis Armstrong's ablest admirers, and McCain is one of those tenor saxophonists who use a big tone and lots of notes to disguise an almost total lack of invention. Pierce struggled with a

MEET A ROTHSCHILD AT DINNER TONIGHT!

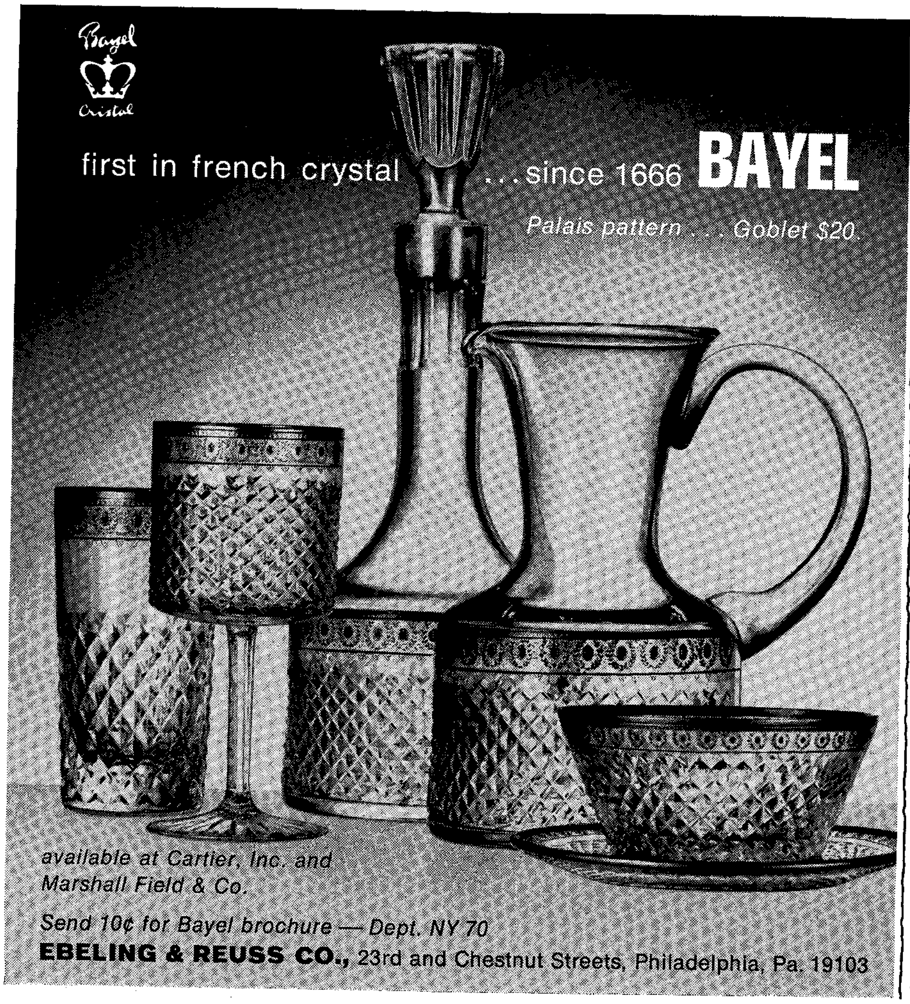
A Baron Philippe de Rothschild wine for only $3.19



Mouton-Cadet 1966

(You can also enjoy this fine vintage Bordeaux at your favorite restaurant for a reasonable price.)

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., NEW YORK



Bayel Cristal

first in french crystal ...since 1666 BAYEL

Palais pattern . . . Goblet $20

available at Cartier, Inc. and Marshall Field & Co.

Send 10¢ for Bayel brochure — Dept. NY 70

EBELING & REUSS CO., 23rd and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

Hilton International. Different as the country it's in.

Different as the kimono-clad waitresses who prepare delicious Japanese dishes before you in the Genji Room of the Tokyo Hilton.

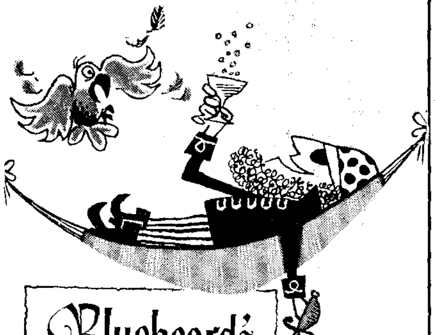
Different as being charmed by the graceful Bayanihan dancing maidens who perform at the poolside Barrio in the Manila Hilton.

Different as the unforgettable panorama of Hong Kong's "Fragrant Harbour" or the spectacular view of Victoria Peak seen from your windows at the Hongkong Hilton.

Different as dining in true Victorian grandeur amid murals depicting Singapore Harbour's colorful 1850's in the Harbour Grill of the Singapore Hilton.

☎ For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

**Hongkong Hilton, Tokyo Hilton
Manila Hilton, Singapore Hilton,
Rama Hotel (Bangkok)**



where all the pampered pirates stay and play...

Bluebeard's Castle & Beach HOTELS

ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbor. Drink in the Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300-year-old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Dine on the starlit Terrace or in the Rogues' Galley. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room. Treasure hunt the mile-long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL.

Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.

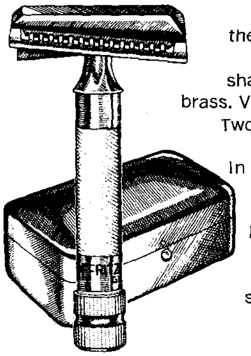
For folders, information see your Travel Agent.
Represented by
THE LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
1345 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, New York 10019 • (212) 765-5800

THE CHURCHILL

PORTMAN SQUARE CENTRAL LONDON

A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
But nothing in London can come close to it!

A LOEW'S HOTEL. PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT.



ANGLE RAZOR

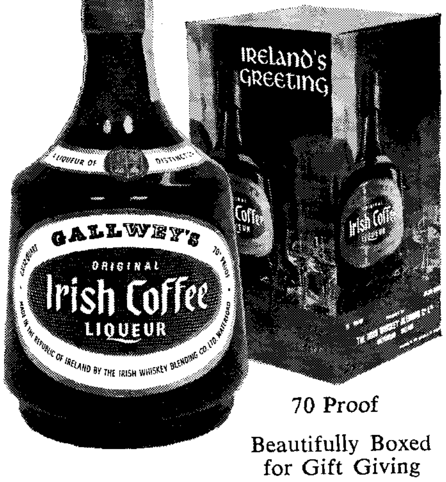
Special angle follows the contours of your face for smoothest, closest shave ever. Nickel-plated brass. Velvet-lined metal case. Two stainless steel blades included. (370)**$8.00.** In zippered leather case. (37)**$9.00.** 10 Hoffritz super stainless steel blades, $1. At Hoffritz. By mail add 50¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N-23, N.Y.C. 10003

grievously out-of-tune piano, Ramey was dependable, and Jones sounded as if he were all by himself on the mountaintop.

April 26th: Back to the Straw Hat for a happy occasion—the first appearance in New York in almost a year of Buck Clayton, who has been recuperating from a lip operation. (Louis Armstrong has undergone a similar reconstruction in recent years, but Clayton's difficulties were complicated because the *inside* of his lips was split.) Clayton was supported by two old compeers—Buddy Tate and Jo Jones—and by Ramey and the pianist Ray Tunia. Jones, as is not always his wont these days, was subdued and thoughtful, frequently providing the ocean-motion high-hat that was one of the buoying glories of the old Basie band. Tate *always* works. He played a long, anguished clarinet solo in his own slow "Blue Creek," displaying the spare, lemony tone that is the sole property of Southwestern reed men, and all his tenor-saxophone solos were arranged in big pillows of emotion—hard, on-the-beat runs, scaling cries, slow-motion bent notes, and the earnest, almost trembling tone that is nearly unique to Herschel Evans and Tate. Clayton improved steadily during the evening, and by the time he got to the last set he had stopped missing notes and was playing with more fervency and courage than he has shown in years. There aren't many Buck Claytons left in jazz—performers who play with an introverted, inventive, sweet lyricism—and it is a delight to have him back.

April 29th: A phone call today from a friend tells me that Jim Hall, the guitarist, and Eddie Gomez, the bassist, are opening tonight in a new place, at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, called the Guitar. It turns out to be a small neighborhood bar that has been attractively refurbished by a black lawyer named Fred Hayes. The bar seats about twenty, and there are a dozen tables in an adjacent area, near a teeny-tiny bandstand. There are no microphones, but you can hear, as well as see, from anywhere in the house. (You can also get to and from the Guitar with ease on the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Street crosstown buses.) One of the wonders of jazz is how musicians of sympathetic bent who may never have played together can, without rehearsals and with little verbal communication, sit down and play rich and indivisible music,



GALLWEY'S Liqueur

INTERNATIONAL GOLD MEDAL WINNER

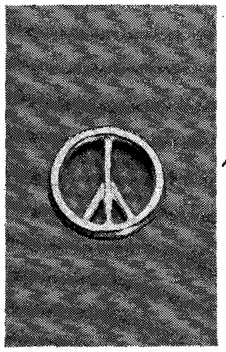
70 Proof

Beautifully Boxed for Gift Giving

Match this imported liqueur against any you've ever tasted. Gallwey's is a winner. Delicious straight or on the rocks. Add it to hot or iced coffee with cream for "out of this world" Irish Coffee.

Ask for a "Quiet Man" (equal parts Gallwey's Irish Coffee Liqueur and Vodka, stirred with ice and served on the rocks). Any way you try it, you'll be delighted with your first taste.

IMPORTED BY Laird & Co. Scobeyville, N. J.



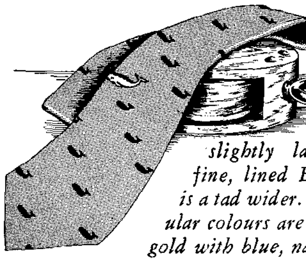
Holiday House

Peace Tie Tac

The message is universal.
Sterling tie tac
$4.00
In 14k. gold
$10.00

Send for catalog. Mail orders shipped promptly.

Holiday House 53 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.
Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043



Our Whale has matured. He is slightly larger and the fine, lined English silk tie is a tad wider. The most popular colours are navy with red, gold with blue, navy with silver, maroon with navy and navy with gold. Other colour swatches on request. The tie is at $8.00 p.p. incl. The clip is $2.50.

ALLEN COLLINS WEST HARTFORD

43 SO. MAIN ST., WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

Take the train to Europe.

$110 will take you on the 100,000-mile railroad networks of thirteen European countries. In fact, it buys you three weeks of unlimited First Class train travel.

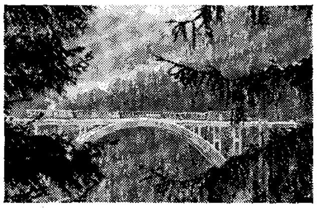
Excellent and far-reaching though they are, Europe's trains cannot whisk you across the Atlantic at their top speeds of 100 mph. But once you've set foot on our shores, they can and will take you through Europe*. The real thing.

Stretch your legs en route.

Your passport to Europe is a handy little card called Eurailpass. We've already told you about the three-week version. There's also a one-month Eurailpass for $140, a two-month one for $180, and a three-month version for $210. Each one gives you more First Class mileage than you'll need, and some useful extras, such as free or reduced fares on ferry trips and motor coach travel. (In many European countries, the railroads own certain ferry and motor coach routes.)

Your Eurailpass is your passport to the real Europe because the Europeans travel by train. To start with, you'll get to meet the people you came to meet. And you'll discover why the Europeans prefer to travel by train.

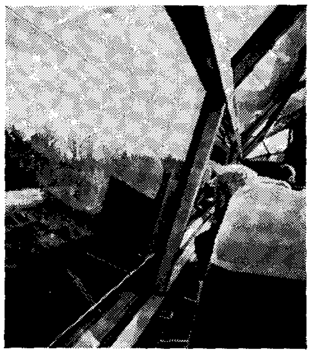
Picture-window view of Europe.


Go mountaineering by train.

First, you see Europe through spotlessly clean windows. All of Europe, because Europe's railroads go practically everywhere. You don't have to concentrate on the road or peer down through the clouds to get yourself from Stockholm to Rome. Or from Lisbon to Vienna—and in every case you travel from city center to city center. Then, as we've mentioned, Europe's trains are very fast and frequent. And very comfortable—First Class isn't merely comfortable, it is downright luxurious. With food and service to match.

Paris to Amsterdam over lunch.

You can't get your Eurailpass in Europe, so see your Travel Agent for complete details of Eurailpass, Eurailgroup for groups of ten or more, and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. Meanwhile send in the coupon for your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map.

Your traveling penthouse.


N.Y.-4

EURAILPASS The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.

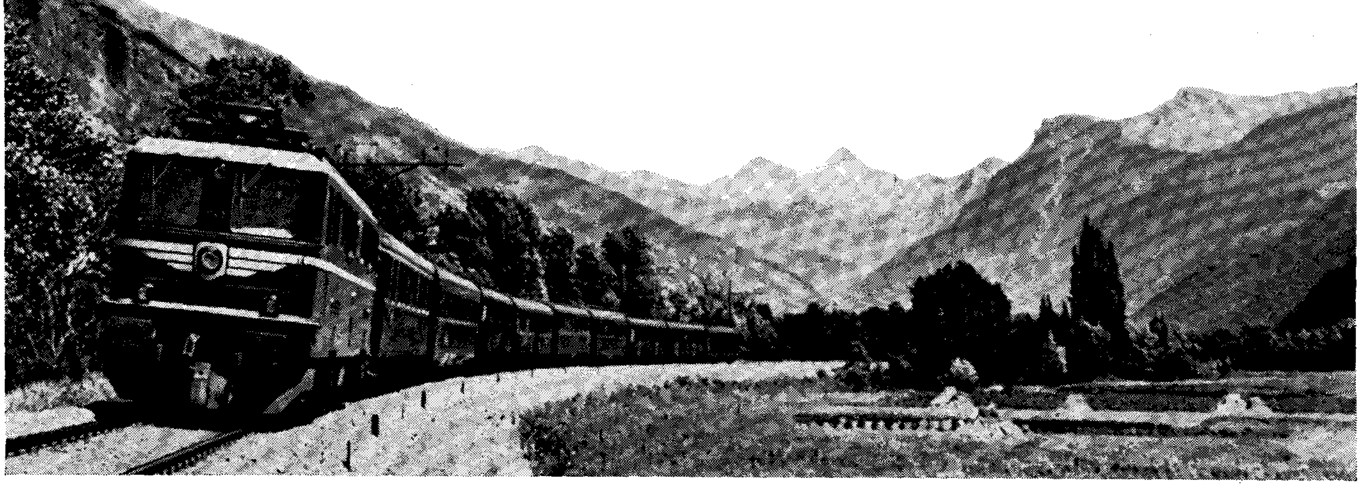
*Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 159, Lindenhurst, New York 11757

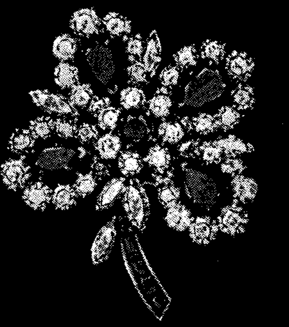
Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map.

Name________________ Street________________

________________ State__________ Zip__________

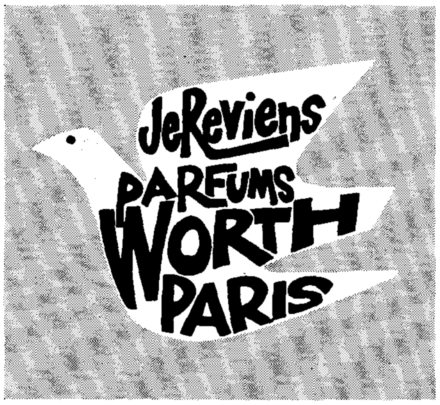


FOR MAY



EMERALD & DIAMOND BROOCH
FROM Cini
SIXTY GORGEOUS GEMS 11.13cts.
IN PLATINUM SETTING
$13,000.
write to
GUGLIELMO CINI INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HWY.
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651
Phone (714) 494-1440

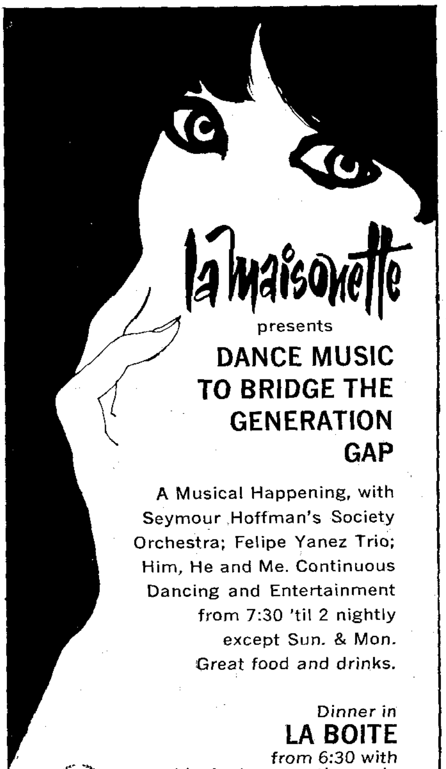
Brenner's Park Hotel
Baden-Baden
GERMANY
OPEN ALL YEAR
FAMOUS SPA AND CASINO
For information: Dept. R, New Yorker
25 W. 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036



JE REVIENS PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP, POWDER, MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE. FROM $50. TO $5. AT STORES OF DISTINCTION
FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT.NY, 5 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

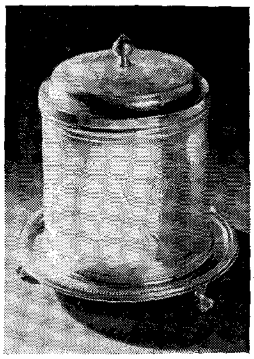
which is exactly what happened tonight. In most of the numbers, Hall started with an a-cappella chorus, soft and out-of-rhythm, and shifted into four-four time. Gomez entered from below, playing a countermelody and gradually increasing his volume. The two instruments, sounding like half a dozen, then wove intricately around one another for a couple of choruses, building considerable rhythmic tension. Then Hall soloed, while Gomez "walked" behind him. Hall backed a Gomez solo with quiet, on-the-beat chords or with little, pushing off-beat puffs. In the final ensemble, the two men sank into the very marrow of the melody, turning around and around inside it, and then surfaced easily and brightly in the last four bars or so. Hall has always been a light, clean guitarist who has shied away from the multi-noted garrulity of most of his colleagues, but for a long time there was a studied, almost static quality to his playing. His phrases tended to come out in lumps, and he did not always swing. Now he flows continually. His phrases are still short and lucid, but they are full of intense, sudden figures that catch one unawares, they swing evenly and confidently, and they are invariably affecting. There is no better guitarist alive. And there are few bassists to match Gomez, who is just twenty-six. He is a virtuoso who often plays his notes a fraction below pitch, with a sliding, dizzy sound, and he plays with a steady, leaping passion that in at least one number, "Body and Soul," became almost frenzied. The two men, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, fashioned a rarity—a *totally* improvised music, grounded in easy, impeccable musicianship—and it was a consummate experience. Kenny Burrell returns to the Guitar next week, but Hayes says that Hall will be back soon. Don't miss him.

MAY 12TH: Johnny Hodges died yesterday, at the age of sixty-three. (Ironically, he was stricken not on the road, where he spent most of his life, but in a dentist's chair in New York.) For thirty-eight years, he sat, stone-faced, in the front row of the Ellington band, his eyes hooded, his parrot nose pointed straight ahead, or, if he was tired, which he was most of the time, with his eyes closed and his head resting on his right hand. Then, when Ellington called on him to solo, he would get up slowly (it seemed to take forever, though he was only about five and a half feet tall), roll like a sailor to the front of the stage, give Ellington

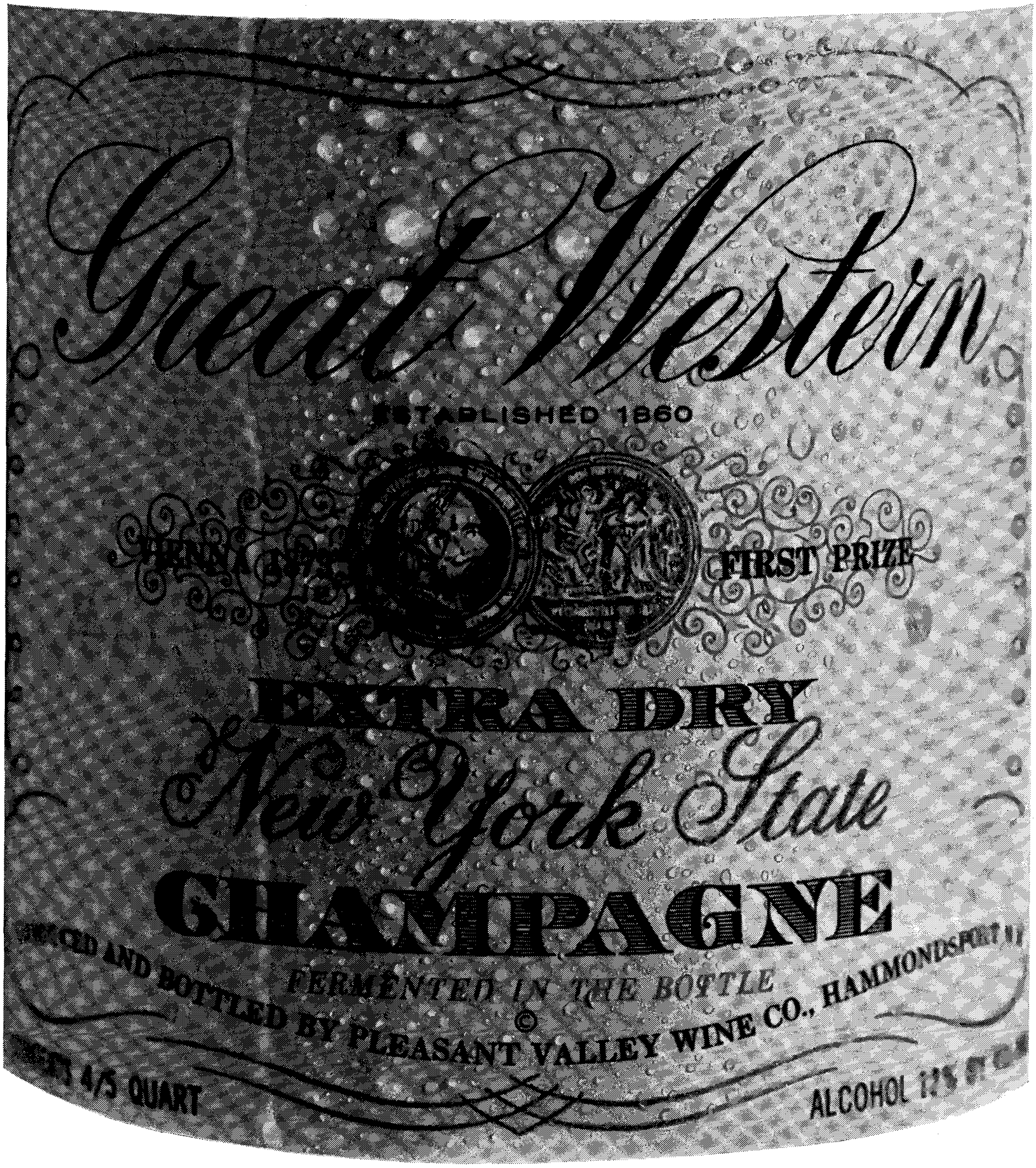


la maisonette
presents
DANCE MUSIC
TO BRIDGE THE
GENERATION
GAP
A Musical Happening, with
Seymour Hoffman's Society
Orchestra; Felipe Yanez Trio;
Him, He and Me. Continuous
Dancing and Entertainment
from 7:30 'til 2 nightly
except Sun. & Mon.
Great food and drinks.
Dinner in
LA BOITE
from 6:30 with
maddeningly romantic music
Reservations PLaza 3-4500
St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
5TH AVE. AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 10022
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Our cold
potato soup
alone
is worth
the trip.
Chalfonte • Haddon Hall
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York
Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto
Or call collect 609-344-5131

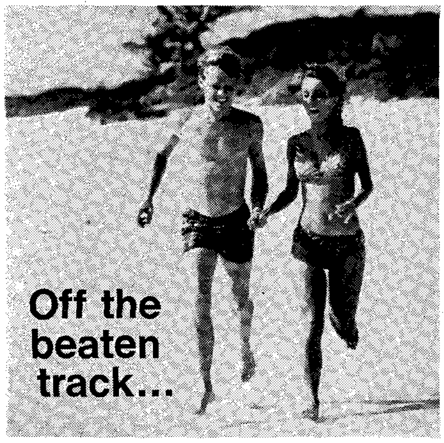


Bridal Registry at Wyler's is an institution because we offer many unique gifts in fine silver and porcelains... often with history cards. Such as this biscuit box. When you visit Wyler's you talk to a Wyler.
S. Wyler Inc.
713 Madison Avenue at 63rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10021 TE 8-1910


Great Western
ESTABLISHED 1860
VIENNA 1873
FIRST PRIZE
EXTRA DRY
New York State
CHAMPAGNE
FERMENTED IN THE BOTTLE
©
CED AND BOTTLED BY PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., HAMMONDSPORT N.Y.
4/5 QUART
ALCOHOL 12%

Know how to read this label? If you do, it will tell you a lot about our champagne. Take those four words near the bottom; fermented in the bottle. They tell you that our champagne is made by the slow, careful, space-consuming, tierage method of aging our wine on the yeast in the bottles so that each bottle develops its own fermentation, and all the bubbles are kept inside. By itself, this won't assure a great champagne. But no great champagne is made any other way. Add the fine wine grapes of the Finger Lakes District, (indicated by the address line), and you'll understand the gold medal—one of the many awards our champagne has been winning in international competitions for the last hundred years (the most recent in 1966.) And that brings us up to the name. Why is a New York State champagne called "Great Western"? Because, when Marshall P. Wilder, the noted Boston connoisseur, first tasted it back in 1871, he exclaimed: "This is the great champagne of the Western world." **Great Western, The New York State Champagne.**

Great Western New York State wines and champagnes produced since 1860 by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, N.Y. 14840



ELEUTHERA

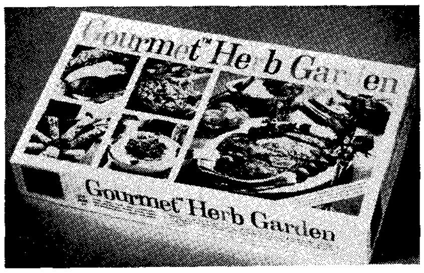
Off the beaten track...

On this quiet corner of the Bahamas, there are no neon lights, no big casinos. Just our Island Inn. One hundred delightful rooms in this unspoiled tropical setting, right on a hundred mile strand of golden beach to bask on or swim or sail from. Or try scuba diving or snorkeling. Or glass bottom boats. On land, tennis or motor bikes for sightseeing.
See your travel agent, or call The Leonard Hicks Organization. In New York (212) 765-5800. In Miami (305) 754-1667.

Island Inn
ROCK SOUND, ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

GOURMET HERB GARDEN



For Gardeners and Good Cooks Alike. Start your *fresh Herb Garden with a seed starter kit. Includes* 24 Jiffy Peat Pots, Jiffy-Mix planting medium, plastic growing trays, seed germinating bags, 8 varieties of herb seeds including Dill, Parsley, Chives, Oregano, Basil, Marjoram, Thyme, Sage.

$5.95 per kit. Six kits $35.00.
12 kits $66.00. All prices postpaid.
PAPRIKAS WEISS IMPORTER Dept. NY5-23.
1546 Second Avenue New York, N.Y. 10028

a quick, ferocious look for having disturbed him, and start to play. And out would come one of the most lyrical and eloquent sounds of this century. His style, buffeted by several musical revolutions and by the brief ascendancy of Charlie Parker, never changed. His slow ballads, often written by the late Billy Strayhorn, were unbelievably sensuous. They were full of feline sotto-voce phrases, silken pauses, and those celebrated and astonishing glissandos, which fell dangerously but perfectly through a couple of octaves like a diver sailing off a hundred-foot cliff. When he played the blues, which he loved, he suddenly stepped out of this finery and became a rocking, down-home performer who swung as hard as any jazz musician who ever lived. He was one of the pillars as well as one of the pinnacles of the Ellington band, which will never sound quite the same again, and no one knew where his genius came from. Hodges, who, when he talked at all, talked about baseball and Westerns, never let on, even to his oldest friend, Harry Carney, who said last week, "Johnny and I grew up on the same street in Dorchester, Mass., and we saw each other just about every day. We exchanged records and we'd copy choruses from Fletcher Henderson and Sidney Bechet and the Hot Five. Then he left home, and when he came back, a year or so later, he was a big-timer. He had a Mexican bankroll—that's a big bill on the outside that covers a roll of ones—and Bechet had given him one of his soprano saxophones. But he picked up his playing on his own. He could always play; I guess it was a natural gift." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

LE TOURISME EUPHONIQUE

(THOUGHTS AFTER LEAFING THROUGH A BROCHURE ISSUED BY THE MINISTÈRE DU TOURISME DE LA CHASSE ET DE LA PÊCHE DE LA PROVINCE DE QUÉBEC)

Not so far from Mistassini
Stands Le Parc Chibougamau.
By Maria's Chicoutimi
The Saguenay flows on below.
In Kamouraska's radius
A panoramic view—
Témiscouata's, Matapédia's,
Yamachiche's charming, too.
Stadacona is historic;
Donnacona, near Québec,
Is in winter not caloric
Nor's St. Côme de Kennebec.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

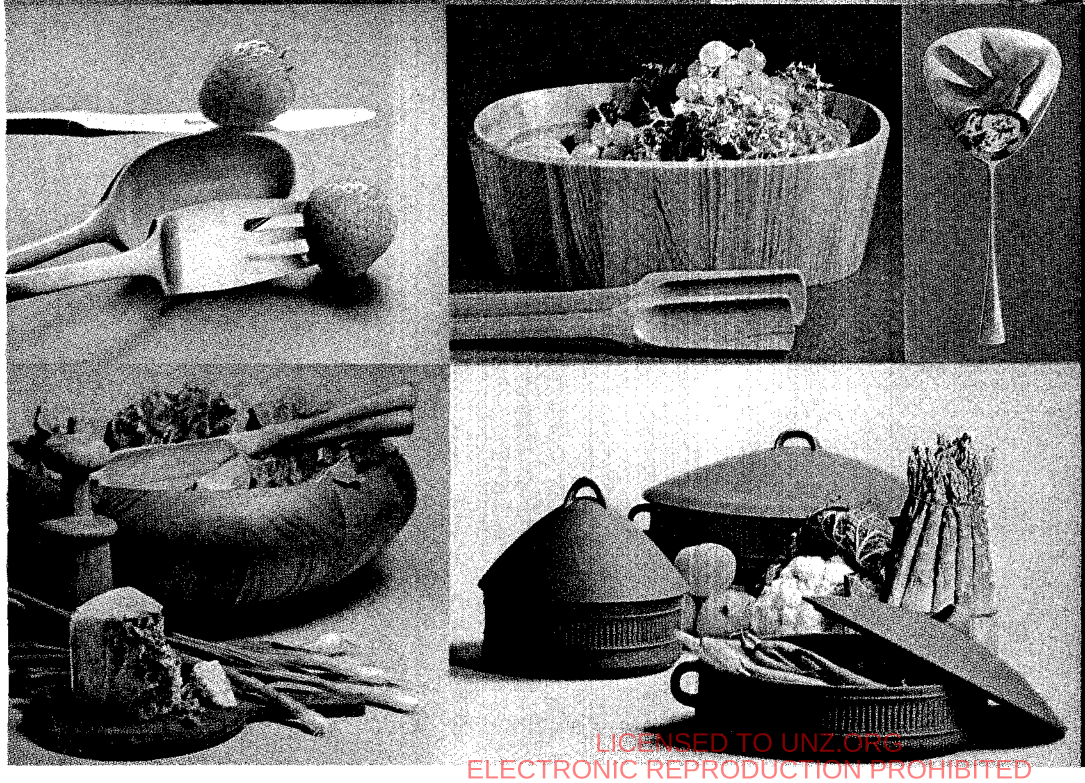
An 18th century Japanese palace to eat in, drink in and be entertained in.

The Benihana Palace
15 W. 44th St., NYC. Phone 682-7120

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

The Pierre
Is a World of its own.
A very cordial
World of beauty and charm,
of 18th century elegance and
20th century convenience,
of personal service and privacy,
Welcome.
FIFTH AVE. & 61st ST. TE 8-8000



NO ONE BUT DANSK® CAN PUT SO MANY BEAUTIFUL THINGS ON ONE PAGE

To see the whole collection,
all 493 gracious things,
send 10¢ for our newest
catalog to:
Dansk Designs Ltd., Dept.GN
Mt. Kisco, New York 10549.

DANSK DESIGNS LTD.

no wonder
the trend is to Trend
coordinates

Color your coordinates smart. Mix or match full-fashioned sweaters and shirts by Trend Fashions in the choicest hues on this season's palette. The shirts are knit of Dacron* polyester boucle, and the sweaters are worsted wool boucle. Both machine washable and dryable. No wonder the trend is to Trend Fashions by Huntley of York Ltd.,
350 Fifth Avenue, New York,
New York 10001.

Trend
fashions
by Huntley of York, Ltd.

* Dupont's Reg. T.M.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

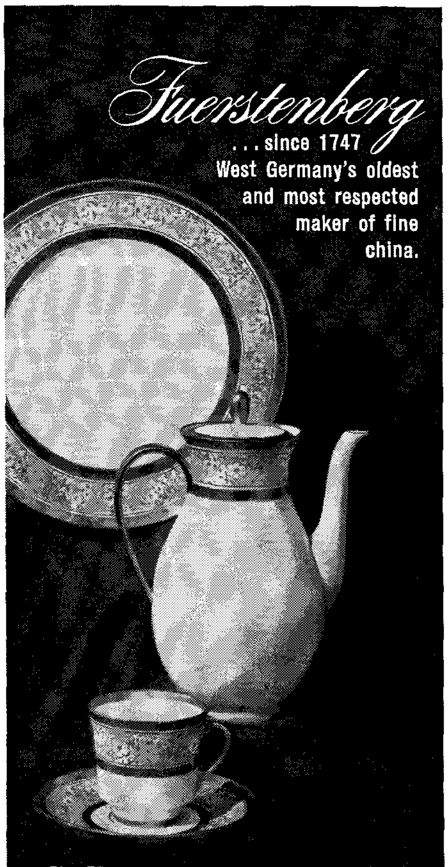
E. D.

THE world's first interdisciplinary conference concerned with the problems of environmental pollution convened in Tokyo one smoggy Monday morning this spring. In a practical sense, this conference, attended by economists and sociologists and a handful of lawyers and engineers, marked the first international movement upward from the plateau of merely reporting and deploring pollution to the actual search for feasible measures—preferably global ones—to bring it under some kind of control. The conferees were from thirteen nations in varying stages of industrialization, and they had been brought to Japan by the International Social Science Council, a branch of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. They came not to reach agreements, even on how to approach the economic and political problems of pollution (with few exceptions, the participants were scholars, and not officially designated representatives of their governments), but to compare viewpoints and to prepare for the United Nations' First International Conference on the Human Environment, to be held in Sweden in 1972.

This was just as well, because accord was infrequent during the four days of meetings in Tokyo. For one thing, the participants differed along disciplinary lines, the sociologists tending to favor immediate action and most of the economists defending a cautious position of giving priority to research. For another, advocates of the "carrot" approach (economic incentives offered by the state to industries and municipalities for cleaning up their effluents) differed with advocates of the "stick" approach (fines and jail terms imposed on polluters). There was even an old-fashioned dispute over capitalism vs. Communism, which was won—forensically, at least—by the Soviet representative, who, by threatening to walk out, succeeded in obtaining additional time to speak on behalf of the Russian system of pollution controls.

Even before the sessions began, there was the question of selecting the correct term for the subject to be debated. This argument was quickly, if somewhat arbitrarily, resolved by Professor Shigeto Tsuru, a Marxian economist from the Institute of Economic Research of Hitotsubashi University, who was the conference's general chairman. In calling the first seminar to order, Dr. Tsuru, who received much of his training at Harvard and has an excellent command of English—the language of the conference—announced that he had availed himself of the prerogative of his chairmanship to rule against such terms as "environmental pollution, degradation, impairment, defedation, disorders, and imbalance," and also his personal favorite, "*kogai*," the Japanese word for pollution, "which covers exactly what we're talking about," in favor of the term "environmental disruption, or the abbreviation E.D." To discuss E.D. and, more important, to exchange ideas on its control, Dr. Tsuru and his co-chairman, Dr. Allen V. Kneese—who is the director of the environment program of Resources for the Future, Inc., in Washington, D.C., an institute sponsored by the Ford Foundation—had invited twenty-three foreign and twenty-four Japanese scholars and researchers, most of whom had already published works dealing with the economic and social effects of pollution. The delegates assembled in the Golden Cup Room of the Tokyo Prince, a relatively new Western-style hotel a few blocks from the cluttered and polluted port of Tokyo. In the center of the room, leather armchairs had been drawn up around a massive, oblong table covered with a blue cloth, and in front of each group of three chairs was a microphone, which relayed the words of the participants to a tape-recording console. In a rear section of the room and in a row behind the table, chairs had been set up for "observers," most of whom were graduate students at universities in the Tokyo area. A temporary chairman and one or two "discussants" had been appointed for each session; the discuss-

"Rah-ta dah,
Rah da-da,
Rah da-da,
Rah-ta dah,
Dah!"



West Germany's oldest and most respected maker of fine china.

EMPEROR—5 pc. place setting, about $58.
Send for FREE color Fuerstenberg brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. F, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

JAMAICA
MEANS MORE AT

Half Moon

HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director

Glamorous Montego Bay's **only** complete resort. Our own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. One of the world's most beautiful beaches. 4 tennis courts, sailing. Luxury accommodations, all beachfront, include 17 cottages with 15 private swimming pools.

See your travel agent.

Represented by
Hetland & Stevens Inc.,
211 E. 43rd St.,
New York, TN 7-1450;
Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Toronto.

George R. Smith Co.:
Beverly Hills, Seattle, San Francisco, Sydney.

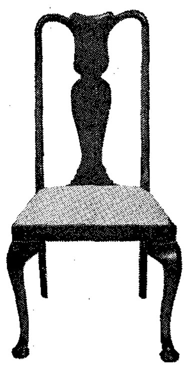
Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Silverplated Wine Taster in antique finish, complete with neck chain. A gift for those who take their wine seriously. 3 inches in diameter. **10.00** delivered. Please add 5% sales tax in California.

351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210

ants evaluated three or four papers at a time and formulated specific questions to the authors, who were given fifteen minutes or so to reply. Then, after a coffee break, at which the participants mingled with the observers, the floor was opened for general discussion. Because the conference was in English and most of the reporters assigned to cover it were Japanese, the sponsoring committee was able to exercise a rather stringent sort of news management. Although *kogai* is one of the most controversial and thoroughly covered topics in the Tokyo press, the daily seminars were closed to Japanese reporters, and they received virtually all their information on the discussions at a lengthy press conference held by Dr. Tsuru after each day's session.

The Japanese interest in E.D. is understandable. The nation's remarkable postwar industrial resurgence has given it the world's third-largest gross national product (after the United States and Russia) but has, simultaneously, exposed the population to pollution hazards unmatched anywhere in the world—hazards that have by no means gone unrecognized either in the industrial community or among Japan's political parties. Industrial effluents have already rendered several small areas of Japan all but uninhabitable—an alarming situation, since only seventeen per cent of the nation's land is arable—but more typical examples of pollution and congestion are to be found in metropolitan Tokyo, which was almost entirely destroyed during the Second World War and then rebuilt in the next twelve years with little planning or coördination. On the second day of the conference, the foreign visitors were taken to see some of these examples and some of the city's control facilities. Their tour took them first to the observation platform of the Tokyo Tower, which is eight hundred and twenty feet high, and from which, the visitors were assured, they could see Mount Fuji, sixty miles away, if only the air were clear. The sun was shining brightly on the morning the delegates ascended to the tower observation room, but because of smog they were unable to pick out even the Imperial Palace, about two miles across town. "This is terrible," said Dr. Edward L. Stockton, a consultant to the National Sanitation Foundation, of Ann Arbor, Michigan. "I wish they'd brought us here on a clear day. The view must be tremendous." Courteously, a bystander reminded Dr. Stockton that he had been brought to the tower to see not the view but the smog that



QUEEN ANNE

from our large collection of English and French dining chairs

A meticulously crafted replica of one of the finest Queen Anne chairs we have seen. Reproduced from the museum original, in the mellow luxury of old mahogany; and covered in lush Scalamandrè silks. Gracious, comfortable chairs that are at home around a dining table, card table or as occasional chairs. Arm Chair 24" wide, 42" high; Side Chair 19¾" wide, 41" high.

side chair *$165* ea. arm chair *$195* ea.

F.O.B. New York City. Add $8 per chair crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories, and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

Steaks renowned 'round the world . . . the choice of discerning gourmets

Bruno's Pen and Pencil
Restaurant

John C. Bruno

205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

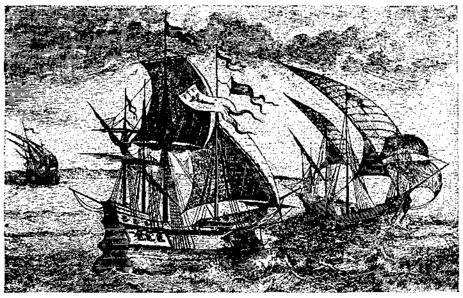
NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre. After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

The Spanish were nice enough to discover America.



You should at least discover their brandy.

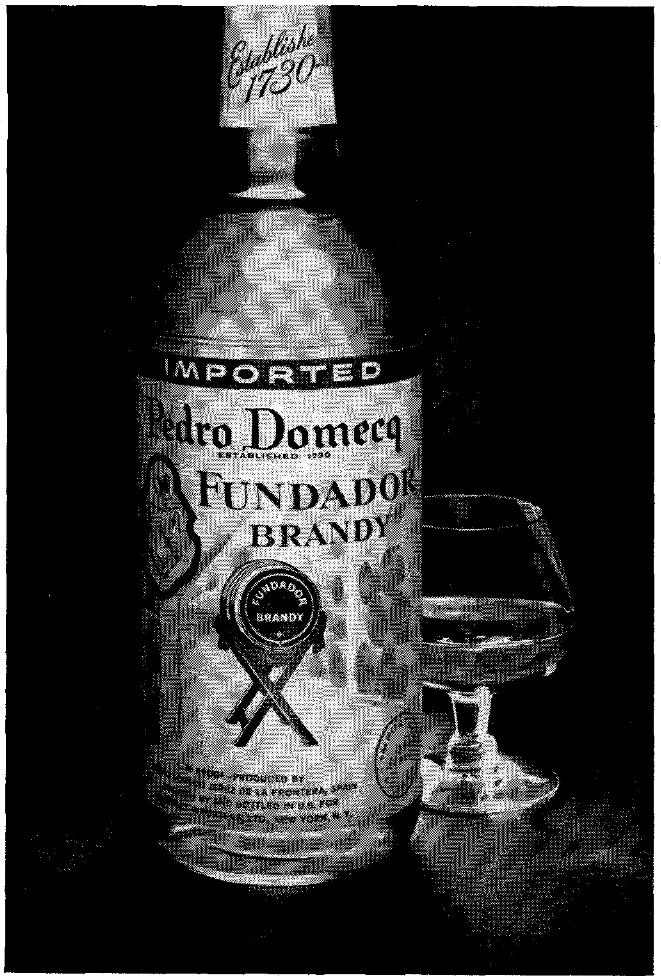
After what Ferdinand and Isabella did for you, don't you feel you owe the Spanish the courtesy of trying their favorite brandy?

Fundador is essence of Spain. It draws life from the unique sherry grapes of Jerez in the south of Spain. (Just a few miles from where Columbus sailed to the West, to find the East.)

Then Fundador matures, slowly mellowing into a rich smooth brandy with a warmth all its own. A warmth without the dryness that keeps some people away from brandy.

In fact, Fundador is such a superb brandy that what starts out as a return of a favor could wind up being the best favor you can do yourself.

Fundador


Established 1730
IMPORTED
Pedro Domecq
ESTABLISHED 1730
FUNDADOR
BRANDY
FUNDADOR
BRANDY

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.

blocked the view. Nearby, wearing an orange button that read "Support Your Ecosystem," stood Dr. Richard W. Judy, professor of economics at the University of Toronto's Institute for Social and Economic Policy. "This smog is worse than anything I have seen anywhere else—worse than Toronto, worse even than New York," he said dismally.

Tokyo does have a stringent Metropolitan Environmental Pollution Control Ordinance, which was enacted last year and which provides penalties of up to a year in prison and fines of up to fifty thousand yen (a hundred and forty dollars). However, Dr. Shinichi Takayanagi, from Tokyo University's Institute of Research on Social Sciences, commented on the ordinance during the first seminar. "Our nice statutes don't *mean* we have a nice environment," he said. "We must not overestimate the role of law."

Dr. Marshall I. Goldman, professor of economics at Wellesley, pointed out that it is equally important not to overestimate the contribution that can be made by planners, however intense their concern with conservation. Because current knowledge is so limited, he reminded the conference at its first seminar, not all pollution is immediately recognizable as such; nor are the effects of pollution always predictable. To illustrate, Professor Goldman cited the example of DDT. "When science first came up with it, virtually nobody saw anything but benefits," he said. "Now we see that the hazards are very great, but at the same time the people in India are responding to our demand to abolish DDT with the cry that this would mean, for them, large-scale malaria plagues and possibly even genocide."

Along these lines, Professor Tsuru pointed out, "If we ask developing countries to exercise E.D. prevention, that will add to the burden on their enterprises to compete with the products of already industrialized countries. If Japan had been asked to exercise this kind of control in the early nineteen-hundreds, I am sure we would not have been able to compete with England and America today."

Professor Erik Dahmén, an economist from the Stockholm School of Economics, had earlier cited a Swedish pollution study whose conclusion was that merely to crack down on current environmental disruptions, without even attempting to provide for restoration of the already altered environment, would require a thirty-per-cent cut in national consumption.

"If there is this kind of cutback, it

inflation?

We know money's inflated, but this is ridiculous! Our "Super-Cash" replicas of a 1914 Buffalo Nickel and 1877 Indian Head Penny are hand-cast in our foundry of almost 2 pounds of solid copper or nickel silver (4¾" diam.). This perfect paperweight won't be toppled by the highest stack of bills, rejection slips or what-have-you! Each $25 gift-boxed from

arthur court designs
10 Hotaling, San Francisco 94111
or Neiman-Marcus, The Denver & Lord & Taylor

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50
Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

In Freeport, the number one hotel isn't one hotel.

It's two. • With a combined total of 350 beautiful new rooms and suites. Two pools. A magnificent private beach. An 18-hole championship golf course. Four great dining rooms. Two specialty restaurants. Tennis courts. Bars. An international scuba club. A first class marina and charter fleet. Sailboats. Sauna baths. A world-famous casino across the street, and another five minutes away. • The Oceanus North. And Oceanus South. Stay in one. Enjoy all the facilities of both. Charge at either. • Call your travel agent, or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks.

Freeport's Oceanus North & South
Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island
Where the odds are
2 to 1 you'll have a great time.

There's always something exciting at the new Madison Square Garden. And just a stone's throw away is exciting food at

Keen's
English Chop House.
72W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

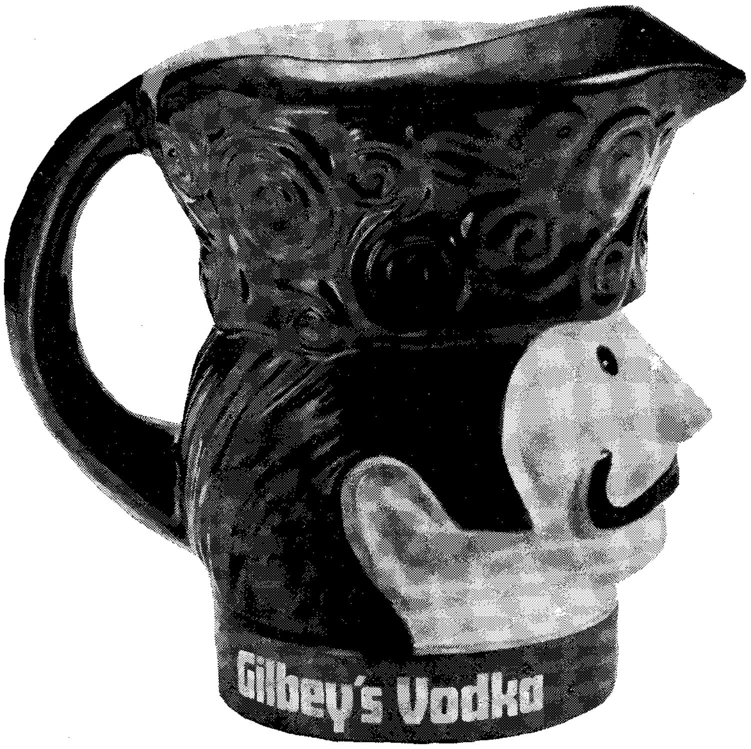
VIKKI CARR

May 20 to June 2
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
Reservations: PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL

Be Czar of the bar.

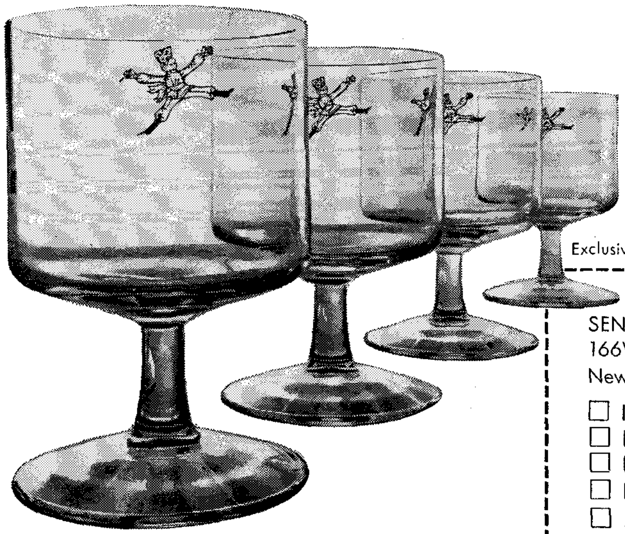
Get this handsome Cossack Toby Mug, 4 glasses and the apron —all from Gilbey's and all for only $6.00!



The Toby Mug is a steal at $3.00.

Gilbey's Vodka

The apron
is a neat
deal for
$1.00.



The 4 Martinski glasses
are yours for $2.00!

Exclusive Gilbey's offer! Clip and mail today!

SEND TO: BAR KIT, P.O. BOX
166V Wall Street Station,
New York, N.Y. 10005

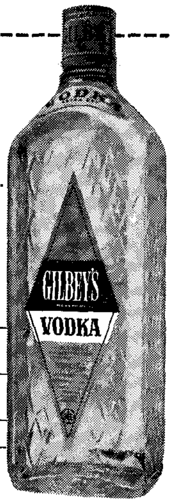
☐ I am enclosing $6. Send me the whole Kit and Kaboodle.
☐ I am enclosing $3. Send me the Toby Mug only.
☐ I am enclosing $2. Send me the 4 glasses only.
☐ I am enclosing $1. Send me the apron only.
☐ And please send me Gilbey's Vodka Book—Free!

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City______________State______Zip______

Please allow three weeks for handling. Offer expires__________
(These offers void where prohibited by law.) N



VODKA, 80 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD. DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N.Y.C.

holiday treats

with a deliciously different flavour.

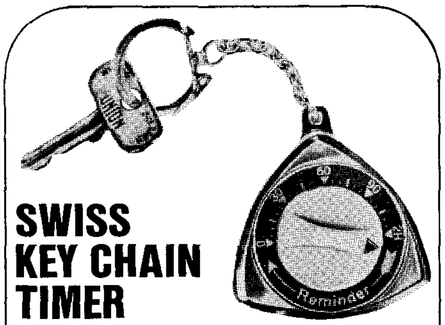
Full, rich French flavour, as only Manoir St-Castin can serve up. Just 15 minutes from historical Québec City, the heart of French Canada. Overlooking beautiful Lac Beauport. Perched 1000 feet high in the mountains. Within a mile of a picturesque and challenging 18 hole golf course. All summer and water sports. Heated swimming pool. Exquisite *Cuisine Française* is prepared and served by European Chefs at this elegant and renowned year-round resort hotel.

Get what you are looking for. Request our full color 12 pages brochure from your Travel Agent or from our representative:

Robert F. Warner Inc.,
630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020,
tel: (212) 586-4500
Boston, tel: (617) 523-4497
Chicago, tel: (312) 939-1040
Washington, tel: (202) 737-2440
Toronto, tel: (416) 363-2693

or write directly to:

MANOIR
St. Castin
Lac Beauport
Québec (200), Canada



SWISS KEY CHAIN TIMER

This remarkably precise pocket sized Swiss Timer will remind you of appointments, about to expire parking meters, or time to wake up from those afternoon naps. Simply set the alarm to any period up to 2 hours. When your time is up, gentle "buzzz" will alert you. Holds seven keys. Guaranteed to please or Money Back. **$5.95 ea., 2 for $11.00, 4 for $21.00, 12 for $60.00.** Add 50¢ post per order and 5% tax in California.

J.D.BROWNE
Ghirardelli Square
900 North Point
San Francisco, Cal. 94109

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE

Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner

46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760

Diner's Club
American Express

is the lower part of the population, the proletariat, who will suffer," Professor Goldman pointed out. "Those of us with two cars may be willing to give up a third car, but the guy riding the subway and trying to get his first car might have different ideas."

The most extreme position was taken by Professor Albert Breton, a young Canadian economist who is a professor of the London School of Economics and Political Science and currently a visiting professor at Harvard. "I'm not taking a position favoring pollution, but I do feel it is fair to say that even in the United States the problem of poverty is about a million times as important as pollution," he said. "Very little is being done about poverty, but a lot is being done about pollution, and, in that sense, it is my personal feeling that too much is being done on the problem of pollution."

A final, conciliatory word on this aspect of the problem was offered during the last session, on Thursday, by Professor Ignachy Sachs, an expert on economic development, who was exiled from Poland in 1968 and is now the Director of Associate Studies at the École Pratique des Hautes Études, in Paris. "I would like to insist that E.D. is very much present in developing countries, and it is wrong to consider that it comes only when the gross national product reaches a certain level," he said. "Are these developing countries going to repeat in the second half of the twentieth century the industrial revolution of the first part of the nineteenth, with all its evils?"

One totally economic approach to the problem was put forth by a Japanese economist, Professor Hirofumi Uzawa, of Tokyo University, who suggested redesigning a basic tool of economics itself, the gross national product. "When we compute the G.N.P., we deduct depreciation—whatever it costs us to keep our capital intact," he pointed out. "What I propose is also to deduct from the standard concept of national income the amount needed to maintain the present stock of natural and social capital."

Traditionally, economists have viewed the problem of industrial pollution as a marketing failure that occurs because one or more of the production "bads"—smoke effluent or polluted water discharged after the manufacturing process, for instance—are not charged against the industry and so are not part of the price paid by the consumer, the result being that they are simply continued, without being accounted for. "Industry delivers pollut-

AMF ALCORT
Sailfish®
Sunfish®
SAILBOATS

reaching . . . for fun

The kind of fun that brings families together. For Sailfish and Sunfish make sailing easy. So simple to rig, so easy to carry or car-top, so safe with their unsinkable, care-free Fiberglas® hulls. A new world of fun is waiting. Discover it!

AMF ALCORT
SEND FOR FREE COLOR FOLDER
AMF ALCORT DEPT NY-50 • P O BOX 1345 WATERBURY CONN 06720

Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas. Where you're close to everything. In a world of your own.

Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas
See your travel agent or our rep. Robert Reid Associates, Inc.

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM

BLAZER BUTTONS
WITH YOUR SCHOOL CREST
HARVARD
18 KARAT GOLD PLATE

The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 500 schools available. $9.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:

BEN SILVER inc., 175 5th Ave., N.Y. 10010

It runs in the family.

Most people in the United States think of SAAB as just an automobile company.

It isn't. It's mostly an aircraft company.

As a result, we make our cars the way we make our planes.

We don't just build a car body, we aerodynamically design one.

And we don't just put the car body together like other car makers. We make it all in one piece. Like a plane's fuselage.

The shape of every SAAB is determined by wind-tunnel tests.

So its body is designed to help the car drive better, not just look better.

And if an engineering problem comes up, we invite our aircraft engineers to sit in on its solution.

And contribute to that solution.

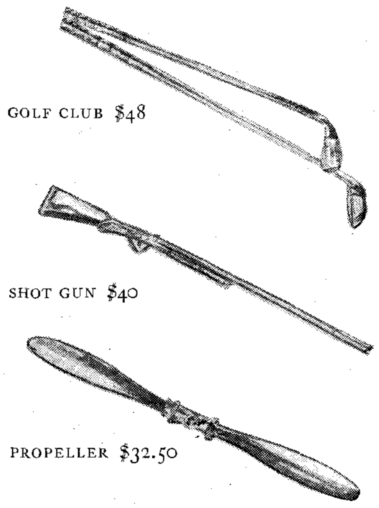
This not only goes for the body, it goes for the braking system, chassis, etc. It's given SAAB the most advanced front-wheel drive system around.

But this isn't unusual. Because a car isn't that much different from a plane.

It's a plane that just doesn't happen to fly.

Leasing and Overseas Delivery Plans Available.

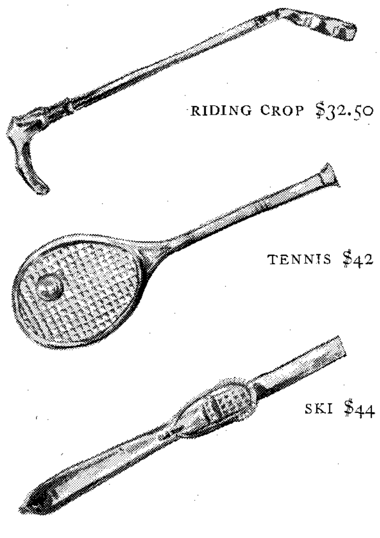
SAAB
The well-built Swede



Fourteen Karat Gold Tie Bars

Perfect gift for Graduation, Father's Day or the members of the Wedding party. His favorite sport or hobby, from a collection of gold tie bars. We have additional ones, if you do not see yours, ask us

Two weeks delivery



Please add 75c for mail orders

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

ants to consumers the same way it delivers cars,” remarked Dr. Wassily Leontief, professor of economics at Harvard. “We don't like it, but pollution is delivered.” Professor Leontief, who devised the “input-output” system of economics, was the conference's foremost economist, and offered at least qualified support to Professor Breton, his Harvard colleague. “If we try to eliminate all bad air, then some poor people may have to go hungry,” he said. The Leontief paper, “Environmental Repercussions and the Economic Structure: An Input-Output Approach,” was an attempt to include the “externalities”—or output unaccounted for in conventional bookkeeping—of pollution and the use of natural resources within his system of economic analysis. The paper was criticized—respectfully, to be sure—only in that several economists felt that it did not go far enough in assessing the secondary effects of E.D. Professor Sachs elaborated on Professor Leontief's theme by likening nations to housewives who work all day in smoky kitchens. The Leontief analysis, he maintained, would take into account the damaging effects of the smoke on the housewife but would not consider the consequent damage that the irritated and upset woman might inflict upon her children. The Harvard economist replied, in essence, that even secondary and tertiary effects are assessable, given enough research, and that the price system involved in his input-output analysis would enable economists to set a cost figure for eliminating each unit of pollution. “The most important thing, in my point of view, is to go ahead and collect and organize this mass of information,” he said. “It may cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars, but pollution costs billions.”

Professor Leontief's emphasis on the importance of amassing this information led his colleagues into one of the major debates of the conference—the question of whether a nation can afford to wait to gather information about pollution before taking action against it.

Many of the sociologists, with notable support from Dr. Samy Friedman, the secretary-general of the International Social Science Council, cautioned against waiting for conclusive information, since it is often produced only after the environment has been dangerously impaired by pollutants. “This sort of approach is no longer relevant,” he said. “If we wait for a crisis, it might be too late.”

Professor Dahmén, the Swedish economist, sided with the sociologists and warned his colleagues of the dangers of waiting too long for research. “What I am afraid of, looking at our present state of experience, is that we are trying to be perfectionists, to strive for optimum solutions,” he said. “We should not run the risk of allowing that research to block progress toward the solutions of today.”

THE debate over planning and action led naturally into the second major argument of the conference—the question of how controls might be imposed and enforced. Should the state shut down producers of dangerous effluents altogether? Should it attempt to discourage industrial and municipal polluters by imposing fines steep enough both to act as a deterrent and to finance monitoring and control work? Or, as Dr. Judy suggested, could pollution be eliminated by “bribes”?

The implications of that word distressed an economist from the Metropolitan University of Tokyo, who quoted his Japanese-English dictionary as saying, in effect, that “bribes means the giving of money in sleeves.”

“I'm sorry I used the word,” Dr. Judy said. “What it indicates is that the polluter would be paid by the control agency for each unit of discharge he did not emit. I'm opposed to this.” Dr. Judy then put forth the proposal of a fellow-Canadian, John Dales, who is an economist at the University of Toronto, that communities be authorized to sell warrants permitting the discharge of specific units of effluents. The warrants could be drawn for, “say, a ton of discharge per bearer per time period,” he suggested, and went on, “They can be sold at auction, and they would be negotiable instruments. Those enterprises that sorely needed the disposal permissions could be expected to pay more for the warrants, and, on the other hand, groups who felt that such disposal might be a danger could get together, purchase warrants, and not exercise them.”

Most of those around the table appeared to lean toward more conventional methods of countering pollution—particularly fines, provided that these were high enough to represent an effective deterrent to large industries. In the words of Dr. K. William Kapp, professor of economics at the University of Basel, “A fine of a hundred dollars, or even a thousand, nowadays levied on a firm to prevent the outgo of effluents is totally ineffective if the firm can make hundreds of thou-

Courage. Here's everything you'll ever need to pick a fine French wine.

B & G. Short for Margaux, Chablis, Beaujolais and all the other very proper nouns of wine history.

Short for 245 years of selecting and bottling the finest of the reds and the whites.

B & G. The only French you'll ever need to feel at home with a whole family of great labels.

B & G. In short.

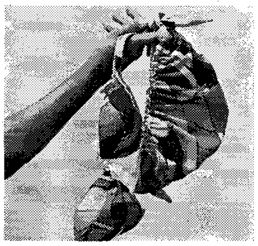
B&G. French made easy.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company, Browne-Vintners Division, NYC.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Tower Isle, you can get by on next to nothing.

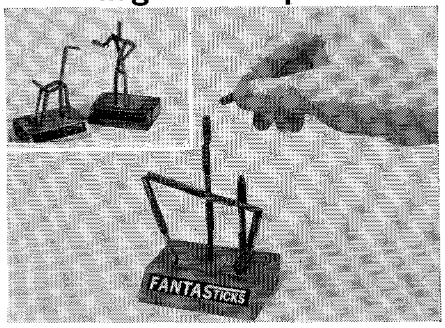


A beautiful, self-contained beach resort nestled in a cove by the sea is no place to stand on ceremony. It's a place for a morning's stroll on a magnificent, white beach. An afternoon of tennis on Jamaica's finest courts, or a swim in our fresh water pool. An evening dancing the Reggae and sipping a potion called Sink or Swim. It's a place for letting your hair down and your spirits up.

Jamaica's Tower Isle
Like no place else on earth.

Tower Isle, P.O. Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
An Issa Hotel—Nick Brimo
Vice President & General Manager.
See your travel agent.
International Representatives, Leonard Hicks.

magnetic sculpture



—doodle it yourself!

It's a toy! It's art! It's a challenge! It's FANTASticks! And it's fun—for child or tycoon. Set of 22 roughcast permanent magnets, hand-oiled solid teak base with metal plate—and an instruction sheet to start you on your own career as a 3-D doodler. Endless variety of interesting forms and shapes can be created. $6.50 ppd.

CASUAL LIVING, Stony Hill, Bethel, Ct. 06801

When in Philadelphia visit Madame Wellington, **the biggest thief in town**

WELLINGTON JEWELS COUNTERFEIT
JEWELERS TO THE WORLD
Bellevue Stratford Hotel
Broad & Walnut, Phila. 19102

sands by not limiting them." Dr. Béla Hock, a senior engineer at the Research Institute for Water Resources Development, in Budapest, reported that his country had recently adopted a graduated scale of fines that would multiply basic pollution penalties by five over a five-year period. Dr. Kapp proposed that, in the manner of American food and drug regulation, each industry be required to prove that its production processes are not harmful to the environment.

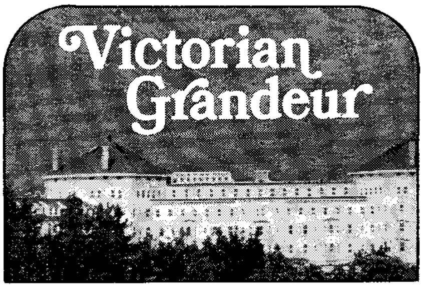
This got him into an argument with Dr. Joseph L. Sax, professor of law at the University of Michigan, who questioned the effectiveness of American regulatory agencies. "It is a fact, a lamentable fact, that most of the agencies we support to protect the public interest use their function to protect very limited interests," Professor Sax said.

"How about the Food and Drug Administration?" Professor Kapp asked. "Surely you wouldn't abolish the Food and Drug Act?"

Professor Sax looked amazed at the suggestion. "Good gracious, *no!*" he exclaimed. He went on to explain that American conservationists had had better results from instigating citizens' lawsuits than from dealing with the regulatory agencies. "We have been using the lawsuit as a device to teach people that they can demand environmental controls and get them," he said.

Professor Sax's educational tactic did not meet with complete favor at the table, particularly among the economists. Professor Breton remarked that he thought it wise to differentiate between the situations "where in one case the pollution is serious enough to arouse the public, and where in another we have to 'educate public opinion.' " He then warned, "We should be careful not to engage in calling something education which, when other people try to sell us soap, we call advertising."

A more militant approach was demanded by Dr. Jun Ui, an urban specialist at Tokyo University and the author of a book entitled "Politics of Kogai." He detailed for the conference the discouraging course of an investigation concerning Minamata disease, which was first identified in 1956, in Minamata, a city on the southwest coast of Japan. The disease, which eventually afflicted a hundred and eleven residents of the Minamata area, forty-three of them fatally, was almost immediately traced to the eating of fish that had absorbed large amounts of mercury. The first source suspected was the most obvious one—the untreated effluent discharged into Mina-



Edwardian Pleasure!

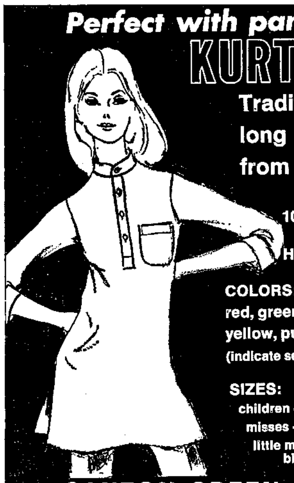
There's plenty to go around.
Like Dave Marr as playing pro on our championship golf course. Rod Laver as playing pro on our tennis courts. Riding, indoor/outdoor pools, mountain climbing, dining, dancing and entertainment.

6 days, 5 nights starting any Sunday for as little as $120 per person, double occupancy, including all meals and free golf. After July 3rd, $130.

The Mount Washington
BRETTON WOODS NEW HAMPSHIRE

For reservations, call TOLL FREE 800-258-0320 from anywhere in the Eastern U.S. Call collect in Boston (617) 969-6407 • Montreal (514) 844-4421

Perfect with pants!
KURTAS
Traditional long shirt from INDIA



100% Cotton
Hand Spun
Hand Woven

COLORS:
red, green, turquoise, yellow, purple, orange
(indicate second choice)

SIZES:
children - 5-14 $7 ppd.
misses - 8-18 $9 ppd.
little men / big men $9 ppd.

CANTON GREEN STORE
Rte. 44 Canton, Conn. 06019 • (203) 693-8551

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565
Karsh

mata Bay by the Minamata plant of the Japan Nitrogen Company, one of the nation's leading chemical producers. Company officials, supported by leaders of the plant's unions and by the city's political leaders (the company paid more than half the total municipal tax of Minamata), managed to sidetrack the investigation time and again. The cause-and-effect relationship between the effluent and the disease was not conceded by Japanese government investigators until 1968—twelve years after its discovery.

At least in part as a result of the Minamata experience, Dr. Ui felt that government action against pollution was less effective than pressures exerted on several levels by community organizations. He found his position supported by a Nagoya University law professor, Akio Morishima. "Japanese law is not set up to control E.D.," Professor Morishima said. "Our legal theory is very traditional, and we cannot expect the courts to do anything for us. The attitude of the government, too, is that it is very reluctant to do anything. There is only one method left to us as a people—violent demonstrations and sit-ins. I don't say that only violence works, but so far we haven't had the legal instruments as such, and what we've been able to do we've done by the political instrument; namely, the demonstration."

Though no decision was reached on whether pressure is exerted upon the government more effectively by standard election processes or by community groups, there seemed to be agreement at the conference that, in the words of Dr. Ui, "the true experts on pollution should be the citizens in the affected area, not the professors in Tokyo." Professor Leontief then pointed out that even pollution has its class and economic distinctions. As an American example, he cited the Sierra Club. "It protects trees and forests in California and fights oil companies that pollute the beaches," he said. "It is an upper-class organization that fights the kinds of pollution which affect its members. The average citizen, though, does not care much about trees in California—he never sees them—and he doesn't care about oil on the beaches, because he rarely gets there."

To the surprise of the economists, who felt that capitalist-Communist relations had gone beyond old-fashioned Cold War rhetoric, this discussion of class and economic issues bogged down on Wednesday when Professor V. S. Semenov, of the Institute of Philosophy, in Moscow, interrupted a seminar

Leilani
Hawaiian
Rum
Leilani
Hawaiian
Rum

An act of the gods made this the best tasting rum in the world.

Leilani Rum is made in Hawaii with the help of three gods.

The god of Volcanoes gave us the volcanic soil to grow the finest sugar cane in the world.

The god of Sun gave us 350 days a year of sunshine to grow the richest sugar cane in the world.

And the god of Rain gave us the water to grow the juiciest sugar cane in the world.

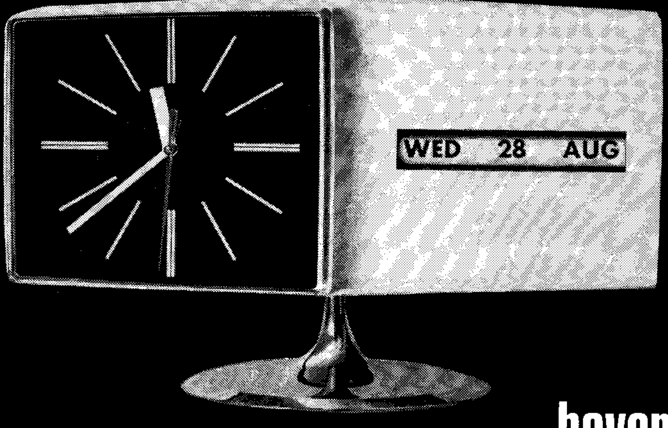
With that kind of help, Leilani has to taste great.

Thanks, gods.

80 PROOF · CALVERT DIST. CO. HONOLULU, HAWAII

Don't touch it!

No need to even get close to it for one whole year!
Just put the Astromatic Clock in your home or office and its transistorized movement will meticulously count off the months, days, hours, minutes and seconds with chronometer-like accuracy!
It accounts for the different lengths of months—"Astromatically"!
You needn't wonder any longer "how many days hath September?" or if "all the rest have 31"! Its looks . . . well, Raymond Loewy designed it. 8½" x 14", its white case rotates freely to any position on its chromed pedestal (and runs 1 year on 2 flashlight batteries). Shouldn't it grace your home or the office of your favorite executive?
Simply clip this ad, write your name and address and send a check for $101 ($100 plus $1 for post. and ins. Calif. res. add tax) to: 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111



haverhill's

Garden Ornaments

CONTEMPORARY
AND
TRADITIONAL

Hand-carved Figure
Italian Stone
48″ high
One of a Set
of Four Arts
$485.00 each

Lead Falcon
18½″ high, 7″ wide
$85.00
Prices f.o.b. N.Y.

Gracious sculpture and fountains for decorative gardens, foyers and homes. Erkins has a wide variety of lead, stone, bronze and copper ornaments in a wide price range. Send 50¢ for fully-illustrated Catalogue . . . or visit our galleries.

Erkins STUDIOS
Dept. 303, 8 West 40th St.
New York, New York 10018

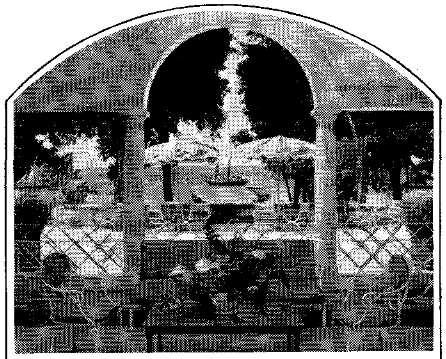
BEST MUSICAL 1970
TONY AWARD WINNER
LAUREN BACALL
BEST ACTRESS — Tony Award Winner
IN
"APPLAUSE"
A NEW MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED FROM
JULY thru JAN. 2, 1971
PRICES: IN ORDER TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, PLEASE DO NOT LIST A SPECIFIC DATE. INSTEAD, SPECIFY A DAY OF THE WEEK. BE SURE AND LIST TWO ALTERNATE DAYS OF THE WEEK. Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. $12; Dress Circle $12; Mezz. $10; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6, 5, 4. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15; Dress Circle $15; Mezz. $12; Rear Mezz. $9, 8, 7, 6, 5. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $8; Dress Circle $8; Mezz. $6; Rear Mezz. $5, 4. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $9; Dress Circle $9; Mezz. $7; Rear Mezz. $6 & 5.
PALACE THEATRE
Broadway at 47th Street, N.Y.C. 10036

WALDORF-ASTORIA
THE LETTERMEN
Musical Conductor • Wilson Brown
EMPIRE ROOM • MAY 18-30
2 shows nightly except Sun.
9 and 12. Dancing.
Res.: Call Camilo (212) 355-3000.
June 1–13 • SONNY & CHER
June 15–27 • TRINI LOPEZ
Diners Club, American Express &
Carte Blanche credit cards honored.

devoted to economic systems and environmental control to speak out on behalf of Communism in general and the Soviet Union in particular. Although the protocol of the seminars permitted each of the participants to expand on the salient points of his paper, Professor Semenov chose merely to read his and to assert that the Marxian principles of state ownership provided for social control over pollution. He cited air-quality standards enforced by the Soviet Ministry of Health, saying, "When these limits are exceeded, the authorities take urgent steps to remedy the situation, including the halting of industrial enterprises that have created the situation."

The next paper to be taken up was that of Professor Goldman, who, in addition to teaching at Wellesley, is an associate of the Russian Research Center at Harvard. His paper, "Environmental Disruption in the Soviet Union," was devoted to proving the statement made in its first sentence: ". . . environmental disruption (E.D.) is as serious a concern in the U.S.S.R. as it is in the U.S.A." In direct contradiction of Professor Semenov, Professor Goldman set forth a number of cases in which pollution had been allowed to run unchecked, for purposes of production, over the permissible health and safety limits. Probably equally offensive to Professor Semenov was the American's dry opening remark that he would discuss new and uncovered points, principally relating to Japanese E.D. problems, "since I assume that most of you have read my paper." The situation was not eased when Professor Tokue Shibata, an economist from the Metropolitan University of Tokyo, asked Professor Semenov whether E.D. in the Soviet Union was "based on the shortcomings of your administrative system?"

During the coffee break later, Professor Semenov drew Professor Tsuru and the session's chairman, Professor Breton, aside and demanded that he be given the floor for an extra twenty minutes. When they replied that the agenda called for the recognition of speakers who had not yet been heard, Professor Semenov announced that he would walk out of the conference. Professor Tsuru yielded, and when the seminar resumed Professor Breton declared that Professor Semenov had been given permission to discuss "positive aspects of pollution control in the Soviet Union." Basically, the twenty minutes were devoted to an attack on the papers of Professor Goldman and Professor Dahmén, who had also declared in his paper that "state-owned


Barbados is very special at Sandy Lane.

Barbados has 33 sugar beaches. We think our hotel has the best. All our rooms have private verandahs. Barbados has perfect weather throughout the year. Perfect for our swimming, water skiing, skin diving, tennis and golf. The Bajan moon shines down on our outdoor dancing and diversified entertainment. Lots of exciting things to do and places to visit. And even the price is special. Just $33 single and $48 double room daily, Apr. 16 to Dec. 15, MAP (breakfast and dinner).

Sandy Lane Hotel
BARBADOS, WEST INDIES
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., Dept. NY, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020. (212) JU 6-4500. Other offices: Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami, Toronto.

MALDON
PURE CRYSTAL
table sea salt
WOOD SALT MILL
Our little French import, 3½″ tall, releases the full savor of every salt crystal to draw out the flavor in meats, seafood, vegetables. All wood, no metal parts to corrode. $2.75 ppd.
MALDON SALT CRYSTALS "Panned" from the sea off Suffolk, England, since Roman times, this rare salt is particularly acclaimed by food authorities. 1 lb. box $1.98 ea. ppd. Mail orders filled promptly. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
COLONIAL GARDEN Country Kitchen
Dept. NY5-23, 270 W. Merrick Road,
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11582

People who stay at the Colonial Inn feel like they've never left home.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

companies are no different from privately owned companies in the extent to which they damage the environment."

E.D. does exist in the Soviet Union, Professor Semenov conceded, not without emotion. "We don't try to hide it," he said. "The thing is, what to do about it. In fifty years, we underwent a course of development that most countries have been following for two hundred to three hundred years. We had to hurry. If there had been no threat to us of war, then our priorities would have included more social measures for our development. We are criticizing ourselves even more than Professor Goldman. But we are criticizing ourselves to find out what should be done." At that, he flipped the Goldman and Dahmén papers back on the table. "I am disappointed with this material in the way it mostly includes political accusations."

Professor Breton called for "pertinent comments," and other participants attempted cautiously to heal the breach. Professor Takabumi Isomura, of Osaka Municipal University, said, "At the moment, whether Socialist or capitalist, E.D. is E.D."

Professor Leontief also eased the situation by renewing his non-political appeal for research. "It should be common policy for all of us to develop information," he said. "Once we have that, it will not prescribe any course of action, but it will help us to take action."

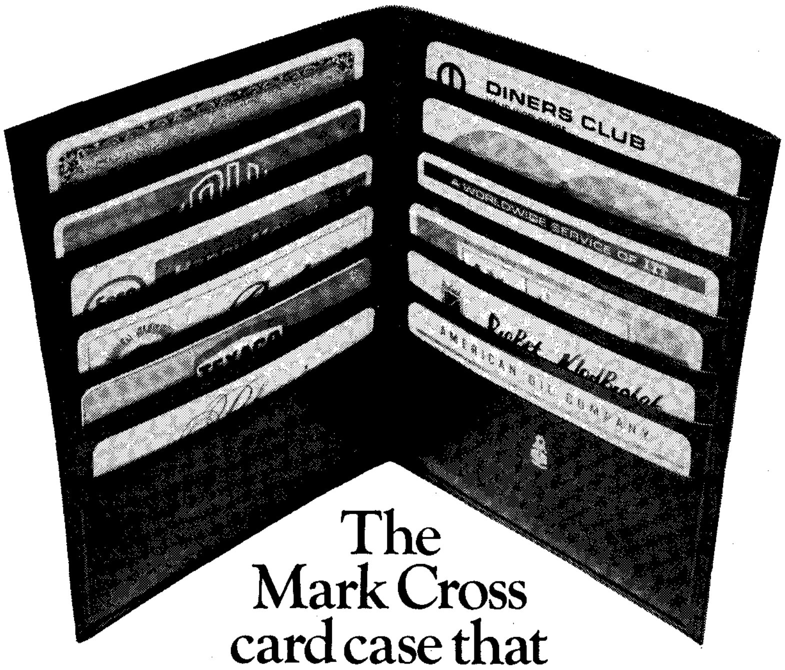
It remained, however, for Professor Goldman to bring the discussion—and the seminar—to a peaceful conclusion. "Strange as it may seem, I find myself agreeing with Professor Semenov," he announced. "Americans are egoistic, and I wasn't really addressing myself to the Soviet Union but, rather, to my own country, and perhaps the Japanese. I think it would have been presumptuous of me to look at the problem from the point of view of what the Russians should do. I really think that what would be most significant is to conclude that we all have the wrong kind of thermostat in our emphasis on gross national product. The more we increase G.N.P., the more likely we are to have E.D. What we have to do is improve the standard of living for all classes. We all have this kind of problem, and that is the reason for just this kind of conference."

—Fred C. Shapiro

•

ONE MUST EAT MANGO
TO APPRECIATE TASTE
—*Headline in the Sunday News.*

That dashes *that* hope!

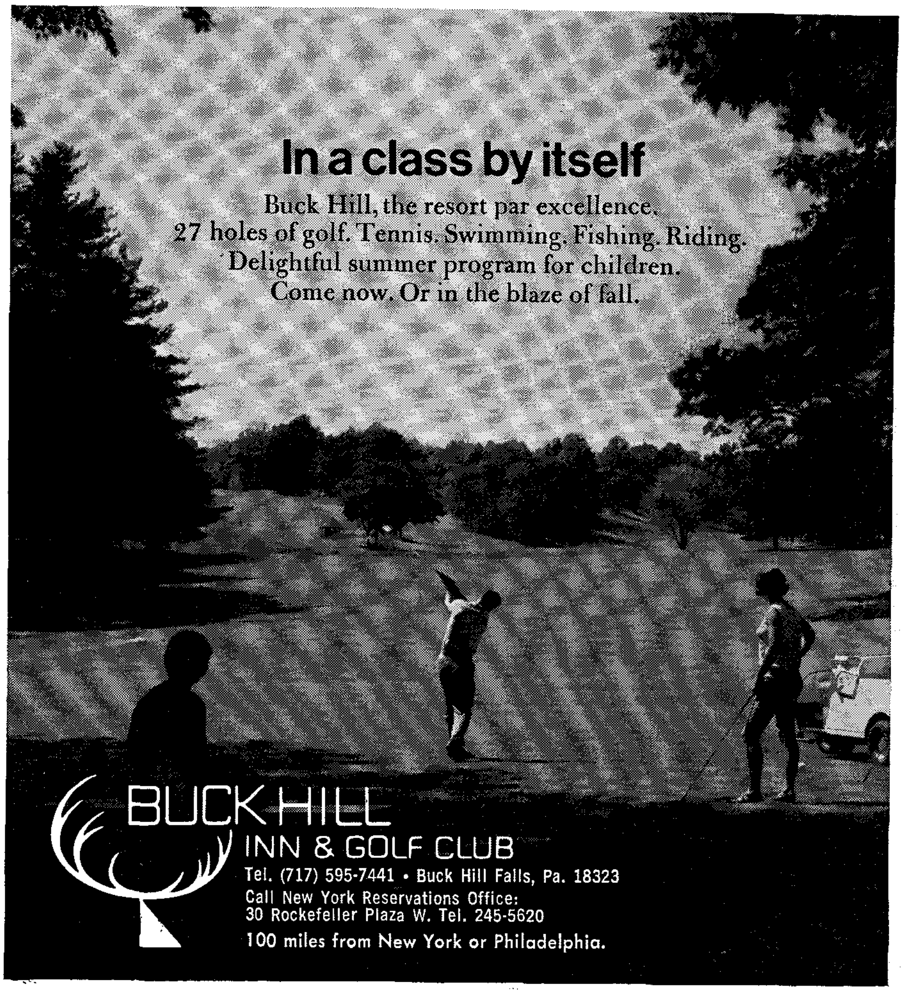

DINERS CLUB
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
AMERICAN OIL COMPANY
TEXACO

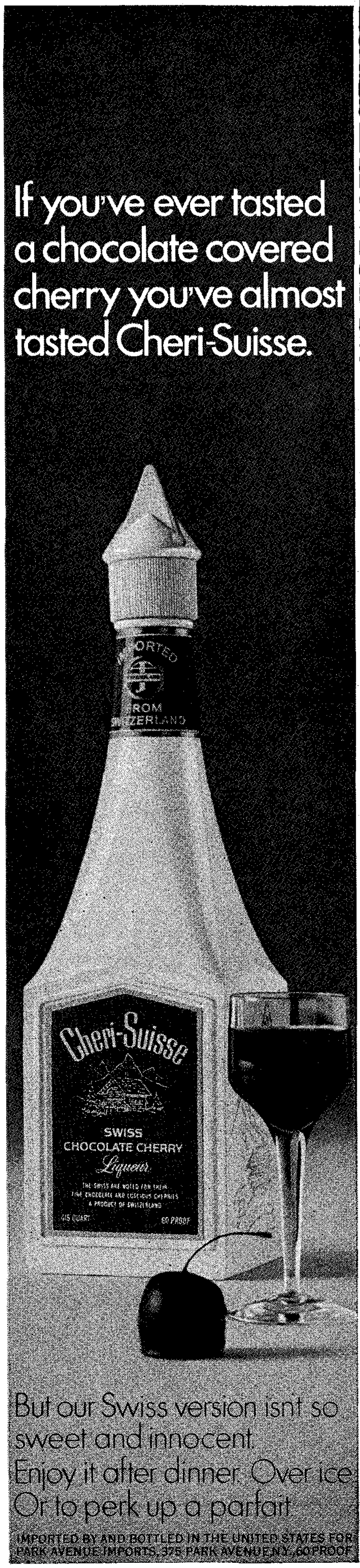
The
Mark Cross
card case that
thinks it's a wallet. $22

Comes in buttery black calf with twelve card slots, two large pockets for papers and stuff, plus roomy compartment for bills. 5½" x 4". To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C., or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 70¢ postage beyond delivery area.)

MARK CROSS

New York/San Francisco/Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Detroit/Bal Harbour, Fla.


In a class by itself
Buck Hill, the resort par excellence.
27 holes of golf. Tennis. Swimming. Fishing. Riding.
Delightful summer program for children.
Come now. Or in the blaze of fall.
BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
Tel. (717) 595-7441 • Buck Hill Falls, Pa. 18323
Call New York Reservations Office:
30 Rockefeller Plaza W. Tel. 245-5620
100 miles from New York or Philadelphia.

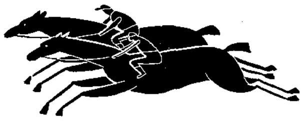


If you've ever tasted a chocolate covered cherry you've almost tasted Cheri-Suisse.
IMPORTED FROM SWITZERLAND
Cheri-Suisse
SWISS CHOCOLATE CHERRY Liqueur
THE SWISS ARE NOTED FOR THEIR FINE CHOCOLATE AND LUSCIOUS CHERRIES A PRODUCT OF SWITZERLAND
4/5 QUART
60 PROOF
But our Swiss version isn't so sweet and innocent.
Enjoy it after dinner. Over ice. Or to perk up a parfait.
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, N.Y. 60 PROOF

THE RACE TRACK

Winning Personality

THE courage of a sleek little bay colt and the skill of two men combined last weekend to give racing its high moment of the season. The colt was Personality, who won the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore, and the men were John Jacobs, who trains him, and Eddie Belmonte, who rides him. The margin of victory was desperately slender, for Personality beat My Dad George by no more than a neck, but he did it fair and square. Racing luck played no appreciable part in it, and since Silent Screen, who came in third, was in there fighting it out almost to the end, the finish was as stirring as any I've seen for years in Maryland's classic for three-year-olds.



Even the preliminaries to the Preakness were interesting, for Pimlico put on a good show. The fourteen runners were saddled on the turf course in front of the grandstand—all, that is, except Naskra, who, being skittish, was saddled in the paddock. They were a good-looking, well-trained lot. Dust Commander was first to arrive, led by a pony boy wearing a bright-yellow jacket with "Preakness" in black letters on the back. As ever, Silent Screen caught the eye, and he had the biggest crowd around him. My Dad George was the picture of fitness, too, and Personality, as frisky as usual, looked particularly sharp. I do think the band should have waited until the horses had passed by on the way to the post before striking up "Maryland, My Maryland." I like the air myself, but at least half a dozen of the runners didn't, bucking and rearing as the music blared out.

There was no delay at the post, and Eddie Blind, wearing a magnificent yellow-and-black plaid sports jacket, sent the field away to a good start. To my surprise, Oh Fudge was first round the clubhouse turn, followed by Plenty Old. (They finished last and next to last.) At the half-mile ground, however, Silent Screen passed them, and he held the lead until well into the stretch. Personality was always in a good position, but My Dad George began slowly, as usual, and didn't begin to move up until he rounded the far turn. You could say about the same thing for Dust Commander, but while My Dad George took the overland route Dust Commander kept to the rails. As they turned into the stretch, Dust Commander was fourth, with a clear path ahead, and was running so well that it looked as though this would be the Kentucky Derby all over again, but with a furlong left he seemed to go all to pieces. Maybe it was the track, or that doubtful ankle. It can hardly have been the pace, which was about the same as that of the Derby—0:23⅖, 0:46⅘, 1:10⅘, 1:36⅗, 1:56⅕. Anyhow, he wound up ninth.

It must have been a heartbreaker for My Dad George's stable to have him favorite and second again, as he was in the Derby—and this time a much closer second. Once again, it was plain that Silent Screen is no more than a miler—but a good miler. I'm sure that Personality's post position helped him no end; in the Derby he drew sixteenth, and in the Preakness he was next to High Echelon, his stablemate, who was on the rail. Fair enough, since he's a light-bodied little fellow and actually isn't three years old yet. He was foaled on May 27, 1967. As you know, Personality is owned by Mrs. Ethel Jacobs and trained by her son, who took over the job after the death of his father. Many race-trackers—and they're a sentimental lot—feel that the victory was a tribute to Hirsch Jacobs, one of America's top trainers, who, although he had more than thirty-five hundred winners, never had one in the Derby, the Preakness, or the Belmont Stakes. But he bred and developed Hail to Reason, the sire of Personality, and was very fond of the colt's dam, Affectionately. When Personality himself was only a few months old, Jacobs predicted that he would be a good one.

As you may be a little tired of hearing, this year's Preakness was the richest ever; the gross value was $203,800 and the winner's share $151,300. Attendance was 42,474—just short of the record—but the crowd in the infield looked larger than any I remember. Picnickers with baskets were all over the place, and there were stands where you could get Black Label beer, Borden's milk, cotton candy, hot dogs, and Lord knows what else. Altogether, the infielders had fun.

SORRY, but I have bad news, too. According to reports from California, Arts and Letters, who finished sixth in the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park last Saturday, came out of the race with an injury to the suspensory ligament in his left foreleg. How serious it is won't be known for days, but I doubt if he'll be under colors for months. As for the race, it was won by Baffle, who is owned by Frank McMahon and trained by Johnny Longden. Five lengths behind, Figonero took second place by a length and a quarter from Nodouble, the top weight, under 130 pounds. Baffle carried 113. Baeza, who rode Arts and Letters, is quoted as saying that his mount stumbled slightly at the start and never seemed to get striding smoothly. Had Arts and Letters won, Elliott Burch, who trains him, intended to give him a race on the grass and, if he went well in that, to send him to Paris for the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud in July. Oh, well . . .

Three-Year-Old fillies, two dozen of them, were in action at Aqueduct last weekend in the Acorn Stakes, at a mile—the first of the trilogy that the New York Racing Association calls its Triple Crown for Fillies. Like its preliminary, the Comely Stakes, which was held ten days before, it had to be split and run in two sections. In the first, Mrs. Lawrence Knapp, Jr., paid a five-thousand-dollar supplementary nomination fee to put her Royal Signal, a winner of the Comely, into the race, and Royal Signal obligingly led most of the way to win, followed by Cold Comfort, Luci Tee, and nine others. In the second section, another five-thousand-dollar supplementary nominee, Cathy Honey—a nimble member of Hastings Harcourt's Flag Is Up Farm, who had won her last start by eight lengths—won from Missile Belle, Fast Attack, and nine others. Her time of 1:36 was a tick faster than Royal Signal's.

Aqueduct closes this weekend, and we'll all be at Belmont again. —Audax Minor

•

AN ENCOURAGING THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the inside front cover of the Bell Laboratories Record, January, 1969*]

In line with its goal of furnishing dependable telephone communications under every foreseeable condition, the Bell System is constructing major sections of the telephone network to ensure continuous service despite the effects of nearby bomb blasts. To make this possible, Bell Laboratories has conducted exhaustive studies of the effects of such explosions.

The Peaceful Pleasures of The Homestead

A walk in the woods, a million miles from routine. A friendly foursome on any of three championship golf courses. If you wish, the new slim you that emerges from our Spa. The unpretentiously elegant Homestead way of dining, dancing and entertainment. The cheerful choice of letting your youngsters join your game, or play around on their own.*

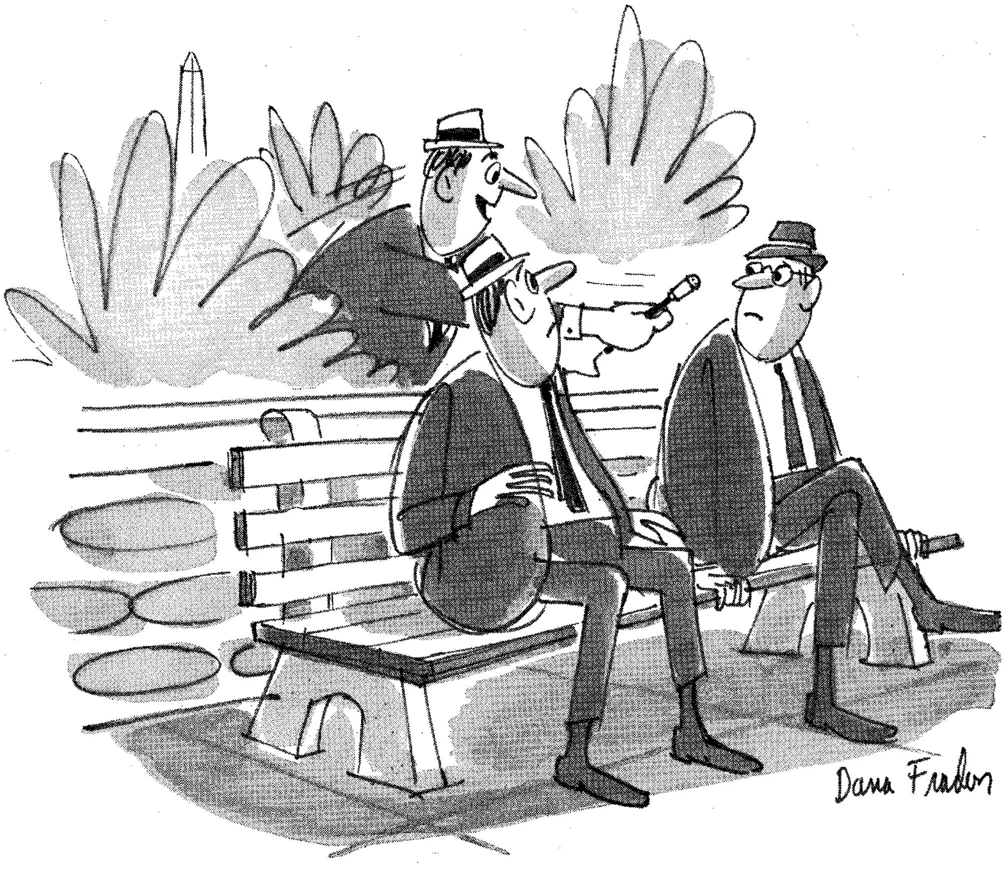
THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort

*Tennis, buckboard and surrey driving, trout fishing, horseback riding, mineral spa, swimming pools, ten-pin and lawn bowling, woodland walking trails, three championship 18-hole golf courses, skeet & trap shooting, children's playground, seventeen thousand acres for loafing. Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500. The Homestead is easily reached via U.S. Route 220, Piedmont Airlines, or Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Oh, Harry

HARRY is Elliott. Elliott Gould, in a tear-gas romance that seems likely to be the first of a lot of tear-gas romances. This carefully amusing, ham-fisted pioneer of a form is called "Getting Straight," and it was produced and directed by Richard Rush. Harry is a roistering but scholarly postgraduate who goes on loving books and imparting the love of books in the middle of a stormy campus. He is in love with a smashingly beautiful but amazingly dopey student called Jan (Candice Bergen). When she gazes at him, chin trembling after a college riot, she has that fashion model's look suggesting that still waters are running deep, though they probably aren't running anywhere at all. If the couple weren't in a film—and a film so bound to end well—one would be pretty worried about them. They ask such different things of life. Jan wants to get married, she says raptly, looking braced and religious, like Joan of Arc, and she wants to watch television with her husband on Saturday evenings. Harry wants to horse around and to teach. He loves children, he says, having his own form of gumminess in spite of the horsing around. Between his carousing and his yelling at Jan and his moments of impressing the campus with his gift for diatribe, he teaches Eng. Lit. One of his students is called Garcia and is presented as a dumb savage who has just come down from the trees. I think he is supposed to be a Mexican-American. According to the film, he has this unformed love of literature. When he is discovered in class reading "Batman," Harry the guru doesn't confiscate the thing but exclaims instead that it expresses the nineteenth-century romanticism that twentieth-century heroes are made of. "There's a definite likeness to Don Quixote," he says, whisking the Don bang into the nineteenth century. Farther on in the film, in the middle of a crisis between Harry and Jan, when Harry has lost his teaching job because of loving the truth and freedom of speech too much to compromise with the rather well-drawn stiffnecks on the faculty, he takes a dolorous look at a paper of Garcia's and shows it to Jan, who reads the opening out loud. Garcia has written that after hearing Harry talk in class he went to the library and got out "Don Quixote." "He better than Batman. He braver," Garcia is said to have written in his paper. Jan reads this out in a soulful voice and says, thrilled, "Oh, *Harry*. That's so *beautiful*. He *understood*." This is one of the things that finally draw Jan and Harry together, after troubles about male prerogatives and about whether or not she took part in a student riot only because, as Harry roars at her, it's sexy. Harry's outbursts upset Jan, and she also resents his quite trusting request of her to iron his underpants. Harry, of course, hates Jan for her middle-class ideals, and in the middle of the film she goes off with an indeed maddeningly bourgeois gynecologist. But Harry wins her back, after several student riots. A context for winning a girl back seems to be what the riots are there for, somehow, in this film; they seem to be happening not because of Vietnam or the draft or grass but to supply emergencies that will drive the true loves together. Jan secretly loves Harry because of his scholarliness, which is of a new sort, including cheating at exams (dissidence) and standing on a table in the middle of his Master's oral to yell limericks about Scott Fitzgerald and Milton because some pedant has driven him mad with a knowing theory about a thread of homosexual love in "The Great Gatsby." Harry is your true book lover. You can tell this very early in the film because of the way he thumps his feet on the dashboard of his extremely unfunctioning car to get the works to work. He may annoy the literary élite of the college with his swashbuckling ideas of reading appreciation, he may send up the various girls who assault him in bed with their questions about James Baldwin, but a man who boots a careworn old car like that is signalling himself to be the true abstracted bookworm whom our times take to be lost. When the younger young around him are furious on behalf of student rights to take pot, he tells them off the top of his head about the precedents at Yale and Sarah Lawrence. It takes him the length of the film—his coming to maturity, *splat!*—to see the student strikes seriously. To begin with, he only sends up the black



"Pardon me. Would you mind repeating what you said just before you said, 'If this be treason, make the most of it'?"

CHEVY'S NEW LITTLE CAR: IF YOU LIKE THE 1971, YOU'LL LIKE THE 1975.

If you've been with us for the past few weeks, you know we're ready with our own little car, the Vega 2300. Almost.

But first, there are a few things we've been meaning to talk to you about.

No shiny new ashtray knobs.

Before we tell you anything about the car itself, we think you should know that once it comes out, it's going to stay out. We don't plan to change it for at least four years.

We've got it just the way we want it, and we think you'll like it.

Of course, there is the possibility that we'll find ways to improve Vega from a functional standpoint. If we do, we will. We'll make you a promise, though: no change for the sake of change.

So, when you see the 1971 Vega, you'll be getting a preview of Vegas to come. That's how confident we are. Here's why.

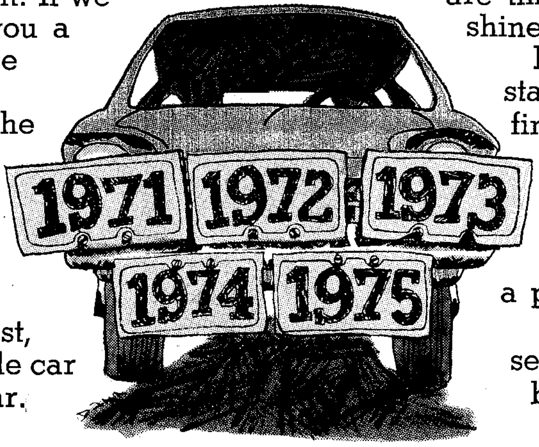
Little, but big.

To be perfectly honest, we're pretty proud. Our little car is unlike any other little car.

For one thing, it is indeed little: it's on a tight 97-inch wheelbase, and it's built for four passengers. Yet it feels bigger, because there's as much room per passenger as there is in many big cars.

There are other things that make our Vega a lot of little car, like its zippy performance, its quiet ride, and even its taut, smooth handling. In fact, our little car is more than just maneuverable—it's plain old fun.

Naturally, all of these things are ads in themselves, so stay tuned to this magazine.



Little, but little.

Although our little car feels and acts like a much bigger car, there are times when its littleness really shines.

Like when you pull into a gas station. We aren't ready with final figures yet, but we can say this much: Vega will get gas mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of the economy cars. And that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Our little Vega will also seem very little when you go to buy it: prices will be very close to ordinary little cars.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA
CHEVROLET

Can professional management help make your $5,000 to $50,000 portfolio grow as fast as you want?

Whether you are investing in common stocks for retirement income, children's education or freedom from financial worry, you want your money to grow as rapidly as possible. Yet, perhaps for reasons beyond your control, you may find your capital is not building up as fast as you expect it to.

To help solve this very problem, investors in more than 55 countries use The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. The professional supervision it offers can, we believe, work to balance the risks of common stock investments and help you better achieve your capital growth goals.

Find out how you may begin benefiting from this tested plan with as little as $5,000 in cash or securities. For a free copy of our 42-page descriptive booklet, including a complete 10-year "performance record," simply write Dept. L-87.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

Washington's best address for important business

THE
MANGER
Hay-Adams
HOTEL

Across from the White House
16th at H Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. (202) 638-2260
New York area: (212) 265-2100
E. K. Vaughn — General Manager

☆

Manger Hotels and Motor Inns are located in: Charlotte, Cleveland, Indianapolis, New York City, Tampa, Savannah and Washington, D.C.

The finest ice in the Grenadines

The perfect hideaway resort hotel, a 113-acre private island, south of St. Vincent, north of Grenada. Charter cruise yachtsmen make a beeline here for . . . the finest ice in the Grenadines.

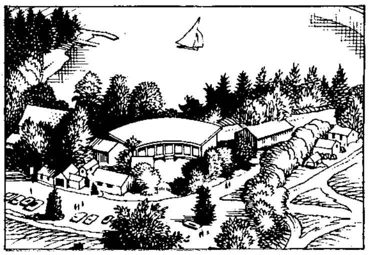
For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or call our New York office: (212) 986-4373. Petit St.Vincent Resort

militants. "Right, it's crucial to you whether Beethoven's grandmother was an octoroon," he bawls, in one of the ironic blasts that Elliott Gould's particular style of combustible dourness makes seem less studied than the lines are. "But Selma was more important." Harry's notorious wild ways are always getting him into trouble. But by the end of the film, when Jan has nipped off to her supercilious gynecologist lover and had her flaming rows with Harry and come weeping into his bedroom with a crack on her head after a student riot, his furious love of literature wins out. He gets his girl—in the middle of another riot—after flunking his oral, which is an act that may well fall in with some quite widespread new notion about the nature of courage in scholarship. Most of the big moments in the romantic line of the film come in the middle of riots; when Harry is standing on the examining table yelling his limericks, for instance, a closeup of his angry trouser legs frames a triangle of window looking onto a demonstration. The photographic technique of the film is all its own, and very insistent. The camera keeps on switching focus in dialogue scenes, fuzzing the character near the camera when the far one is speaking, and then anticipating a reply by changing focus onto the near one, with a time lag of worrying expectancy before the line which is like the pause after a hiss from prompt corner.

As the official synopsis says—which is not the film's fault—Jan is "a lovely being that personifies the natural feminine vitality prevailing on today's college campus." It doesn't seem the time to chatter about campuses' having "vitality," but never mind. The film itself is also pretty ridiculous without doing much harm. Everything is earnestly thought about but slightly planted. Police brutality is demonstrated in riot sequences with clubbing *and* Mace *and* hosing *and* tear gas: the lowest common multiple of it, not the highest common factor.

TWO poor films about real estate, which jump onto some bandwagon of treating contemporary subjects in a way that gives ease and style to liberal fantasies of shame. Hal Ashby's "The Landlord" shows a weak-jawed, rich white New Yorker in lax combat with his boozing mother, who plays croquet, goes to costume balls attended by nobs metaphorically dressed up as Old American Heroes, and hates blacks and Jews. For fun, and partly to rile her, he buys a New York tenement and learns by proxy about being poor and

Your haven from a harried world.



Opening June 14th.

Basin Harbor is 700 acres of beautiful tranquility on the shores of Lake Champlain. Golf on our uncrowded 18-hole course. Fish, sail and relax on this lovely lake. Swim in our 75-foot pool. Play tennis in the clear Vermont air. Enjoy delicious food and great guest rooms. We also have special children's programs, so bring the whole family. Come this summer or fall. We're open until October 15th.

For information and reservations, New York Reservation Office: 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. Tel: (212) LT 1-6595 or write Robert H. Beach, Manager, Box 8A.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Tel (802) 475-2311
VERGENNES, VERMONT 05491

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
PAUL ANKA
THE BLOSSOMS
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11 & 2
SPECIAL PROM LATE SHOWS FRI. & SAT.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $19.00. Doubles from $26.00. Suites from $29.00.

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

Fine Foods Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

black. Conservatory daydream, muggy and florid. "Leo the Last," directed by John Boorman, is more of the same, from England: A very allegorical prince who is the last of his line, born in an unnamed country, and played by Marcello Mastroianni, suddenly finds out that he is the slum landlord of a streetful of immigrants and down-and-outs. He has always liked to spy on them with a telescope. The camera technique includes peephole devices. The street, with characteristic symbolism, is a cul-de-sac; the rich man's mixed guilt and sexual pleasure in scrutinizing the ways of his freer-spirited victims lead him nowhere and only bruise his nature. His guilt becomes something he can use theatrically. One sees him going limp with it and being carted around in procession by his tenants, as if he were a burnt offering of capitalist compunction. The film is highly stylized and without much sense of character, which makes it unpitying toward anyone in it, prince or tenant. If we are in steep trouble, and if the picture dearly wishes to reflect that, which I think it does, the tone of its voice prohibits it from extending much charity or understanding of distress.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

While making a speech a couple of years ago on the peaceful application of nuclear explosives, I made reference to my familiarity with nuclear weapons. I said that "I'd seen their insides, and their outsides, sat on them, ridden with them and watched them explode."

The following week a member of my staff pointed out that Don MacLean of the Washington Daily News had mentioned my speech in his daily column. I obtained a copy of the News and sure enough, there at the bottom of the page was—"Congressman Craig Hosmer (R-Calif) claims to have sat on a nuclear bomb. What do you think he was trying to do? Hatch it?"

For the record I would like to say that is not what I had in mind.—*Craig Hosmer in Roll Call, the Newspaper of Capitol Hill.*

We give up. What *did* you have in mind?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

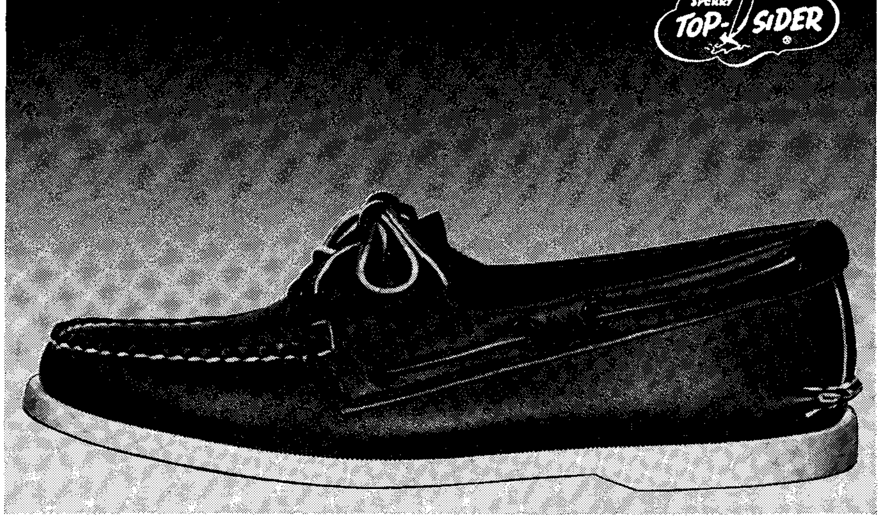
[*From remarks made by E. D. Brockett, chairman of the board of the Gulf Oil Corporation, to the Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania, as printed in the company publication, the Gulf Oilmanac*]

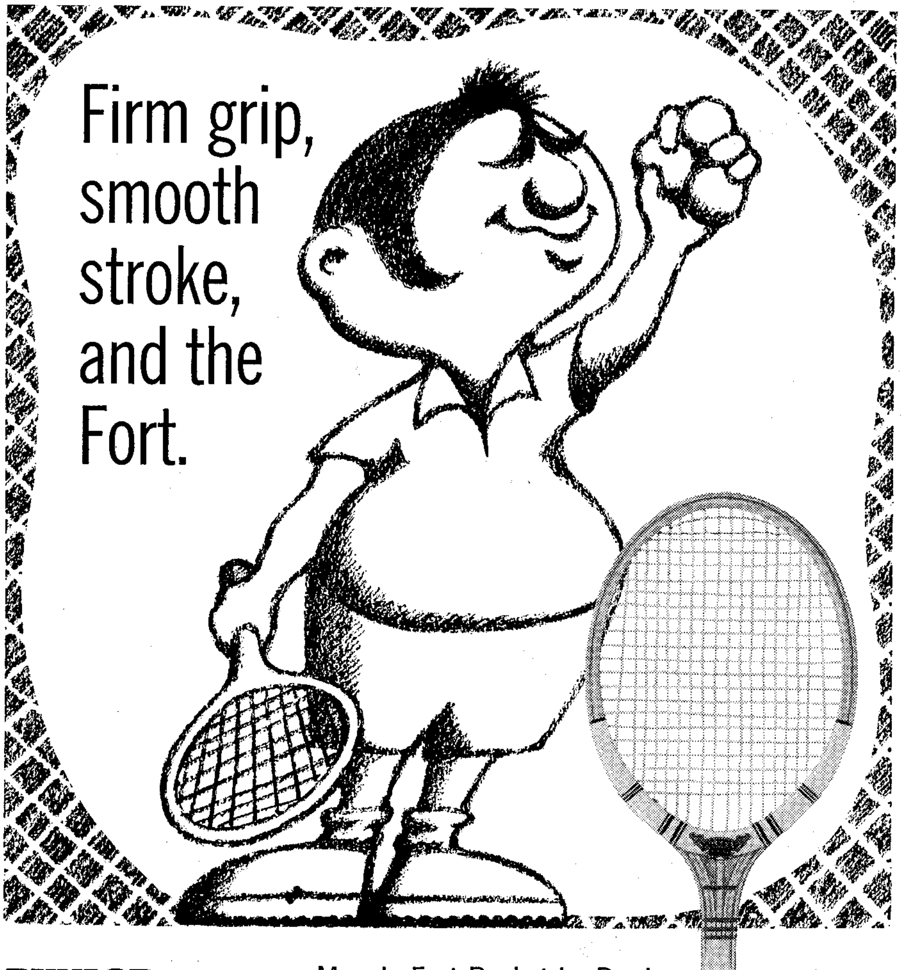
As we look at the conclusion of the 1960's and scan ahead to the decade of the 1970's that is beginning, we see business everywhere spilling across national boundaries and covering the globe. In no case has this been more true than in the oil industry.

THE SNEAKY SHOE

1st name afoot afloat comes ashore. **Sperry Top-Sider.** Cup race or rat race. The sneaky shoe that outcomforts bare feet. The sole that outgrips floor or deck. No skidding! Shown, the sailor's, student's favorite. Moccasin comfort. Barefoot flexibility. Men's, women's $24. Among several other styles; real sneaky oxfords — old salt canvas, fast dry nylon, new racy lace-to-toe nylon; and Leather Campus Casuals. $8. to $26. Catalog from Sperry Top-Sider, 18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Connecticut 06770.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER



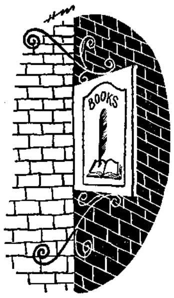

Firm grip, smooth stroke, and the Fort.

DUNLOP Buffalo, N.Y. 14240 Maxply Fort Racket by Dunlop.

BOOKS

TWO NEGLECTED AMERICAN NOVELISTS

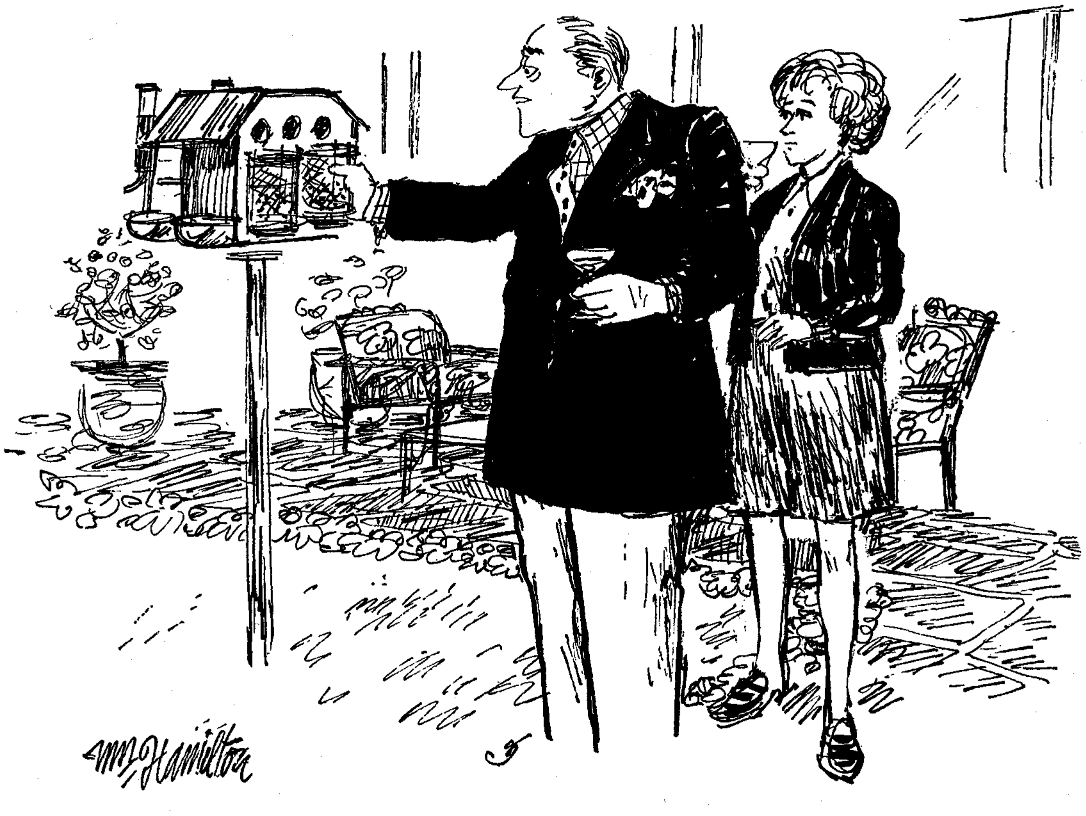
I—Henry B. Fuller: The Art of Making It Flat



THE nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds, when looked at from the later decades, are likely to seem a dim period in American literature. The quality and the content of the fiction were mainly determined by the magazines that aimed to please a feminine public. There were writers of great reputation whom no one except the literary historian would think of looking into today. But there did exist also—outsold and outpublicized—a kind of underground of real social critics and conscientious artists who were hardly recognized or who were recognized only when one of them struck off some book that was daring or arresting enough to call special attention to its author. Harold Frederic's "The Damnation of Theron Ware," which dealt in a disturbing way with the contemporary problems of the clergy, was a book that was much read both in England and here; Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage" was so intensely conceived and written that, though pooh-poohed by academics like Barrett Wendell, it could not be disregarded, and Crane himself became a public legend, although every effort was made to see that this legend was a disreputable one; George W. Cable, in the eighties, had had his success with a serious novel, "The Grandissimes," but his treatment of situations created in the South by the mixture of white and black blood and his pamphleteering books on the Negro question became so repugnant to his editors and so outrageous to his Southern neighbors that he was forced to fall back on sentimental romance and exploitation of the then marketable "local color;" Kate Chopin, who wrote also of Louisiana, was also acceptable as a local-colorist, but she so scandalized the public in 1899 by her treatment of adultery in "The Awakening" that she is said to have been discouraged from writing any more novels; and, in spite of the championship of Howells, the New Englander John DeForest, in his Balzacian effort to cover his own era as well as parts of the historical past—the Revolution and the Salem witches, the Civil War and the corruption of the Grant Administration—in an objective and realistic way, was never accepted at all.

It has been only in quite recent years that this area has been gradually excavated. The first collection of Crane, who died in 1900, was brought out in 1925, in a very limited edition. DeForest's "Miss Ravenel's Conversion," his most notable Civil War novel, was reprinted only in 1939, "The Grandissimes" only in 1957. "The Damnation of Theron Ware" has suddenly been resuscitated in no less than three recent reprintings, and Frederic's stories of the Civil War have now for the first time been collected in one volume and brought out by the Syracuse University Press. The latest of these writers to be discovered and the one who has in general had least justice done him is Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago, but now at last "With the Procession," one of the best of his novels, has been reprinted by the Chicago University Press, and this provides an occasion to give some account of Fuller, a unique and distinguished writer who does not deserve to be dumped in the drawer devoted to regional novelists for a chapter in an academic literary history.

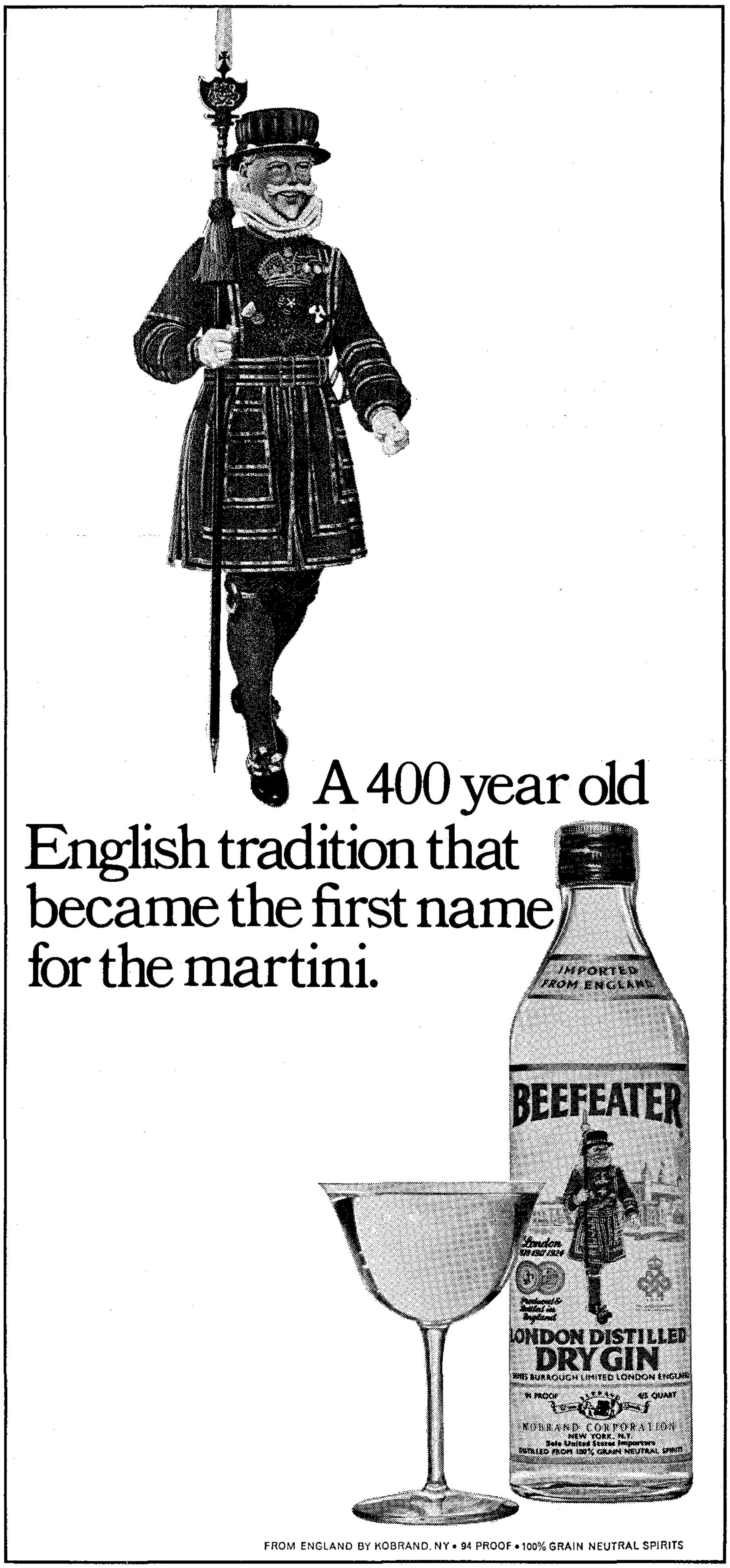
HENRY BLAKE FULLER was born in Chicago (January 9, 1857), but his family on both sides had been New Englanders. His grandfather was a cousin of Margaret Fuller. This grandfather, following a frequent progression, had moved first to western New York, then to the Middle West. He was one of those Americans of the period who combined making money in business with a sense of public responsibility. He had been a dry-goods merchant in Albion, New York, a county judge in Michigan, and in still pioneering Chicago a railroad man and the entrepreneur of the laying of forty miles of water pipes. Henry was an only son. At school he was a brilliant student. He did not go to college but



"Sixty-seven fifty for that! Who the hell do you think I am? St. Francis?"

had all the New England will to self-improvement. He learned languages and studied music, composed, wrote poetry, kept a diary, and made lists of necessary reading. He led a protected and isolated life, saw little of other young people. Out of school, he worked at first in his father's bank, but when Henry was twenty-two, Judge Fuller died, and he probably left his grandson some money, for Henry sailed for Europe that summer. He travelled in Europe a year, and thereafter, through the eighties and nineties, continued every few years to return for six months or so.

The first result of these visits, published in 1890, under a pseudonym and at Fuller's own expense, was a short novel, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani." This book, which was called in its time a little classic and a minor masterpiece, became the object of a kind of cult, of which I believe the last representative was the late Carl Van Vechten. It is an account of the travels in Italy of a cultivated Italian gentleman, and is something of an actual travel book in the taste of the then frequent articles in the more serious magazines, with their drawings of Old Chester and Picturesque Tuscany, intended especially for ladies who were obliged to stay at home or who saved up to and looked forward to eventual trips. But it is also something other than this. It is diversified by little adventures and flavored with demure humor. "The Chevalier"—which soon went into a better edition, published under Fuller's own name—was the first of a series of novels all preserving the same tone and dealing with the same group of characters. The names of these characters alone will convey Fuller's playful humor: besides the Cavaliere himself, there are his friend the French Seigneur of Hors-Concours; the Swiss Chatelaine of La Trinité and her companion Miss Aurelia West of Ohio, who later marries a Lyon manufacturer and becomes Mme. la Comtesse Aurélie de Feuillevolante; the Duke of Avon and Severn; Baron Zeitgeist and the Freiherr von Kaltenau; the Prorege of Arcopia and the Marquis of Tempo-Rubato; and Mr. Occident, also from Ohio. The second of these books, "The Chatelaine of La Trinité," appeared in 1892, but Fuller did not follow these up till "The Last Refuge," of 1900, and did not conclude the series till 1929, when, just before the end of his life, he published "Gardens of This World." These books belong to a school that is nowadays of little interest. The then fashionable


A 400 year old English tradition that became the first name for the martini.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, NY • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Reynolds rests its case on service

Service that lets us say more than 100,000 of our customers have been with us for *at least* five years.

All kinds of customers.

From retired couples we rarely hear from, to traders we're in touch with 10 times a day.

From the most sophisticated institutions to kids with custodian accounts who couldn't care less.

From stockholders who wouldn't miss a word of our periodic reports to speculators who want nothing but the latest releases from our Commodity Department.

From investors primarily interested in municipal bonds to others in mutual funds.

From those looking for short-term swings to those aiming at long-term gains.

From—well—*whatever* you name to whatever you name.

If it involves stocks, bonds, or commodities, we'll rest our case on service.

The service we provide for *you*.

Please mail me________copies of your booklet **"Directing Your Attention to Reynolds & Co."** that has complete details on your services for investors.

NY3

Name

Address

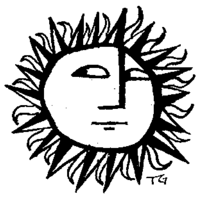
City State Zip

Telephone

Reynolds & Co.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AND OTHER LEADING EXCHANGES
120 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10005
Offices Coast to Coast

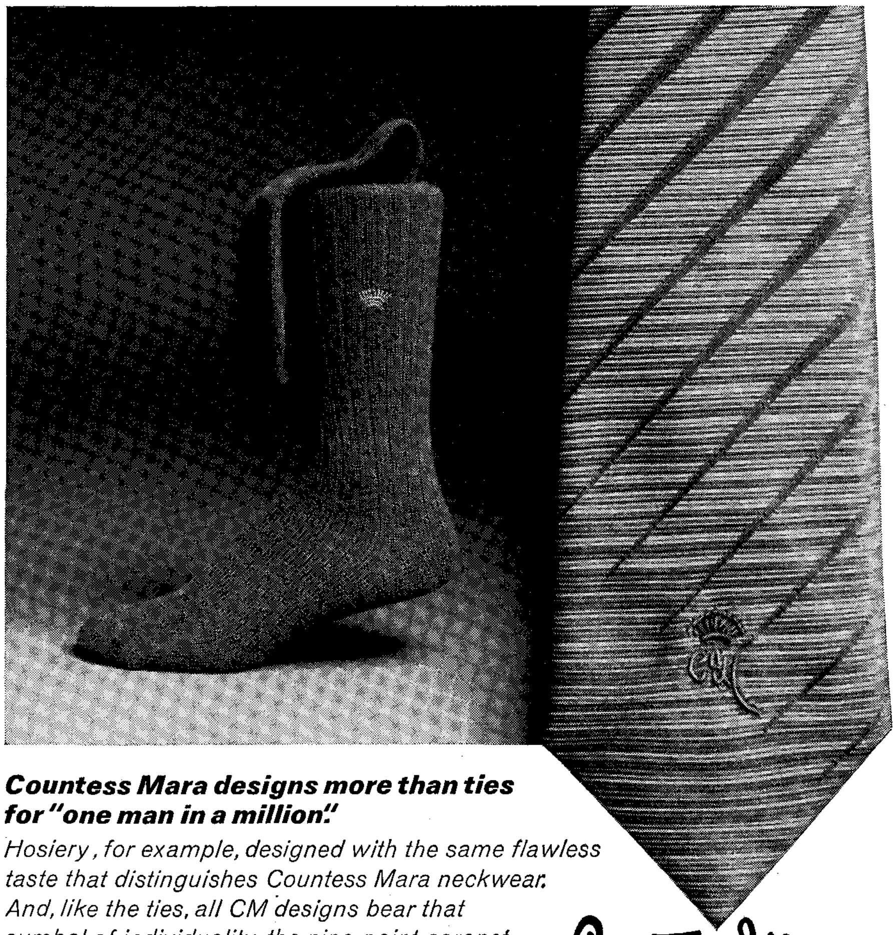
stories of Americans encountering sophisticated Europeans, usually embellished by titles, have today become rather embarrassing. They are one of the symptoms of the longing to get away from the ugly and crass society that flourished after the Civil War. Americans then had a mania for looking up their family trees and trying to establish connections with some noble house in England or elsewhere. Henry James had his Passionate Pilgrim, Mark Twain his American Claimant. At its gaudiest, this dream produced Graustark, the imaginary Balkan kingdom of glamour, dashing deeds, and gallant romance which was created by George Barr McCutcheon, originally a farm boy from Indiana.

A more alembicated product was the late fiction of Henry Harland, a coy kind of fairy tales—marvels of American snobbery and syrupy *fin-de-siècle* fine writing—which, so popular in the early nineteen-hundreds, are ridiculous, though still readable, today. The enchanting young hero and heroine, conversing in well-bred banter, are either royal or of very high rank, which, in their willingness to fall in love with commoners, they implausibly manage to conceal till they are headed for the final embrace. Harland's "The Cardinal's Snuffbox," once thought so utterly delightful and the author's greatest success, is actually so absurd that when the editor of *Punch*, Owen Seaman, attempted to parody it in his book "Borrowed Plumes," he could only fall short of the original. Edgar Saltus, the New York "society" novelist, is also in this tradition, but, a man of real worldly experience, he is genuinely amusing and witty, and he cultivated a certain perversity which prevented him from becoming saccharine as it prevented him from being popular. The European novels of Fuller belong to this tradition, too, but though they are not so wicked as Saltus's, they are very much more intelligent and much better written than Harland's. And Fuller, who so loved his noble connoisseurs, with their self-assured Old World savoir-faire, is nevertheless drolly ironic about those Americans themselves who admired and exaggerated these qualities. The happiest episode in the series seems to me the account of the efforts of Miss West of Ohio to induce the Chatelaine of La Trinité to live up to her ancestry and social position, which she has always taken for granted and to which she has not given much thought, and to arrange matches for her with suitable men, none of whom are much interested in her. The Chatelaine herself loses interest in the operation and retires to a house of retreat in Lausanne. In "Gardens of This World," which is supposed to take place after the First World War, these characters, now grown old, are still wandering around Europe, still in search of charming quiet spots, but they everywhere encounter Americans—a millionaire who wants to buy up ruins and works of art and transport them to the United States, but also two adventurous and energetic boys who are interested in flying and one of whom (he is half French, the son of Feuillevolante) eventually goes into his father's business.



FOR, in spite of Fuller's regret at the decline of Europe and his harsh or sad criticisms of his own country, there was a strong strain of patriotism in him, even a feeling of loyalty to Chicago. In the intervals between his trips abroad, he had always had to return to his native city, where, after his father's death, in 1885, he took over the responsibilities of the family's business affairs. In those of his books that take place in Europe, one is impressed by the thoroughness and exactitude of his knowledge of history, geography, literature, art, and architecture. He was equally well informed about Chicago. He seems always to have been up-to-date on the streets, the population, the buildings, on new developments and organizations. The objection sometimes made to Henry James that he knew nothing about American business is not at all in order in the case of the part-time expatriate Fuller. He knew everything about the interests which he had to administer—industry, real estate, finance, and the legal procedures entailed by these. In connection with the family properties, he collected rents and checked on the buildings; he could even himself mend the plumbing, and complained that this took up too much of his time. And he now began to write about Chicago. The results of this were rather surprising. The precision and elegance of Fuller's style—so unusual in the United States of the nineties—really make a better showing here, because they lend a distinction to often crude material, than they do in the European books, where they still leave a little arid, a little bleak with accurate fact, material which the author has labored to render graceful and alluring and foreign. In his travels, he is not very far from the tinted impressionism of Henry James, which seems to emanate from his mind like a vapor.

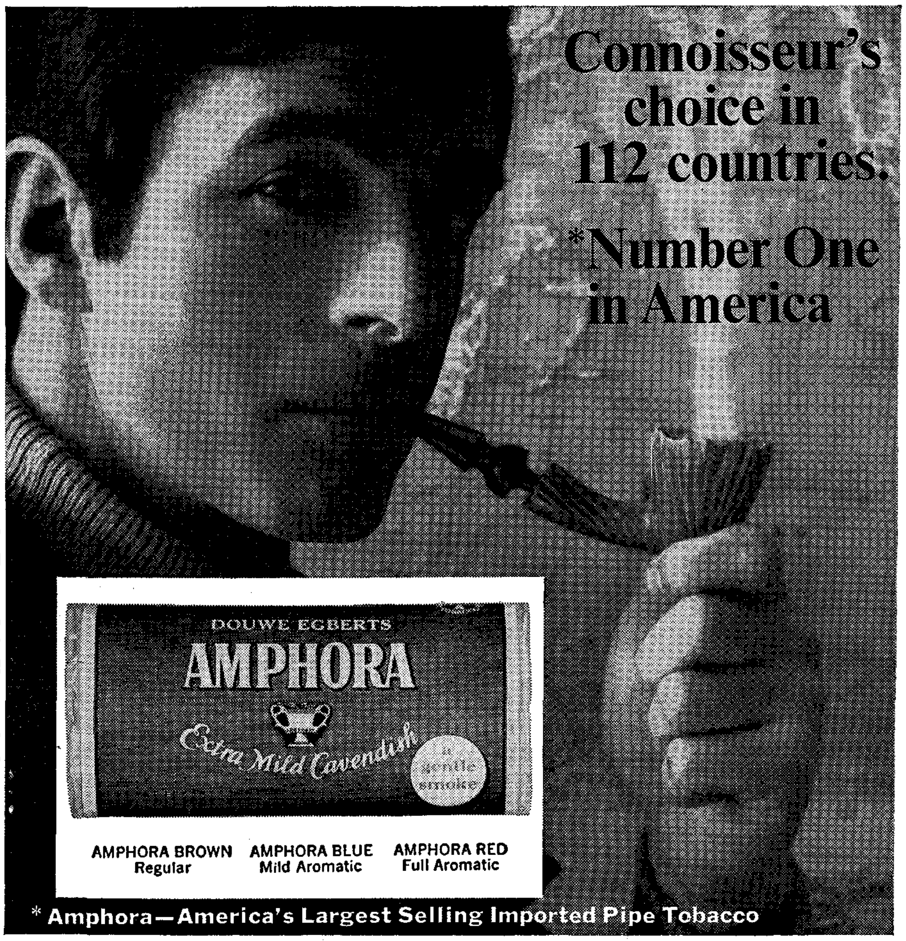
Fuller now writes two novels—"The Cliff-Dwellers" (1893) and "With the Procession" (1895)—about the life of the new, energetic city. The first of these dramatizes the organism of an eighteen-story office building, the Clifton—the man who built it and the people who work in it; the second the fortunes of a family of more or less simple Western origins (the father is a well-to-do wholesale grocer) who, as the city grows and prospers, are unable to adjust themselves to its more and more accelerated progress and, borne along by the money-driven tide which is symbolized in the first pages by the traffic of a Chicago street, become bewildered and broken in their efforts to keep up "with the procession." The general situation is embodied in the figure of the rich Mrs. Granger Bates, compelled by reason of her money to try to live up to a high position and to occupy a grand mansion but reduced by her homely tastes to reconstituting a kind of inner sanctuary in the image of the snug and vulgar home of her youth. The author has summed up in these novels both his intimate observation of Chicago and his half-alien criticism of it. There is the overpowering faith of the Chicagoans in the future of their new city: "Individually, we may be of a rather humble grade of atoms," he makes one of the men in "The Cliff-Dwellers" say, "but we are crystallizing into a compound that is going to exercise a tremendous force. . . . You may have seen the boiling of the kettle, but you have hardly seen the force that feeds the flame. The big buildings are all well enough, and the big crowds in the streets, and the reports of the banks and railways and the Board of Trade. But there is something, now, beyond and behind all that. . . . Does it seem unreasonable that the State which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch in our history, and which has done most within the last ten years to check alien excesses and un-American ideas, should also be the State to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis?" "His wife sat beside him silent, but with her hand on his," adds Fuller, "and when he answered, she pressed it meaningly; for to the Chicagoan—even the middle-aged female Chicagoan—the name of the town, in its formal, ceremonial use, has a power that no other word in the language quite possesses. It is a shibboleth, as regards its pronunciation; it is a trumpet call, as regards its effect. It has all the electrifying and unifying power



Countess Mara designs more than ties for "one man in a million."

Hosiery, for example, designed with the same flawless taste that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And, like the ties, all CM designs bear that symbol of individuality, the nine-point coronet. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57 Street, New York.

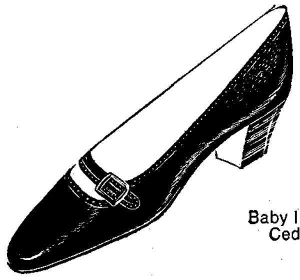
CounTess Mara®



AMPHORA BROWN Regular
AMPHORA BLUE Mild Aromatic
AMPHORA RED Full Aromatic

* Amphora—America's Largest Selling Imported Pipe Tobacco

Hand made
De Busschere

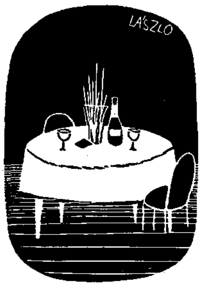


SABA
Baby llama calf
Cedar, Black
$65

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF
Donald Davies
BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .
where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.
DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

of a college yell." And there is the social insecurity of Chicagoans: "Commercially, we feel our own footing; socially, we are rather abashed by the pretensions that any new arrival chooses to make. We are a little afraid of him, and, to tell the truth, we are a little afraid of each other." Fuller is able, from his knowledge of Europe, to understand the beginnings of gangsterism, which, with the increase of immigrant workers, is already manifesting itself as an unruly and dangerous element: "The populations of Italy and Poland and Hungary," says one of the characters in "With the Procession," "what view now do *they* take of the government—their government, all government? Isn't it an implacable and immemorial enemy—a great and cruel and dreadful monster to be evaded, hoodwinked, combated, stabbed in the dark if occasion offers? . . . Is it an easy matter, on their coming over here, to make them feel themselves a part of [the government], and to imbue them with a loyalty to it?" One of the features of both these books is the figure, which was to become so familiar in the American fiction of this period, of the extravagant and socially ambitious woman who drives and sometimes ruins her hard-working husband. In "The Cliff-Dwellers," the power behind everything, the wife of the owner of the office building, "a radiant, magnificent young creature, splendid, like all her mates, with the new and eager splendor of a long-awaited opportunity," appears, at an opera performance, only at the end of the book. A newly married husband in the audience has never seen her before, but "he knew that she was Cecilia Ingles, and his heart was constricted at the sight of her. It is for such a woman that one man builds a Clifton and that a hundred others are martyred in it."



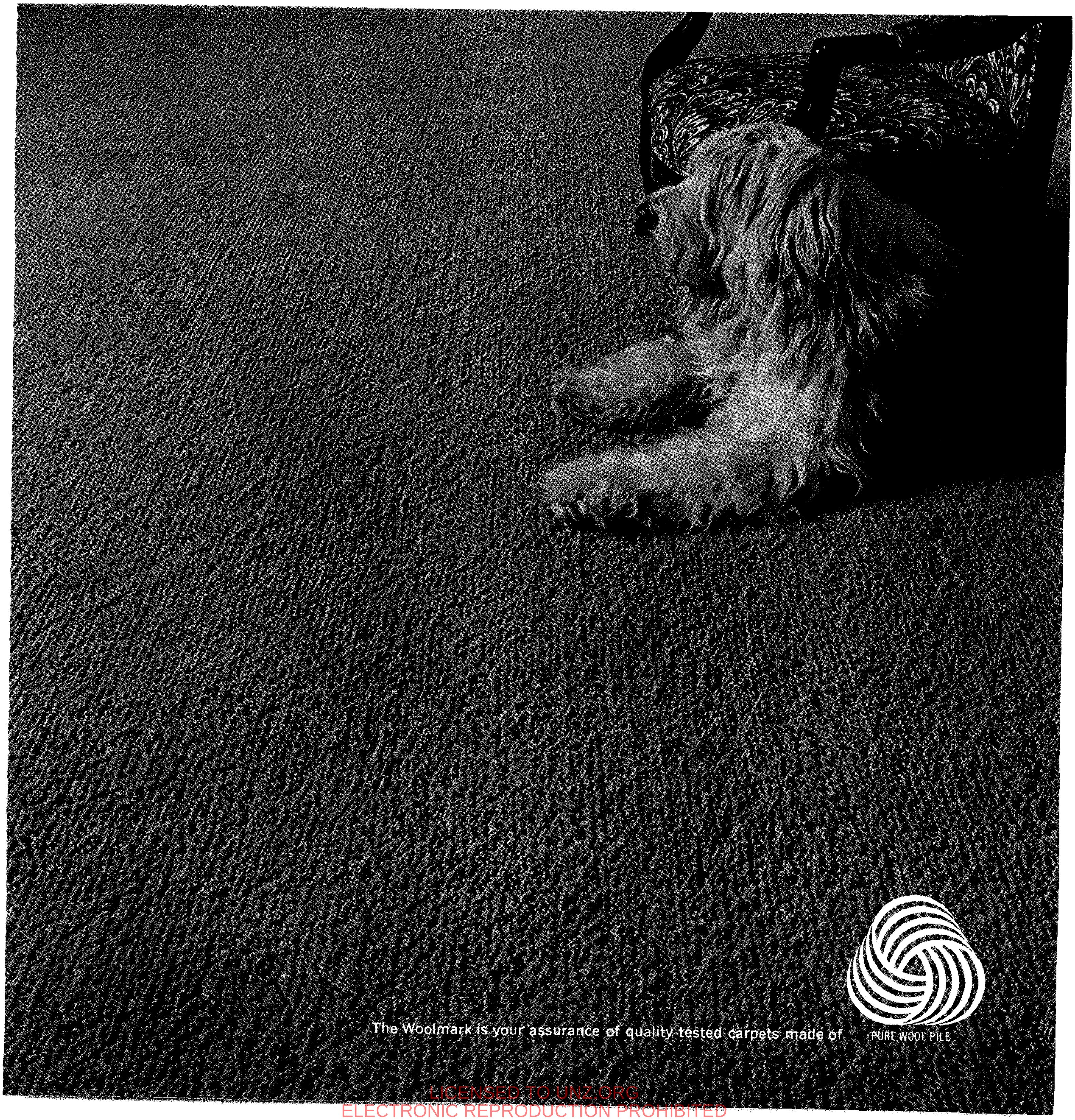
"The Cliff-Dwellers," which takes for its subject the accidental modern unit of the office building, the diversity of human beings who have it in common that they are thrown together by working there, was perhaps suggested by Zola, and it anticipates such similar books as Waldo Frank's "City Block" and Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer." "With the Procession," a better novel, is closer to the tradition of Howells—the low-keyed, prosaic domestic chronicle. But, having done his duty by Chicago in these studies of a social organism, the author, still involved with his city, went on to pieces of lesser scope, in which he is more himself and more enjoyable today than in either of these solider novels or in his fantasies of leisured Europeans.

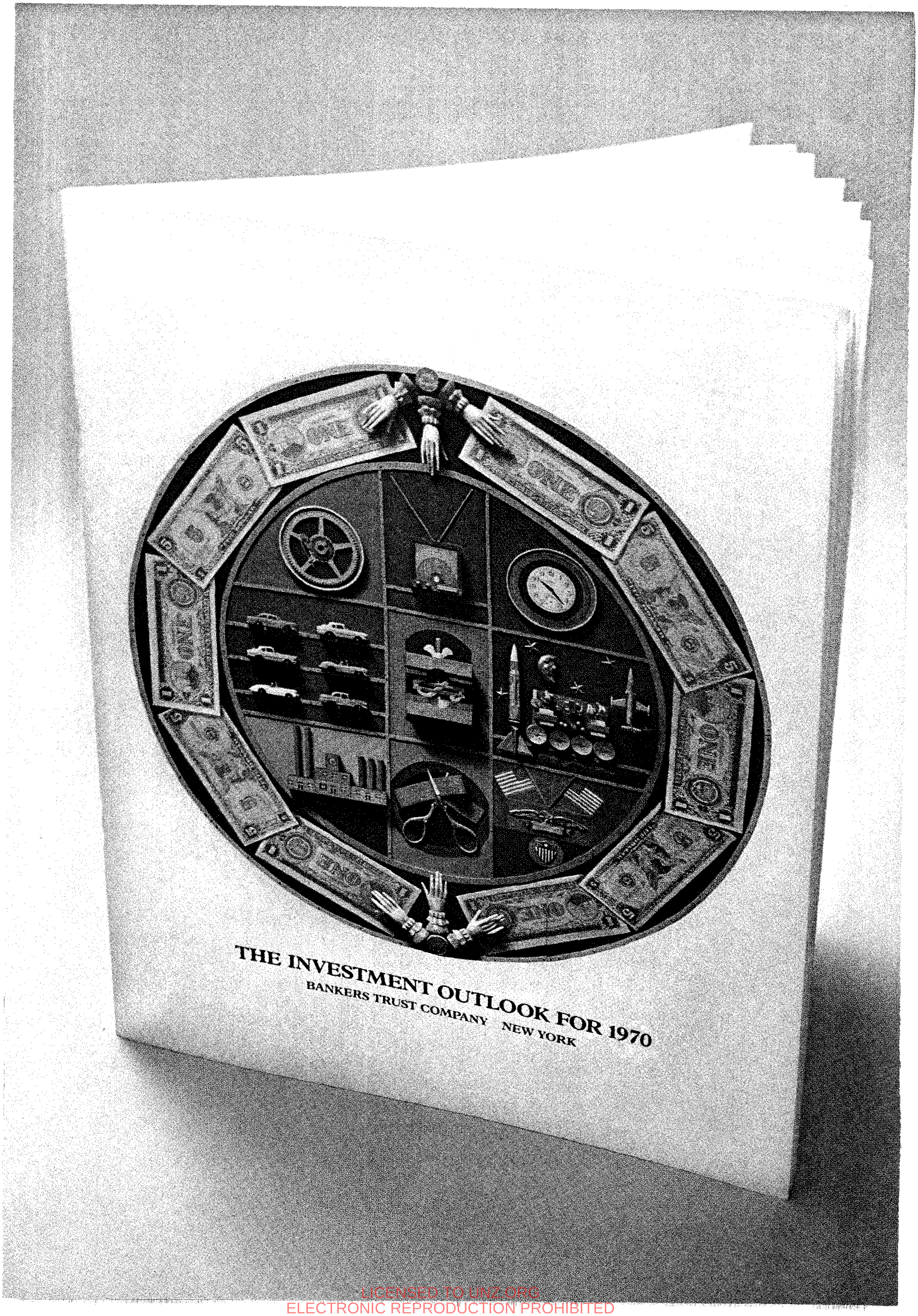
Fuller said that he hated Chicago and that if it were not for his family interests he would leave it and go to live in Italy, and he advised Hamlin Garland, a young writer from Wisconsin, since Garland did not have to stay there, to leave. But he was not entirely unmoved by the cultural ambitions of the city, which was ridiculed in the East for some Chicagoan's statement that Chicago was going to "make culture hum." Chicago was to have its Art Institute and its Opera, both genuinely superior institutions. An excellent literary review, the *Dial*, to which Fuller often contributed, had been started in Chicago in 1880 and was to remain there till 1916; the *Chap-Book*, in the *Yellow Book* tradition, which ran from 1894 to 1898, published Yeats and Henry James; and *Poetry*, which printed the early work of Eliot, Pound, and other then unknown but later famous poets and to which Fuller acted as adviser, was started in 1912. In 1890, the University of Chicago had been founded, with Rockefeller money. Its first president, William R. Harper, of Ohio, a leading Hebrew scholar who had been teaching at Yale, was a man full of enthusiasm and innovating ideas, and he brought to the West an extraordinary faculty, which included, on the side of the humanities (the scientific side was equally remarkable): in English—Robert M. Lovett of Massachusetts and Harvard, William Vaughn Moody, the poet and dramatist, of Indiana and Harvard, Robert Herrick, the novelist, of Cambridge and Harvard, and John M. Manly, the Chaucerian scholar, of Alabama and Harvard; in Classics—Paul Shorey of Iowa and Harvard; and in History—Ferdinand Schevill of Ohio and Yale, and the Baltic outlaw H. E. von Holst, who became an authority on American history. Thorstein Veblen spent fourteen years, and wrote "The Theory of the Leisure Class," at Chicago, and John Dewey was at one time director of the school of education. This group of scholars and writers combined the best of the East with the best of the Middle West who had been educated in the East. Some of them had studied in Europe, and many spent their vacations there. They equalled, if they did not surpass, the group that Woodrow Wilson not much later

This is a shaggy sheep story.

It begins in the harshest climates, on the highest mountains, of the wildest places in the world. Where the shaggiest sheep grow. To give us the strongest, longest-fibered of wools. Which we spin into yarn ourselves. And dye into 16 special colors. We go to these lengths before we even start on our looms. So you can imagine the care we take making the carpet. Top Honors. A shag so dense and deep, it has the richness of plush. Or maybe a plush so fat and nubby, it has the charm of shag. It bears the woolmark label . . . mark of the world's best, pure wool pile. We do things with carpet nobody's done before.

Carpet by Roxbury
Framingham, Massachusetts


The Woolmark is your assurance of quality tested carpets made of
PURE WOOL PILE


THE INVESTMENT OUTLOOK FOR 1970
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY NEW YORK

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company

Before you decide to lend, borrow, invest, divest, merge, lease, or whatever, you'd better read this book.

Some years ago, the head of our Economics Department became irked by the fact that no single source of information existed on which to base a sound judgment of the credit markets.

Out of this feeling of frustration, The Investment Outlook was born.

The Investment Outlook sounds like a stock market tip sheet, but it's not. Essentially, this book traces the flow of funds through the economy, showing how the demand for money is met, and where the money is likely to go.

Statistics on every aspect of the credit market are presented: government securities, mortgage financing, corporate bond and stock issues, and dozens of others.

The text and tables are carefully cross-referenced and presented in a form clearly understandable by corporate financial officers and investment managers.

Some of these statistics cite what has happened in previous years, thus inviting your own analysis.

Many others are detailed projections of what we feel is likely to happen during the coming year, based on assumptions we make about the economy as a whole.

Our projections are the result of constant sifting of information from a multitude of sources, including a number of seminars to which we invite leading specialists in various investment fields.

Processing the information from these seminars, from our real-time computer, and from other contributors, involves a sizeable investment in a full-time professional staff.

Part of the return on this investment is the accumulated wisdom which Bankers Trust applies to the money market.

The other part is the satisfaction of knowing that we're performing a valuable service to the business community.

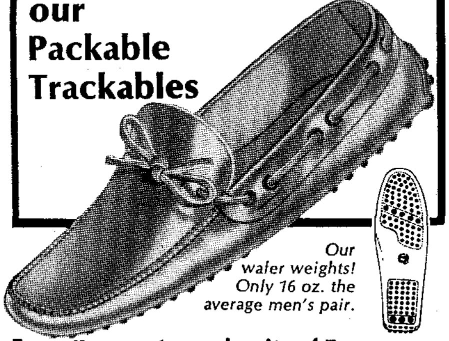
The Investment Outlook has come a long way and is, we believe, more valuable than ever. In 1949, it was the most complete work of its kind.

After twenty-one years, it still is.

If you would like to receive a copy of The Investment Outlook, please write on your company letterhead to Bankers Trust Company, Post Office Box 9247, New York, N.Y. 10049.

You'll find a banker at Bankers Trust.

LOAFAROUNDS™
our
Packable
Trackables



Our wafer weights! Only 16 oz. the average men's pair.

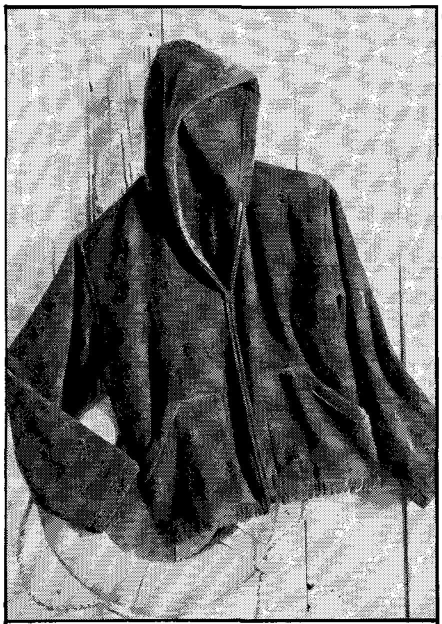
From the sportscar circuits of Europe, we bring you the driving shoe of champions!

They've become our everyday shoes for relaxing, beachcombing, country club-ing and just plain loafing around, indoors or out.

Yesterday's craftsmanship today in supple copper colored calf. Genuine moccasin construction with handsewn vamp seams. Patented "Carro" soles provide positive non-slip grip.

Travel favorites, they stowaway in their colorful drawstring bag on those rare occasions when you're not wearing them! When ordering by mail state men's or women's and size for perfect fit. $25 add $1 post on mail orders.
Also available in White at $26

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
Satisfaction Guaranteed • N.Y. Residents Add Tax
Visit Our NEW SAFARILAND™ SHOP or
Write For New 84-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
N8 Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022



AFTER A SWIM

Paul Stuart's own cotton terry beach jacket. Snug, with hood and bottom draw string to keep out the wind. Tropical red or Mediterranean blue.
S-M-L-XL. $25

Please add $1 for postage plus applicable sales tax.

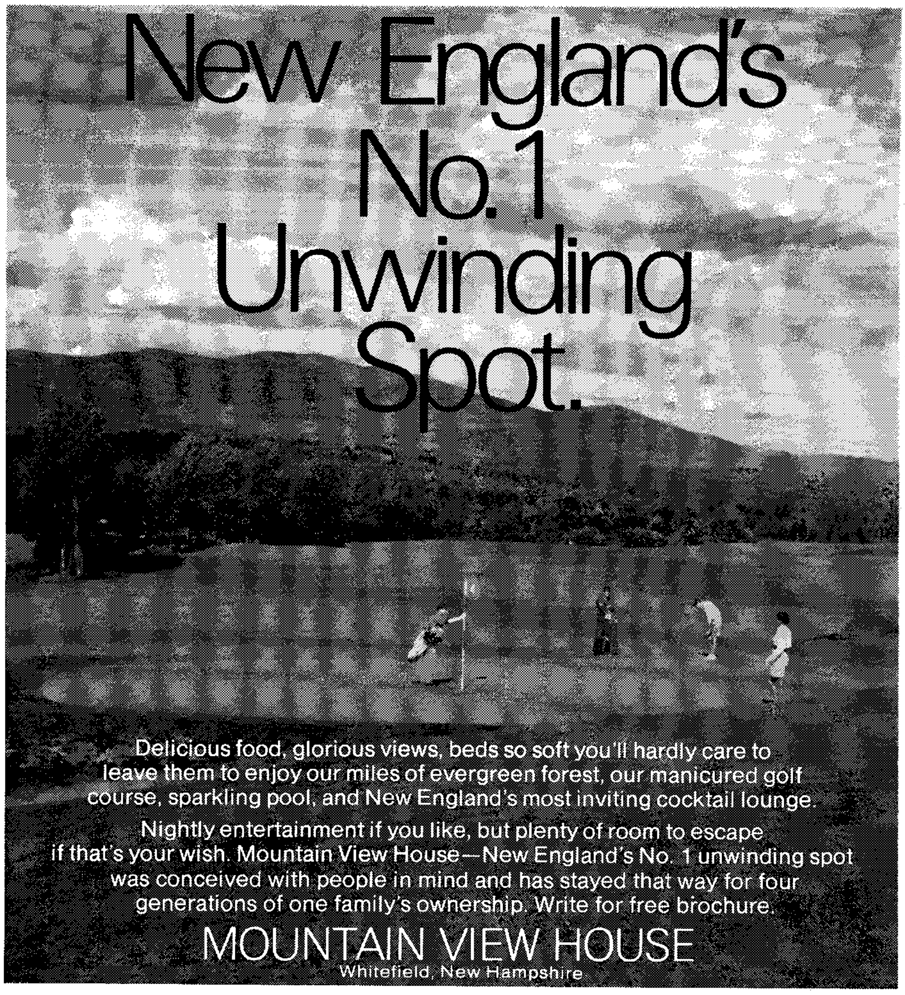
at
Paul Stuart
Dept. 1, Madison Avenue at 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

(1902) was able to recruit for Princeton. I have heard Robert Lovett tell of the high missionary spirit with which these young men set out to create from scratch, in what had lately been a swampy waste, a great emporium of learning and inspiration. Robert Herrick, so thorough a New Englander, fastidious and rather thin-skinned, was to remain in Chicago thirty years, and in his entertaining novel "Chimes," though putting on record the crudity and disorder of the University's early days and its struggles with its backers and trustees, he brings out the bold aims of the president and the courage and good will of the pioneering teachers. The University did provide an intellectual center for the competitive scramble that Fuller described, and he followed its activities with much interest, as he did the artistic activities of the city. He established close relations with the academic people, and he responded with lively interest to any manifestations of talent on the part of young painters or writers. His spirit seems to have been pervasive, and the tributes collected after his death by Anna Morgan, the manager of a little theatre, are evidence of the gratitude of his colleagues, who felt the stimulus of the presence among them of a craftsman of very high standards who had put himself to school to the finest of the scholarship and art of the world. And the novelist, on his side, diverted himself by writing about these cultural exploits.

In 1901, Fuller published a group of three stories called "Under the Skylights." Perhaps the best of these, "The Downfall of Abner Joyce," is based on the career of Hamlin Garland. Abner Joyce, on coming to Chicago, writes stark and indignant stories about the rigors of life on the Western farms and affects to despise the activities of what he regards as an effete intelligentsia, but when he finds himself taken up by them and given an entrée into the social life of Chicago he develops an appetite for it and is obviously very much gratified at becoming a fashionable figure. This characterization is amply confirmed by the four volumes of Garland's memoirs, in which he recounts at length his relations with many celebrities of the literary and political and moneyed worlds, whom he never missed a chance of seeing and whose kindness to and praise of himself he obviously loved to chronicle. He was always presiding at meetings of academies and getting up artists' clubs. When he organized such a club in Chicago and called it the Cliff-Dwellers, after Fuller's novel, Fuller—no doubt embarrassed—refused to become a member, or even, Garland says, so far as he knows, to accept an invitation to dine there. Yet it is evidence of Fuller's generosity where anyone of real talent was concerned that, in spite of his portrait of Garland as something of a bumpkinish climber, he should have remained on good terms with him all his life and that he did not forfeit Garland's respect. He was evidently, however, to return to the subject in another little comedy, called "Addolorata's Intervention." Here the character who represents Fuller and the character who represents Garland accidentally meet in Sicily. The former, a novelist who has never had much audience, cannot but feel that the latter, now a popular writer, is treating him with a cavalier condescension. He meets, also, a young lady fan of his own unpopular works, but he praises his rival to her, and she immediately attaches herself to the other, who eagerly snatches her up. The first writer, who is conscious of his superiority and really does not care about the girl, looks on at the whole comedy with a detachment not untinged by a certain disdainful envy.

It should be said at this point, in parenthesis, before we pass in review the more successful books of Fuller, that he was curiously unsuccessful and gave evidence of unexpectedly uncertain taste when he tried to work in any other form or vein than those of his ironic fiction. "The Puppet-Booth" (1896), which followed "With the Procession," is a collection of little plays—with Maeterlinck somewhere in the background—that depart from the realistic without managing to achieve the poetic. And when the "Spoon River Anthology" of Edgar Lee Masters appeared, in 1915, Fuller was excited by it and thought that this kind of epitaph in vers libre or broken prose had interesting possibilities. Two years later, he published a book of such epitaphs called "Lines Long and Short," but they lack the grim pathos of Masters. Fuller here is simply sketching the same kind of characters that appear in his novels, but with much less telling effect. In the meantime, in 1899, he had been provoked by the war with Spain and our occupation of the Philippines to a quite uncharacteristic outbreak—a satire in verse called "The New Flag." He was unable to find a publisher for what was thought, in that imperialistic era, an anti-patriotic tirade, and had it printed at his own expense. "The New Flag" is ill-written as verse and even rather coarse in its violence. Robert Lovett, in an article in the *New Republic* at the time of Fuller's death, expressed the opinion that this blast had a bad effect on Fuller's career: it made him unpopular in Chicago, and, what was worse, it deranged and poisoned a temperament and a talent which were normally calm and aloof. McKinley's invasion of the Philippines, with its two years of war on the natives, was an act of gratuitous conquest that shocked men who had forgotten the Mexican War and accepted the Civil War—men such as Mark Twain and William Vaughn Moody, who protested with blistering bitterness. It is significant that the part-time expatriate Fuller, who ridiculed and deplored the tendencies of contemporary America, should still have retained enough of old-fashioned American idealism to flare up and give vent to such vituperation.

"UNDER THE SKYLIGHTS" was followed, in 1908, by "Waldo Trench and Others: Stories of Americans in Italy," which exploits much more successfully the same materials as an earlier collection, of 1898, "From the Other Side: Stories of Transatlantic Travel." The European figures of these earlier stories are the phantoms of a consolatory daydream, but the Americans abroad of "Waldo Trench" represent situations at home of which Fuller had had first-hand experience. In the story which gives the volume its title, a young man from Oklahoma is first seen much moved and excited at discovering, in downtown New York, a church which is a hundred and fifty years old. "How it brings back the old Revolutionary days!" he exclaims. "I expect to see few things more impressive than this." But he is on his way to Europe, and when he gets there he discovers the Renaissance, by which he is even more excited. He is infatuated with Van Dyck and Raphael, Brunelleschi and Isabella d'Este, till someone puts him on to the Middle Ages, and he decides that Isabella d'Este is inferior to Dante's Beatrice and that he must go at once to Assisi. But then he is told by someone that classical Rome is the thing if one wants "to get the foundations of a good solid education," and while he is doing Rome someone else tells him that "the Etruscans were the first schoolmasters of the Romans. They whipped those poor, uncouth creatures


New England's No.1 Unwinding Spot.

Delicious food, glorious views, beds so soft you'll hardly care to leave them to enjoy our miles of evergreen forest, our manicured golf course, sparkling pool, and New England's most inviting cocktail lounge.

Nightly entertainment if you like, but plenty of room to escape if that's your wish. Mountain View House—New England's No. 1 unwinding spot was conceived with people in mind and has stayed that way for four generations of one family's ownership. Write for free brochure.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
Whitefield, New Hampshire

Come, let us Tuesday together.

Teacher's
The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

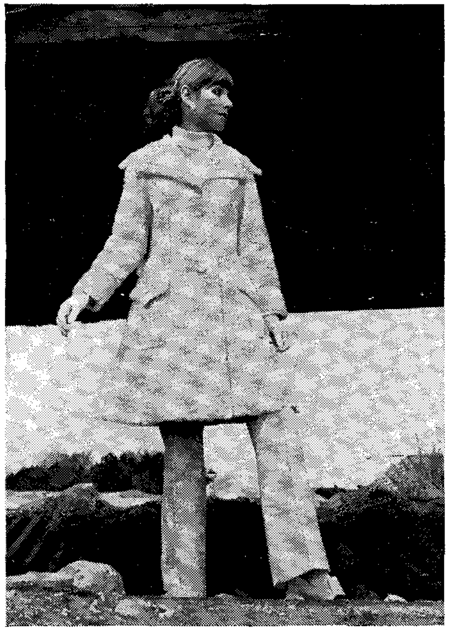
86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

The
Change of Pace
Place
▼
TRINIDAD AND **TOBAGO**

One friendly country on two islands. **Trinidad.** A rendezvous of cultures. A happy blend of African, Chinese, East Indian, Spanish, French, you name it. Add Hindu temples, Chinese restaurants, Steelband symphonies, cricket, a world bazaar of duty-free shopping, the works. **Tobago,** a hen's kick away. Serene island of Robinson Crusoe fame. Untrammeled beaches, an underwater kaleidescope of fish, exotically fantastic. Trinidad and Tobago have a split personality: best and better.

For Descriptive Literature,
See Your Travel Agent or Contact:

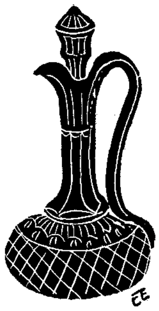
TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO
TOURIST BOARD
405 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017



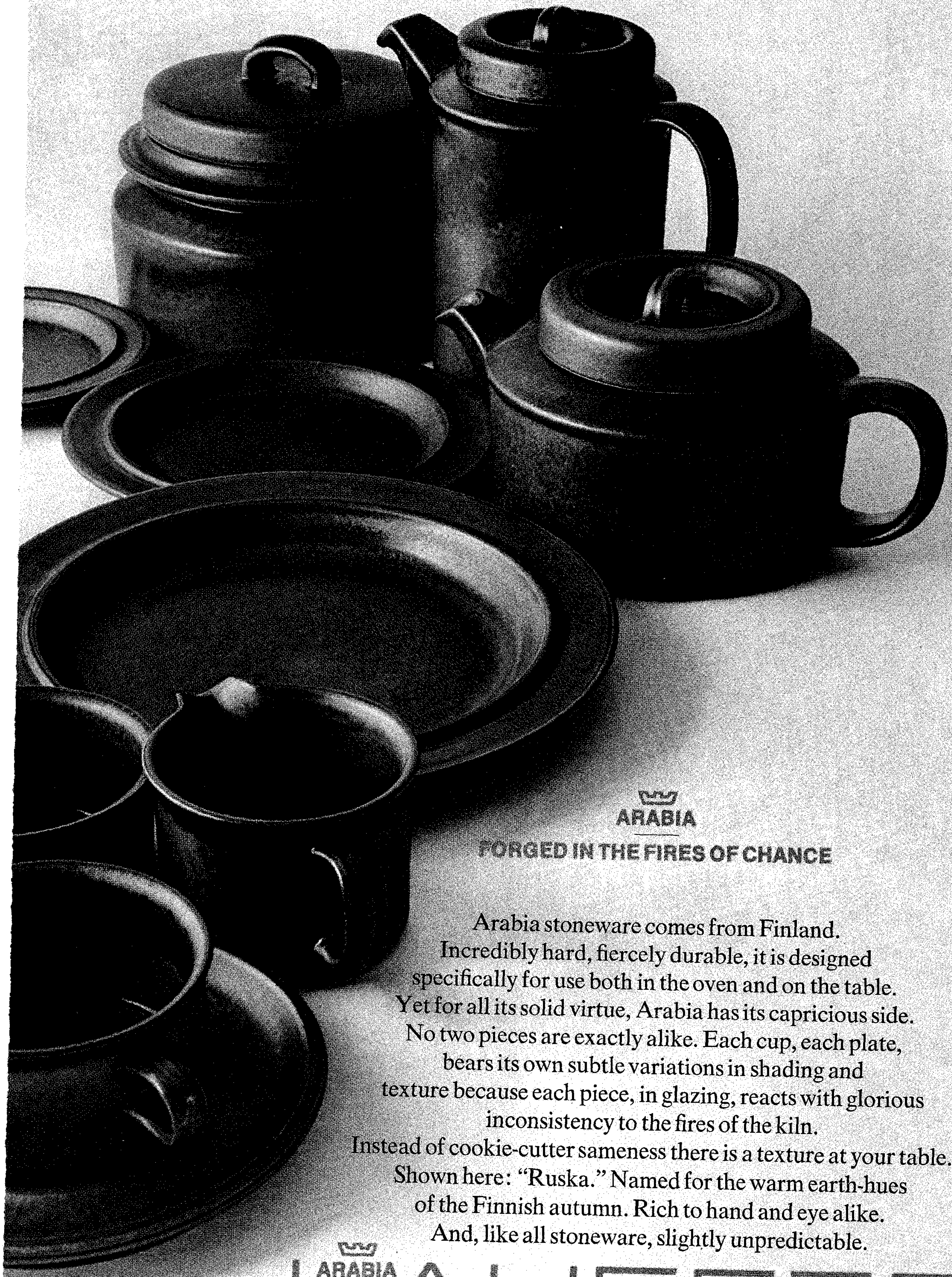
Many Americans are introduced to Denmark through Hans Christian Andersen. When little girls grow up, another Danish delight awaits them! The fabled furs of Birger Christensen. Residing in all their fairytale charm at Gidding-Jenny.
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

into shape and passed them on to the Greeks," so Trench goes to study the Etruscan cities. But, poking among their ruins, he runs into an Englishman who exclaims to him scornfully, "Why, they're only Etruscan!" "What did you expect them to be?" " 'I'm after the Pelasgians,' [the Englishman] returned in the sourest tone imaginable; 'what is this modern world to *me*?' " The next step back into the European past would be to explore the remains of the early Sicilian rock-dwellers, "called Sikelians or Sicanians." But a friend, with mischievous intent, explains at once to Waldo that these names belong to two different groups: "The distinction between them is an important one and well worthy of the best endeavors of an ambitious young *savant*." In the meantime, he has met a rich girl from Ohio, whose aunt, also rich, is pulsing with the spirit of Western enterprise and discourages Waldo's researches. She thinks that he is headed in the wrong direction: "That young man," she declares. "Such amazing vigor, such exhaustless driving power, such astonishing singleness of purpose! And all, at present, so misapplied. Think what such qualities are going to effect for him on those farms and in the civic life of his new commonwealth!" He gives up his ambition to penetrate the past and marries the niece and returns to Oklahoma. Another of these stories, "For the Faith," seems to me a comic masterpiece. It presents in a few pages a whole cultural shift in American life and might well be included in the reading list of a course in American history. A young schoolteacher from Stoneham Falls, Connecticut, is taking, with a couple of other girls, a vacation trip to Europe and writing to a friend at home. She finds herself on the boat with a very well-known "plutocrat," to whom she always refers with a proper New England scorn both snobbish and moralistic. But the plutocrat has with him an agreeable nephew, who pays the young lady compliments and seems to feel a real interest in her. She, however, maintains her attitude and, when she meets them again on her travels, insists to him that he and his uncle only want to buy up European art treasures and take them back to America: "Oh, leave those poor things alone! Let the land that originated them keep them a little longer. They were born here and they belong here. Restrain yourself. I'd much rather you went back to America and learned to rob your fellow-citizens." But Philippa, as in those days they used to say, has set her cap for young Thorpe. She has at first been writing of her plans for doing England in the usual guidebook way—"Salisbury and Winchester and Wells"—but she afterward manages an itinerary which enables her to keep up her acquaintance with the plutocrat and his nephew. Eventually, she bags her prey. The young man, when he gets back to the States, is going to have a job in one of his uncle's companies in Colorado, and she looks forward to being founder and president of the first women's club in the town. The modulation from her original point of view into complete acceptance of the millionaire is accomplished by Fuller with much humorous subtlety. Though her tone remains equally priggish, she now has a rationalization for her approval of everything she condemned before: "We cannot have an omelet without breaking a few eggs; we can*not bring a vast new country under* the plough without turning under, at the same time, a certain number of innocent flowers; nor can a man seat himself at the apex of an enormous fortune without the charge of many minor injustices from a chorus of outspoken enemies. The old gentleman—whom I at last view not as a sociological abstraction but as a human creature like the rest of us—has probably had his beliefs and convictions, after all, and has in some degree suffered and sacrificed himself for them." What puts everything on a perfectly sound basis is discovering that the millionaire was, like herself, a product of the Naugatuck Valley: "He had been born on a farm *near* Stoneham Falls and been carried over into Fairfield County at the age of one."



FULLER published in the *Dial* in 1917 "A Plea for Shorter Novels," which is based, among other considerations, on the needlessness of writing descriptions of such places as everyone knows and of characters whom the reader will in any case identify with people he has seen. He "would sweep away . . . all laborious effort on stuff that is dragged in because someone will think it 'ought to be there'—clichés, conventional scenes and situations." In the next year, he published "On the Stairs," which seems to me one of his best things. I used to amuse myself by telling foreign visitors that it was "the



ARABIA

FORGED IN THE FIRES OF CHANCE

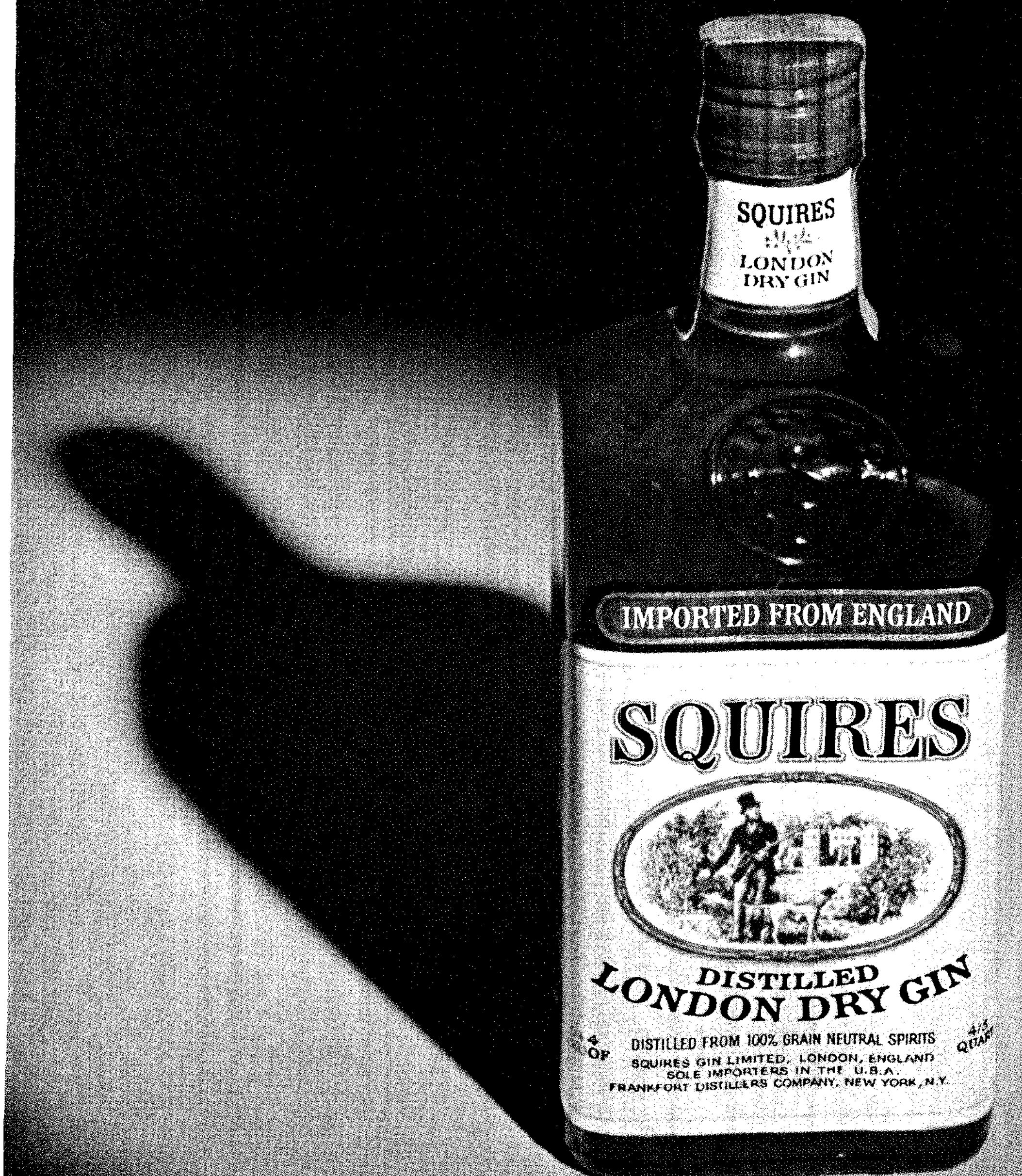
Arabia stoneware comes from Finland.
Incredibly hard, fiercely durable, it is designed
specifically for use both in the oven and on the table.
Yet for all its solid virtue, Arabia has its capricious side.
No two pieces are exactly alike. Each cup, each plate,
bears its own subtle variations in shading and
texture because each piece, in glazing, reacts with glorious
inconsistency to the fires of the kiln.
Instead of cookie-cutter sameness there is a texture at your table.
Shown here: "Ruska." Named for the warm earth-hues
of the Finnish autumn. Rich to hand and eye alike.
And, like all stoneware, slightly unpredictable.

ARABIA

LAUFFER®

RUSKA 5 PIECE PLACE SETTING, $13.50.
FOR ARABIA LITERATURE SEND 10c TO LAUFFER, 11 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10010 ©1969

Why is Squires one of the most popular gins in England? All you Beefeater and Tanqueray drinkers owe it to yourselves to find out.


SQUIRES
LONDON
DRY GIN
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
SQUIRES
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
SQUIRES GIN LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND
SOLE IMPORTERS IN THE U.S.A.
FRANKFORT DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
4/5 QUART

SQUIRES
True English GIN

In England, Squires Gin outsells Beefeater and Tanqueray combined.

FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE IMPORTERS IN U.S.A. FOR SQUIRES GIN. 94.4 PROOF great American novel." (I find that James Huneker, in a letter to Fuller, calls it "the great Chicago novel.") "On the Stairs" deals with life in Chicago, but it dispenses with realistic trappings, and the author explains in a foreword that the book is an attempt at the kind of thing which he has recently been recommending. His device in this story is to tell it much as if he were an old Chicagoan recounting to another Chicagoan who takes the town and the milieu for granted the inside story of families that both of them have known. In the last quarter of the last century, two boys grow up in the city. One of them, Raymond Prince, is the son of a well-to-do family, who, like Fuller's, has come to the West, by way of New York State, from New England; the other, Johnny McComas, is the son of their stableman, who has lived with his family in the stable. Raymond breaks away, like Fuller, from the family background of banking and real estate, studies architecture and art, and spends a few years in Europe. In the meantime, Johnny has left school early, has worked hard, and soon becomes envied and admired as "the youngest bank-president in the 'Loop.' " We follow thereafter the progress of Johnny, as he grows more and more prosperous, and the gradual subsidence of Raymond, who has no interest in the family bank—it eventually goes into receivership—but never succeeds in doing anything of any worth in line with his artistic tastes. Raymond's discontented wife from the East, to his bitter humiliation, divorces him and marries Johnny, and Raymond is now so impoverished that he is obliged to let Johnny put his son through Yale. To make matters even worse from the point of view of Raymond, this son marries Johnny's daughter, a daughter by an earlier, very bourgeois wife. Now, in a story by Henry James, it would be made clear that Raymond had the finer values and that his frustration was not without nobility; in a story by Horatio Alger, Johnny would be a self-made hero who had achieved the kind of success that every American wants. But the point of Fuller's novel is that the two men are equally mediocre and that the social distinctions which originally divided them have in two generations disappeared. Raymond, to be sure, is pathetic, but we do not much sympathize with him. Johnny is relatively impressive by reason of his masculine vigor, and he behaves in a not ungenerous way, but he remains rather coarse and discomforting, and we do not like *him*

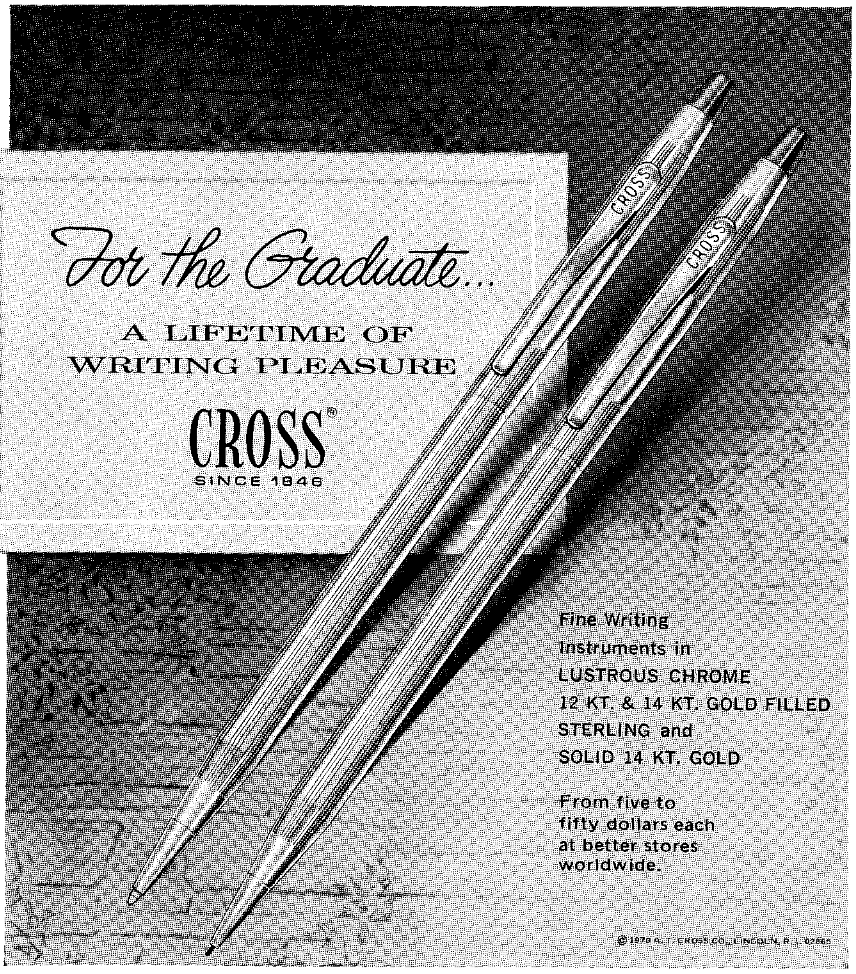
Step into character...

The distinctive character and classic elegance of this fine new Nettleton stretch slipon will add a quiet authority and contemporary style emphasis to your new business and leisure wardrobes. You'll wear it with pride and confidence in the board room or on the board walk. Lightweight, flexible, extra-comfortable. A shoe that puts you a step above the others.

DIRECTOR
Polished calf
with leather lining and
handsewn toe seam. Black
and in an unusual honey
bronze tone we call
Tanner's Gold.
About $43.

Write for our new Style Folder #N 70-6 and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have . . . a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13203

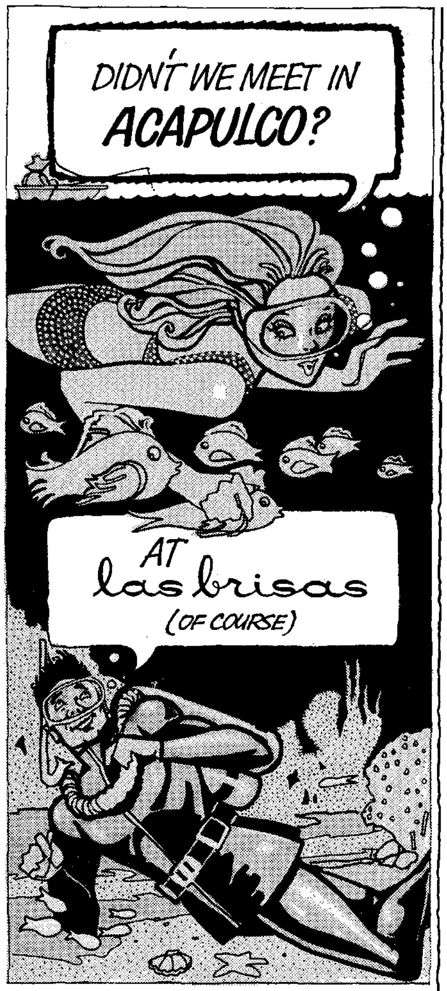


For the Graduate...
A LIFETIME OF
WRITING PLEASURE
CROSS®
SINCE 1846

Fine Writing
Instruments in
LUSTROUS CHROME
12 KT. & 14 KT. GOLD FILLED
STERLING and
SOLID 14 KT. GOLD

From five to
fifty dollars each
at better stores
worldwide.

© 1970 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865


DIDN'T WE MEET IN ACAPULCO?
AT las brisas (OF COURSE)

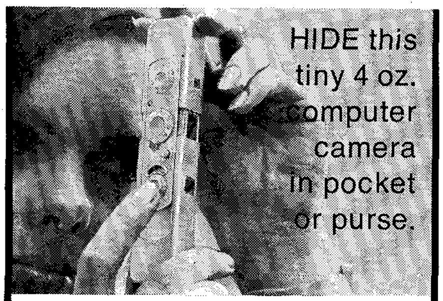
FROM ENGLAND THE ARISTOCRAT OF CARRYALLS...

Photographers, fishermen, hunters, travelers have found it the most versatile carryall ever. 3 zippered compartments, big back pocket, adjustable shoulder strap, removable waist strap, washable snap-out liner. Best tan waterproof duck, leather trimmed. Roomy 16½" x 11½" x 5". Perfect flight bag. N.Y. Residents Add Tax

$25 add $1 post

Visit Our NEW SAFARILAND™ SHOP or Write For New-84-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022



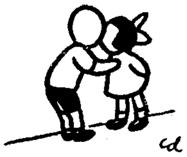
Picture? Snap! Its computerized shutter assures perfect exposure in B/W or color. Automatically. Gift yourself! Get the picture?

MINOX® C
The new electronic camera you never leave at home.

MINOX CORPORATION
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

much, either. Huneker compared "On the Stairs" to Flaubert's "Bouvard et Pécuchet."

The futility of the young man who comes back to Chicago from Europe with greater sophistication and polish but enfeebled qualifications for making himself a place in the world of his origin has already been illustrated by Fuller in Truesdale Marshall of "With the Procession." This is, in fact, with Fuller a recurrent theme—a kind of caricature of one aspect of himself. But he was not, of course, himself an ineffectual dilettante. Continuing to live in his native city and, as he once told Garland, with "no expectation of seeing satisfactory improvement in this town during my lifetime," he remained nevertheless indefatigable in his attempts to encourage anyone who showed any sign of serious cultural ambition. He put himself at the service of young painters and writers; with the latter, he read and criticized their manuscripts and even corrected their proofs. For years he conducted a book department in one of the daily papers. The volume of "Tributes to Henry B. from friends in whose minds and hearts he will always live" (the title on the cover is "Henry B. Fuller"), compiled by Anna Morgan, shows how many and what various people felt that they owed him a debt: Jane Addams, Louis Bromfield, Hamlin Garland, Lorado Taft, the sculptor; Bert Leston Taylor, the columnist; John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist and illustrator; Harriet Monroe, the editor of *Poetry*; Thornton Wilder, Booth Tarkington, and other figures less well known. A good many of them seemed to feel that, less successful than some of them, he was somehow a little above them. At every gathering he was eagerly expected, though he did not always appear. Like many intelligent and affectionate born bachelors, he counted very much on his friends. He looked on sympathetically at their family relations and liked to amuse their children, with whom he was very popular and to whom he sometimes stood godfather; he would make the evenings gay by playing and enjoying old songs. But about his own life he was always guarded. He was supposed to have a room in his mother's house, but actually he seemed to live, says his biographer, Constance M. Griffin, "in a succession of rooming houses, where he could not be reached by telephone, and where no one would presume to call." No one ever knew his address, and he was regarded as something of a "mystery." This way of life is partly to be explained by his dislike of being disturbed, his scrupulous independence, and his resolute intention, so unaccountable in Chicago, not to have to make any money beyond his modest family income. In a society in which, as Fuller describes it, one's status depended on one's income and in which, as a consequence, this status was always precarious, he chose to maintain the cultural prestige to which he had been born in the city by accepting somewhat sordid conditions of living. Hamlin Garland complains of Fuller that he has "lived so long in restaurants that his table manners annoy me. He automatically polishes his coffee cup and wipes all the forks and knives on his napkin or on a corner of the tablecloth. He turns each piece of toast (looking for a possible fly) and peers into the milk or cream jug for a cockroach, all of which is funny for a time but comes to be an irritation at last—and yet he is the ablest, most distinctive, most intellectual of all our Western writers. He can be—and generally is—the most satisfactory of all my literary companions." Though Garland says in his memoirs that he was irked by Fuller's faultfinding, the adjective most often applied to him in the Morgan collection of tributes is "gentle." It is said of him that though his character was essentially steely, his manner in company was shy. Burton Rascoe thus described him in a "profile" of 1924: "In person Mr. Fuller is a furtive little fellow with a neatly trimmed white beard and white hair; his skin is smooth and white; his voice is soft and hesitant; his eyes gleam with amused inquisitiveness; and he is always perfectly shod and tailored. He is neat, gracious, charming, excessively quiet." In the photographs of Fuller in his later years one notes always a slight look of anxiety.



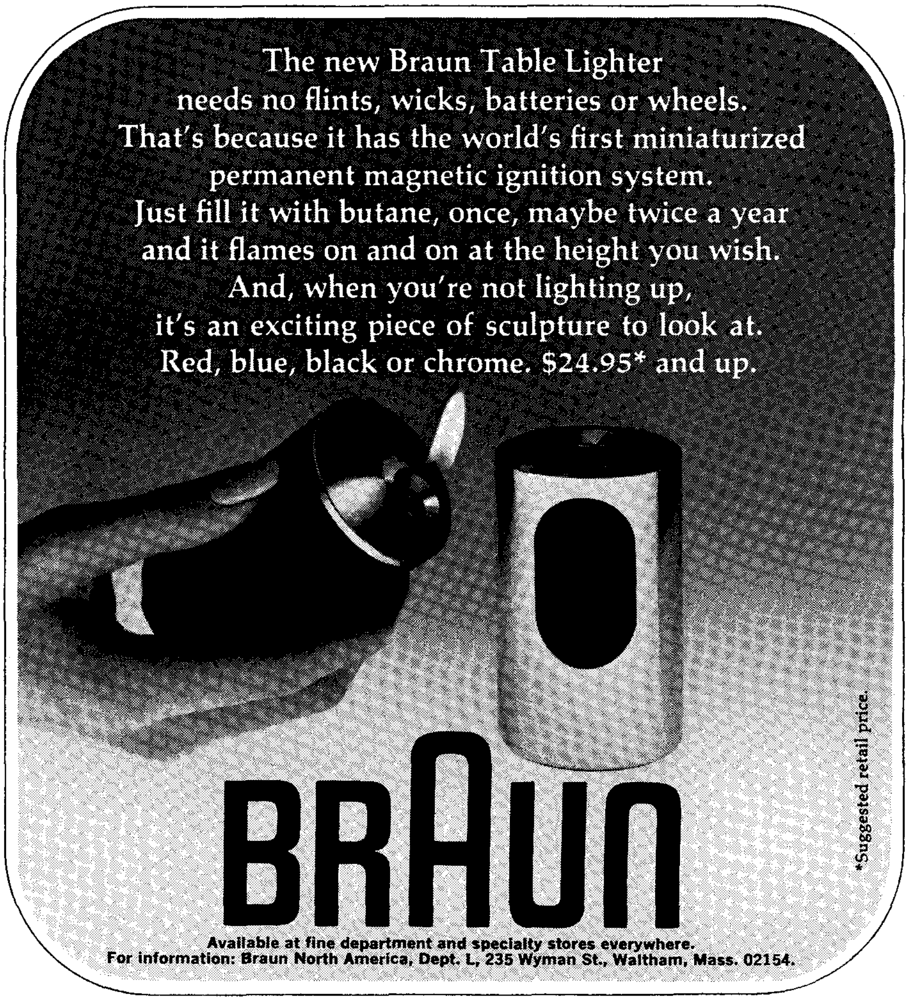
There was perhaps another reason for the secrecy of Fuller's habits. He was evidently homosexual. This seems obvious throughout his work, in which he prefers to dwell on the splendid physiques of his young male characters rather than on the attractions of the women. He has a tendency, as in "On the Stairs," to favor his vigorous vulgarians at the expense of his effete *raffinés*. On the death of Rudolph Valentino, Fuller wrote, but did not publish, a eulogy of this "Sheik" of the movies, who was apparently, according to Mencken's account of his curious interview with him, a genuinely sensitive fellow. Though certain conventionally desirable matings do occur in Fuller's novels, the situations that involve the affections are likely to be those in which some older man—it was apparently Fuller's problem—is trying to find a sympathetic younger man to live or travel with him. In his "Plea for Shorter Novels," he includes among elements to be eliminated "reluctant love passages" and "repellent sex discussions." But this emphasis was undoubtedly one of the reasons—together with his resolve to avoid "scenes of violence and bloodshed with which one may have no proper affinity" and "indelicate 'close-ups' which explore and exploit poor humanity beyond the just bounds of decorum"—for Fuller's lack of popularity. The novelists of that sentimental period—Owen Wister in "The Virginian" and George Cable in "The Cavalier"—were capable of glorifying virility in a way that probably flushed with pride their masculine readers as well as excited their large feminine audience, but Fuller was incapable of such specious romance: he is ironic about even his handsome young men. His books contain no sex interest of any kind. It is all the more startling, then, that he should suddenly, in "The Puppet-Booth"—in one of his short plays, called "At Saint Judas's"—have given such frank expression to that element of his personality. This rather absurd piece—Fuller is bad when he tries to be overtly dramatic—is concerned with the crisis that precedes a wedding, when the best man, the bridegroom's close friend, with whom he has been sharing rooms, turns up in the sacristy of the church in a state of hysterical emotion and tells the groom that he must not get married, that the prospective bride is a slut, that she has been going to bed with him, the best man. In this story, however, he soon breaks down, knowing well that the other will not believe it: "*I* am here. And *she* will never be. You may wait, but you shall wait in vain. (*He places his hand upon the other's shoulder.*) If she were to come, I should not let her have you. She shall not have you. Nobody shall have you." A horrible scene ensues—a scene too horrible for Fuller to handle. The friend attempts to bar the groom from entering the church. The groom says, "Stand aside. I hate you; I detest you; I despise you; I loathe you." "We have been friends always," the other replies. "I have loved you all my life. . . . The thought of *her* made me mad, made me desperate." He declares that

Every Margarita should have its moment of truth!

Gavilan silkens the moment in every exquisitely Dry Margarita.
And it lends the same smooth authenticity to Bloody Marias, Tequila 'n Tonics, and Tequila Sours.
For the Bravados, Tequila on the rocks — the drink you don't have to take with a grain of salt!
Gavilan Tequila. For moments of truth you look forward to.

GAVILAN TEQUILA
the exquisitely DRY Tequila!

Free Recipe Book! Write Dept. 100, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020—90 Proof


The new Braun Table Lighter
needs no flints, wicks, batteries or wheels.
That's because it has the world's first miniaturized
permanent magnetic ignition system.
Just fill it with butane, once, maybe twice a year
and it flames on and on at the height you wish.
And, when you're not lighting up,
it's an exciting piece of sculpture to look at.
Red, blue, black or chrome. $24.95* and up.

BRAUN

Available at fine department and specialty stores everywhere.
For information: Braun North America, Dept. L, 235 Wyman St., Waltham, Mass. 02154.

*Suggested retail price.

Get the Ming Dynasty
Tokyo and the Orient.

Any airline can get you to Tokyo quickly and comfortably. But only one throws in The Ming Dynasty. As soon as you board one of China Airlines' brand new Boeing 707's you sense there's something special happening. It might be the beautiful red and gold panels. Or the intricate wood carvings. Or the mural in the lounge area. The stewardesses are clad in traditional Chinese dress. Some guests have to look out the window to remind themselves they're in a plane.

When dinner is served you eat on Dynasty china. And what a dinner it is. A Dynasty emperor would be impressed. Rather than list each course and preface it with a superlative, we'll just say that sometimes in life you sense you are close to greatness. Dinner time on China Airlines is one of those times.

Then there's Dynasty poetry to read, a book of old proverbs, even a recipe book of the dishes you just enjoyed. Of course there's hit movies and stereo music too.

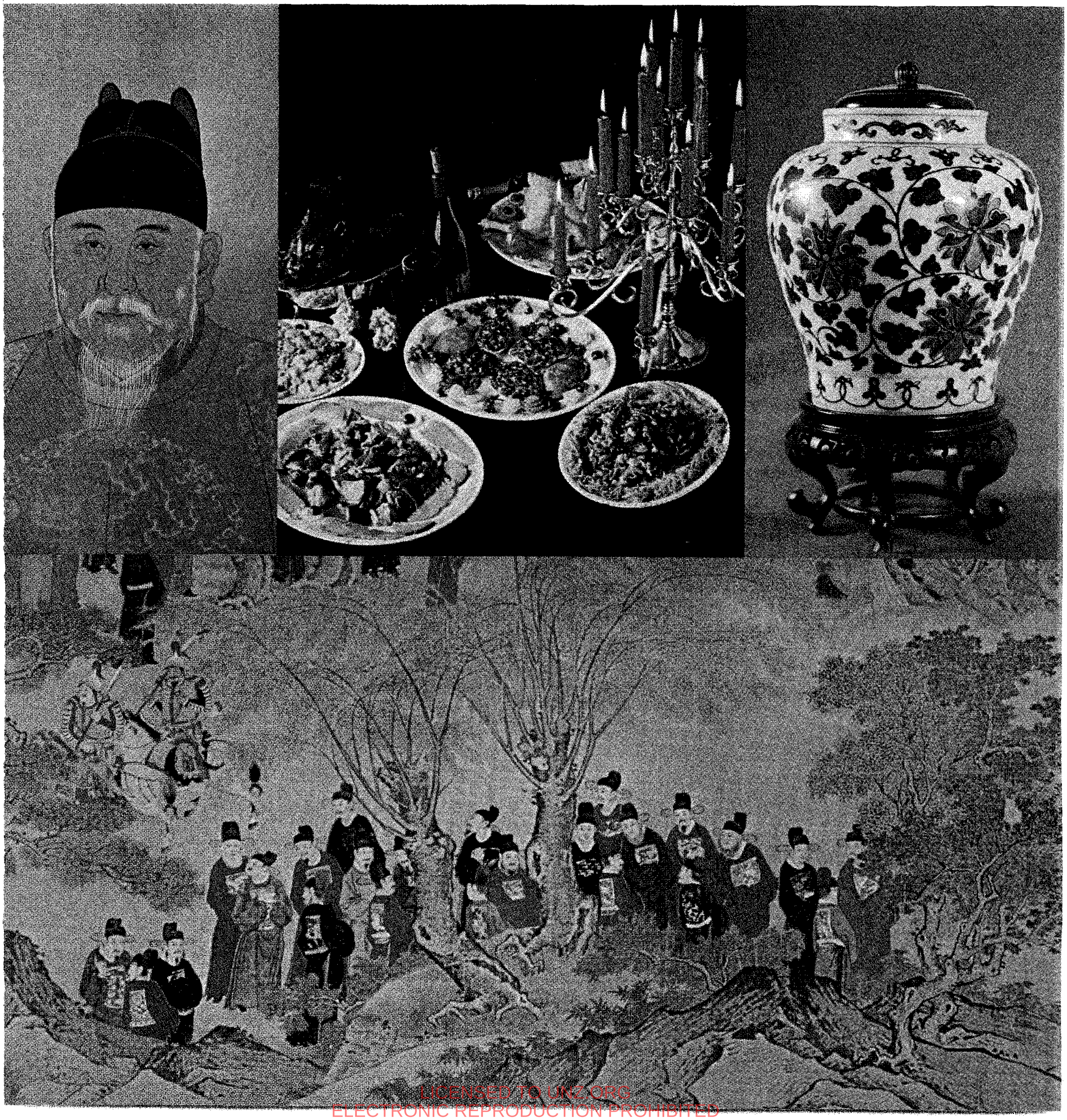
When we say we give you the Ming Dynasty we mean all of the above, but the bigger meaning is that we treat you as someone special, and truly want your flight to be a memorable occasion.

On China Airlines to Tokyo you almost forget you're flying. The Ming Dynasty is like that. See your travel agent or call China Airlines.

CHINA AIRLINES

The flag carrier of the Republic of China.

on your way to



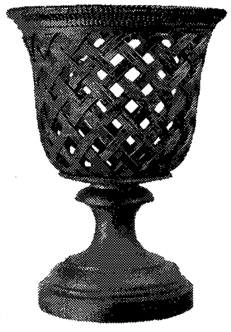
Schumacher's ...for timeless distinction.

Through interior designers and at the finest stores.
F. Schumacher & Co. • 939 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

available with
DUPONT
ZEPEL
SOIL/STAIN REPELLER

one of the three shall die. The bridegroom invites him to "use your blade" (he evidently refers to a sword). The bride is coming up the aisle, and the groom enters the church. "*Upon the floor of the sacristy lies the body of a man in a pool of blood.*" The trouble here is that Fuller is incapable of imagining at all convincingly such an outbreak of naked passion—especially between characters who are carrying swords. I agree with Miss Griffin when she says that the middle-aged Freiherr von Kaltenau, as he appears in "The Last Refuge," travelling with an adored young man, is to be identified with Fuller when this character, taking stock of his life, concludes that it "had been indeed too free—too free from ties, from duties, from obligations, from restraints; too free from guidance, too free from the kindly pressure of any ordering hand. . . . The book of life had been opened wide before him, but he had declined to make the usual advance that leads straight on from chapter to chapter; rather had he fluttered the leaves carelessly, glanced at the end before reaching the middle, and thoroughly thwarted the aims and intentions of the great Author." I agree that the author identifies himself also with another of the people in this book, a novelist whose "principal concern was the portrayal of his contemporaries in works of fiction," when he confesses that his "participation in life has been, after all, but partial. I have always felt a slight reluctance about committing myself—a touch of dread about letting myself go. I have lived, in fact, by the seashore without ever venturing into the water. Others have gone in before my eyes, and I have recorded, to the best of my endeavor, the exhilarations they appeared to feel, the dangers they appeared to brave. But as soon as the waves have stolen up to my own toes, I have always stepped back upon the dry sands."

"There was in its deepest recesses," writes Harriet Monroe of Fuller's character, without assigning a specific cause, "an unconquerable reticence—Henry Fuller found it impossible to tell his whole story. He could not give himself away, and therefore it may be that the greatest book of which his genius was capable was never written, the book which would have brought the world to his feet in complete accord and delight." But one cannot imagine Fuller's writing such a book, and when he did reveal his secret, so far from bringing the world to his feet, he made it look the other way. In 1919, when he was sixty-two, he took the audacious step of publishing a novel, "Bertram Cope's Year," with homosexual characters. His attitude about this at first is quite unabashed and cool: "I wrote," he tells Henry Kitchell Webster, another Illinois novelist, "in complete reaction from the love flummery of Holworthy Hall, et al. [Holworthy Hall was a pseudonym, the name of one of the Harvard dormitories, used by Harold Everett Porter, a writer for *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post.*] Those fellows tire me. Perhaps I've gone too far the other way. While doing the job, I *did* think, now and then, of some of your own aberrations and perversions (Olga, Helena, et cet.)—but these in latter-day society are getting almost too common to be termed 'abnormal.' Lots of people must have read you in unperturbed innocency, and I hope a good many will read me that way, too. Certainly we are both 'Innocent Kids' compared with Cabell in 'Jurgen.'" And "Bertram Cope's Year," though it involves homosexual situations, is not really a book about homosexuality. It has a kind of philosophic theme, which seems to me to raise it well above the fiction of social surfaces of the school of William Dean Howells. The story is made to take place in a Middle Western university town, which derives, Fuller admits, to some extent from Evanston, Illinois. Bertram Cope is a young instructor who is working for an M.A. in English. He is very good-looking, with yellow hair, and not stupid, though not strikingly intelligent, and he is found attractive by a number of persons. There is, first, Mr. Basil Randolph, a "scholar manqué," who works in the family brokerage business but is far more interested in collecting jades and other objets d'art and in hovering around the male students, who are likely themselves to be hovering around the quadrangle that houses the girls. There is also Medora Phillips, a well-to-do widow, who likes to have young people around her and has living in the house with her a niece, a girl secretary, and a girl boarder. All these people become infatuated with Bertram, who does not become attached to any of them. He is said to be "an ebullient Puritan," with New England perhaps in the background, and he is interested only in making his way. The niece traps him into an engagement, from which he afterward manages to ex-



LATTICE URN, in lead, with metal liner. 18½″ high—14″ diameter top—9″ diameter base. Pair $350.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

CHERUBS HOLDING SHELL OF ABUNDANCE Fountain complete with recirculating pump. In lead, 41″ high—15″ diameter shell. Pompeian green or other finish. $425.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

Send 50¢—stamps—coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

SAVE YOUR HEART

OUTDOOR Stair-Glide®

RENTAL-PURCHASE PLAN AVAILABLE
Installed quickly and easily. Completely weatherproof. Operates all year-round. Surprisingly inexpensive! Operates 110 volts, 60 cycles.

Perfect for: • LAKE FRONT HOMES
• STEEP HILL TO THE GARAGE
• OUTDOOR STAIRWAY TO HOUSE
INDOOR MODEL ALSO AVAILABLE
Write for free brochure
AMERICAN STAIR-GLIDE CORP.
201 W. 80th Terr. Dept. NY-523
Kansas City, Missouri 64114

Finest sports resort in the Bahamas—
in History-Haunted
Spanish Wells
Lloyds
Resort Limited
Write Ann Lloyd direct or see your Travel Agent
or call LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

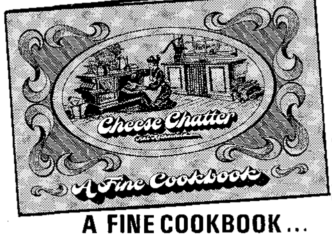
At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco

cook with cheese
Cheese Chatter



A FINE COOKBOOK...
Hal Rothschild has prepared 125 exciting recipes featuring cheese. This attractive cookbook on sale in Hickory Farms stores for $1.49 . . . or you can order by mail. Send $1.49 plus 25¢ (postage and handling) to P. O. Box 7208, Toledo, Ohio 43615.

Hickory Farms OF OHIO ®
"AMERICA'S LEADING CHEESE STORES"

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings ... blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

tricate himself; the more aggressive boarder, who is fearfully jealous of the niece, tries to ensnare him by painting his portrait; the secretary writes him sonnets which are considered by the older generation to go pretty far for a young girl. And Mrs. Phillips herself—though he regards her merely as a person to whose house he is glad to go—becomes much preoccupied with Bertram. The designs of Mr. Randolph are frustrated—he has taken new rooms, with an extra bedroom—when Bertram himself takes new rooms in order to accommodate a friend with whom he has been intimately corresponding and whom he brings on to keep him company. This friend, whose name is Arthur Lemoyne, Mr. Randolph does not at first want to meet and, when he does, immediately recognizes as the wrong kind of homosexual and resents as a dangerous rival: "His dark eyes were too liquid; his person was too plump," etc. Lemoyne, on his side, has brought pressure on Bertram to get out of his engagement with the niece, and he now pits himself against Randolph and all the ladies of the Phillips household. But nothing can dispel the enchantment which Bertram continues to exercise over all of them. When he tips over in a small sailboat, he is saved by his fiancée, who disentangles him from the mainsail and cordage, but he gets credit for having saved *her;* when the Phillips cottage on the dunes is broken into by an escaped convict, Bertram merely wakes up with a shriek while another man grapples with the burglar, but it is Bertram who becomes the hero. When he passes out at a dinner as the result of drinking wine, to which he is not accustomed, on top of a day of excessive work and a more or less empty stomach, he becomes the object of everyone's attention and everyone's solicitude. Mrs. Phillips's rather sour brother-in-law, crippled and half-blind, who plays the role of the detached observer and is completely aware of what is going on, growls that it all reminds him of a religious festival he once attended in an Italian hill town near Florence: "There was a kind of grotto in the church, under the high altar; and in the grotto was a full-sized figure of a dead man, carved and painted—and covered with wounds; and round that figure half the women and girls of the town were collected, stroking, kissing. . . . Adonis all over again!"

This establishes the real point of the story, which is that Bertram's admirers all look to find in him a version of a semi-divine ideal that he makes no at-

EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL!*

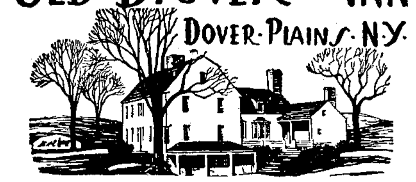
Lifeguards are reporting for duty. Outdoor grills are calling for the charcoal. Here, at Rappaport's we're braced for summer fun. We've the swingingest toys under the sun! Slippery slides, portable pools for little seals. Sturdy gyms, swimming fins. Floats, boats. Sets for castles in the sand. Games for sea or land. Cycling in the park is a lark. You'll like our bikes. Best selection in town. *Come where the action is, our store!* Come now. We gift wrap and ship everywhere.

Park Dept. outdoor pool schedule: May 30-June 20 weekends and holidays only. Open daily starting June 27.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 10021
our address since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

Caramoor
KATONAH, N. Y.
25th ANNIVERSARY SEASON
JULIUS RUDEL, Musical Director
JUNE 20 thru JULY 12
For information write
CARAMOOR FESTIVAL
KATONAH, N.Y. 10536
or call (914) 232-4206

OLD·DROVERS INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N·Y·



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

The unspoiled resort on an unspoiled island...
Bakoua Beach Hotel
FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, F.W.I.
Write direct, see your Travel Agent or call
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc. / Ruth Apgar

Your $10 gift to these hungry kids can bring them $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

These kids go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry. They subsist day after day on a few greens around noon and some pinto beans in the evening. Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible because it's taking place right now...in the midst of the good life so many of us are living in America. But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers . . . and their children...with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have no income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund is conducting a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you.

*NAACP Emergency Relief Fund**
Dept. N42, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

Recording for the Blind, Inc.
GOES TO
GREAT LENGTHS
TO HELP
BLIND STUDENTS
LEARN BY LISTENING

*
by furnishing their recorded educational books *free of charge* anywhere in the United States

Won't you give to:
RECORDING FOR THE BLIND, INC.
215 East 58th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63RD ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc MON.
6:00 to 11:00 P.M.
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. · PL 3-3787

tempt to live up to; that he is quite unconscious that his beauty and charm, together with a hard, self-sufficient core of character, have caused them to endow him with qualities which he does not at all possess. In the end, he simply gets his degree and leaves. But in the meantime he has been separated from Arthur Lemoyne. The latter has taken a feminine role in a college musical comedy and has had a unique success as a female impersonator; after the play, he has disgraced himself behind the scenes by making advances to a boy who has been playing a male part. His connection with the college is tenuous—something arranged by Bertram, through Randolph—and the authorities let him go. Bertram appeals to Randolph, who refuses to be helpful, and Arthur, with his bad reputation, is now a nuisance, anyhow, to Bertram. Bertram goes East and gets a better job in a better university. Randolph and Mrs. Phillips talk about him after he has left. She believes that when Bertram is earning enough, he will marry her secretary, the only one of his friends to whom he has written, though in a quite noncommittal way; Randolph, on the contrary, believes that Bertram will set up housekeeping with Arthur. At no point has the reader been given any clue as to Bertram's sexual inclinations. Fuller's rather difficult problem here has been to make Bertram intrinsically uninteresting and even rather comic, but at the same time to dramatize convincingly the spell of enchantment he is supposed to cast. This is seen in his effect on the other characters, but the reader is not made to feel it: Bertram is represented as behaving in an agreeable enough way, but, in his self-centeredness, he never does anything that is made to seem really attractive. And the result, as in "On the Stairs," is a kind of deliberate flatness.

This curious book, which is perhaps Fuller's best, seems never to have had adequate attention. The few people who have written about Fuller at any length have, so far as my reading goes, always treated it very gingerly. The only contemporary, so far as I know, who showed any real appreciation was James Huneker, who very much prided himself on his sophistication and lack of prudery and had previously applauded "At Saint Judas's." He wrote Fuller of "Bertram Cope's Year" that he had read it three times: "Its portraiture and psychological strokes fill me with envy and also joy. *Ça y est,* I said to myself. And Chicago! It is as desolate, your dissection, as a lunar landscape. We are like that, not like Whitman's Camerados and his joyful junk. Why do you speak of your last book! You are only beginning, you implacable Stendhal of the lake!" But otherwise the effect of the novel was a slighting reproof or a horrified silence. André Gide had then only the prestige of a very limited cult; Proust had not yet been translated. Burton Rascoe wrote, "It may be said that 'Bertram Cope's Year,' in so far as it was read and understood at all, shocked Mr. Fuller's friends so painfully that they silenced it into limbo. It is a story, delicately done with the most exquisite taste, of a sublimated irregular affection. It received scant and unintelligent notice from the reviewers, and though it was filled with dynamite scrupulously packed, it fell as harmless as a dud, only to be whispered about here and there by grave people who wondered why Mr. Fuller should choose such a theme." But even this writer of the early twenties who wants to do justice to Fuller does not accurately describe the book. The central theme, as I have said above, is not "a sublimated irregular affection." Fuller has merely, in writing of the power exerted by a "charismic" personality, extended what was then the conventional range. The effect on poor Fuller himself of the reception of his book was terrible. He disparaged his own courage by saying that he wished he had never written it, and he burned up his manuscript and proofs. It was ten years before he ventured to publish another novel.

HE returned in 1929, in "Gardens of This World"—of which I have already spoken—to his beloved group of Old World characters. "Such a goddam lovely little book," he says in a letter to one of his young friends. "Not on the Screen," which was published in 1930, is the last of his Chicago novels and not only the most stripped but the palest of them; yet Fuller is always readable and always winning, through his dry sense of comedy. The book begins with a movie which a girl and a young man are watching. In the picture, there is a melodramatic situation. The rest of the novel is the story of the subsequent relations of the couple, which repeats the story of the film but is not at all melodramatic. The upstart young man from the country wins the hand of the rich young girl without any very stiff strug-

The chronograph. Would NASA select second best?

Of course not! Send three men a quarter of a million miles and you make certain that everything that goes with them is first best.

All Gemini and Apollo astronauts have worn Omega watches on their wrists. Ordinary, everyday jewelry store Omega Speedmaster Chronographs. The kind anyone can buy.

Let's face it... Omega makes the best watches in this world, or any other.

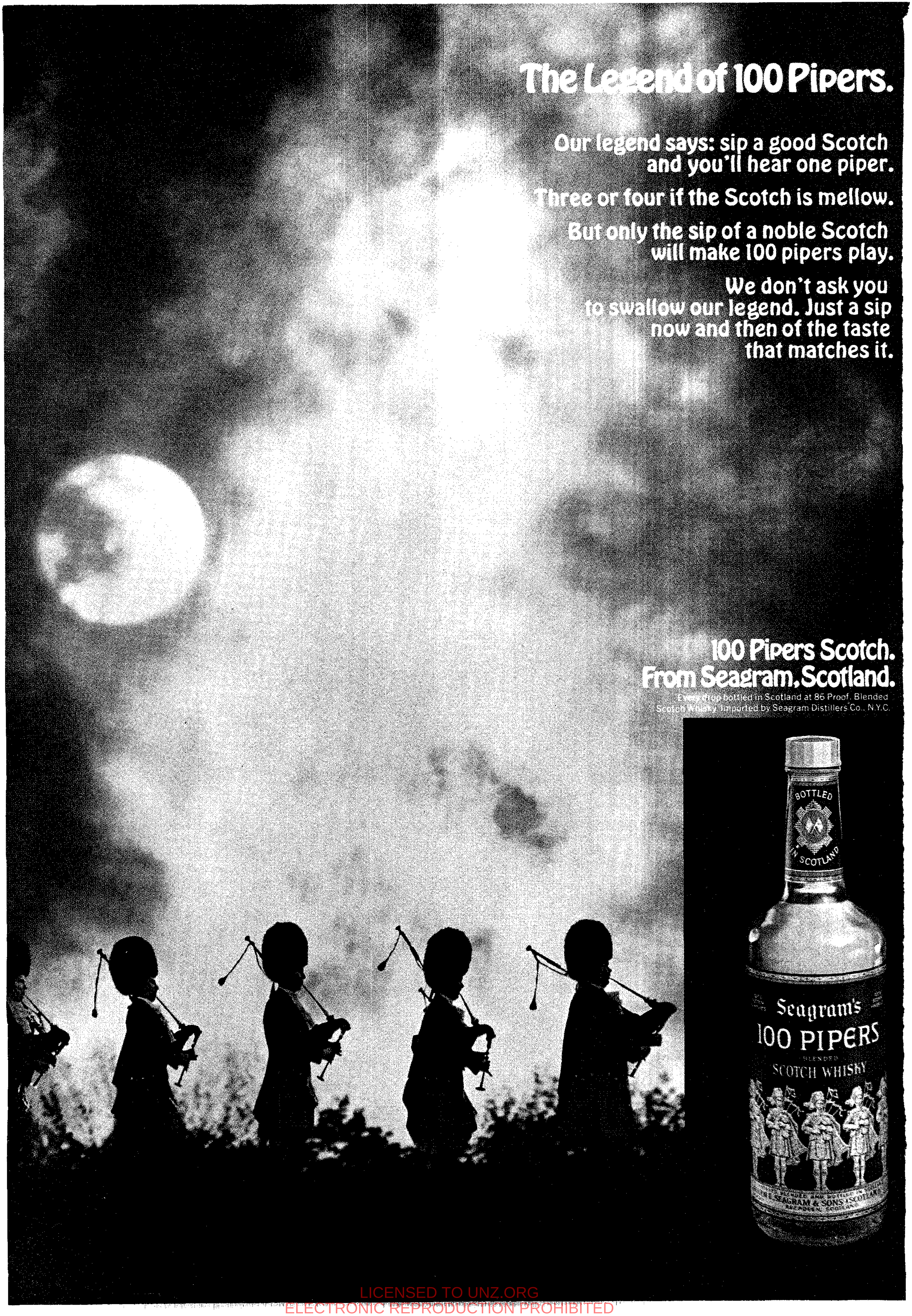
Omega watches for men and women can be seen at the finest jewelry stores in this world. Prices, $65 to $18,000.

OMEGA
Speedmaster
PROFESSIONAL
TACHYMETRE

Ω
OMEGA
FIRST WATCH WORN ON THE MOON

4-DIAL SPEEDMASTER CHRONOGRAPH, $195.

For free watch brochure, write Omega Watch Co., Omega Bldg., 301 E. 57th St., New York 10022


BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Seagram's
100 PIPERS
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
SEAGRAM & SONS SCOTLAND

The Legend of 100 Pipers.

Our legend says: sip a good Scotch
and you'll hear one piper.

Three or four if the Scotch is mellow.

But only the sip of a noble Scotch
will make 100 pipers play.

We don't ask you
to swallow our legend. Just a sip
now and then of the taste
that matches it.

**100 Pipers Scotch.
From Seagram, Scotland.**

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 Proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

gle. There are some rather disagreeable but not very dramatic encounters between this modest but successful young man and a socially well-situated and insolent young banker who is competing for the hand of the girl. The banker, who has power of attorney for the girl's widowed mother, resorts to unscrupulous practices in his efforts to gain his end, by threatening to ruin the family and attempting to send the young man to jail. But, although in the film the corresponding character is made to play the role of the villain, the character in the novel is not himself sent to jail. He is never melodramatically unmasked, but, in a quiet way, pressure is put upon him to restore the family fortunes. The mistress of the young banker, who would figure as the "vamp" in the picture, is a cheap and rather pathetic figure who, although she arouses suspicion by going out with the *jeune premier*, has never for a moment tempted him. The story is all told in terms of the social nuances of Chicago, of which Fuller was an amused observer, but the point of the whole thing is that in a Western city like Chicago—and perhaps, by implication, anywhere in the United States—these differences matter very little. You cannot get a thrilling drama out of them. This novel is another exercise in the art of making it flat—the quality of which art, of course, was appreciated little by the public and which accounts for the lessening interest in the books of Fuller's later years.

In this very late last burst of energy—Fuller was now seventy-two—he started still another novel, but he did not get far with this or see the publication of either "Not on the Screen" or "Gardens of This World." He died alone in a rooming house in July, 1929. One is reminded of the ending of one of the character sketches in "Lines Long and Short," the portrait of a familyless bachelor who has tried to make a life for himself by his attentions to the families of friends and who is left with little consolation:

> Yes, perhaps he did
> Come through all right—
> With much or little sympathy—
> To take up, with what zest he
> could,
> The frantic role
> Of buying favors from a cooling
> world.
> Spend as you will,
> It's sad to be old, and alone.
> (Fudge! that's the very thing
> I tried hard not to say!)

THE literature on Fuller is extremely meagre. Besides the volume of tributes mentioned and a few

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues) $17.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ____
Street ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____
Street ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Gift card to read: "From ____"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____
Street ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Gift card to read: "From ____"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____
Street ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Gift card to read: "From ____"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $____ to cover ____ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

Ezra
wishes a word with you.

Ezra is your wine steward.

"At this Bay Roc, you will find a private beach that stretches for 1700 sugar-white feet. A sauna and a masseur to put your body at ease. Rooms that overlook the Caribbean and beachside villas that are so beautiful we call them by name: like Love Beauty Truth.

And a chef who can water your mouth with a Parisian Duck Bigarade or a native Stamp-and-Go.

One thing else, mon. Children we love, so they are welcome and will get our happiest smiles."

Bay Roc
One of the five very different hotels of Montego Bay, Jamaica.

See your travel agent or Utell International, Essex House, New York City, JU 2-3226.

The birds are singing
and the
golf is great

THE NEW
Woodstock
Inn

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for brochure
Woodstock Inn, Box 57N
Woodstock, Vermont 05091
Operated by ROCKRESORTS, Inc

The Buccaneer
On its own three Beaches

For mothers and fathers, daughters and sons, more meal treats and fun meets, dancing and sports. . .

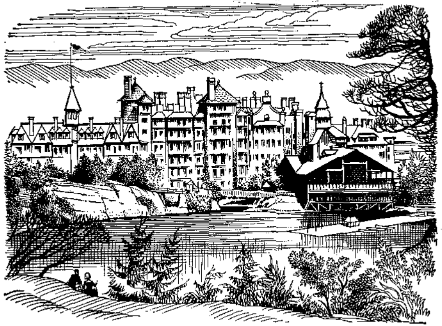
Small wonder The Buccaneer is St. Croix's Number 1 hotel.

THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix, U. S. Virgin Islands. For reservations contact Ralph Locke, 315 East 72 Street, Box S, New York City, JU 6-3070.

For Art...
"SANDRO BOTTICELLI"
For Dining...
"CAFE RENAISSANCE"
MANHATTAN

other scattered memoirs, there is only the inadequate biography by Constance M. Griffin, published by the University of Pennsylvania Press—evidently one of those theses which the estimable Arthur H. Quinn of Pennsylvania, the author of comprehensive and useful books on American fiction and drama, induced his students to write on neglected American authors. We must be grateful to Mr. Quinn. If it had not been for him, we should have had nothing of value at all on such writers as Kate Chopin and Fuller. But something more searching and solid is needed, and now that the University of Chicago Press has reprinted "With the Procession," I should like to suggest that it commission a life and letters of Fuller, as well as a volume of his uncollected pieces. He did a good deal of reviewing in his lifetime. I have just been through the articles he contributed to the *New Republic* during the twenties when he was not writing novels. They are always discriminating and conscientious, and it is interesting to know what he thought about Chekhov, Cabell, and Proust. Miss Griffin's selective bibliography includes many other items which awaken curiosity, as well as a long list of unpublished or uncollected stories. We know from those stories of Kate Chopin and Cable which were rejected by the conventional magazines of the nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds that some of these authors' most interesting things were inacceptable to the squeamish editors. Fuller's early humorous writings for *Life* should also be investigated. I have looked up "A Transcontinental Episode, or, Metamorphoses at Muggins' Misery: A Co-operative Novel by Bret James and Henry Harte" (published in 1884). It is juvenile but not unamusing. A Jamesian young man who has lived abroad and is always slipping into French arrives in one of Harte's tough California settlements. He falls in love with the local belle and she with him, as the result of which he tries to transform himself into the kind of man he thinks she admires. But she, on her side, during an absence of his, has schooled herself to be refined. Fuller supplies two alternative endings, by each of the collaborators. In Harte's version, when her lover returns in the garb of a rugged Westerner, she casts off her elegant clothes and with a whoop leaps into his arms. In James's, she preserves the "finer" manners and dress to which her contact with the travelled young Easterner has raised her, but the question of whether they can ever now get together is left, in

Leisure paced
Friendly place



Seven thousand acres of unspoiled natural beauty...spring-fed lake... a resort where your whole family can relax and play together. Congenial hospitality. Healthy recreation—scenic golf course, tennis, boating, swimming, fishing...miles of forest trails to hike or ride horseback...lovely gardens to stroll. Delightful entertainment—musicales, cinema, much more. 300 rooms. Also family cottages. Delicious meals. See your Travel Agent, or call (212) 233-2244.

Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 miles from N.Y.C., NYS Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK • NEW PALTZ, N.Y. 12561

The right address in New York.

69th ST.
MADISON AVE

A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000
KNOTT HOTELS

COOPERATE
WITH THE ZIP CODE PROGRAM.

USE ZIP CODE NUMBERS
IN ALL ADDRESSES.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD like
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 2:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

the Jamesian fashion, completely up in the air. This little skit states already the theme of the constant conflict between the two states of American culture which was to occupy Fuller all his life.

—EDMUND WILSON

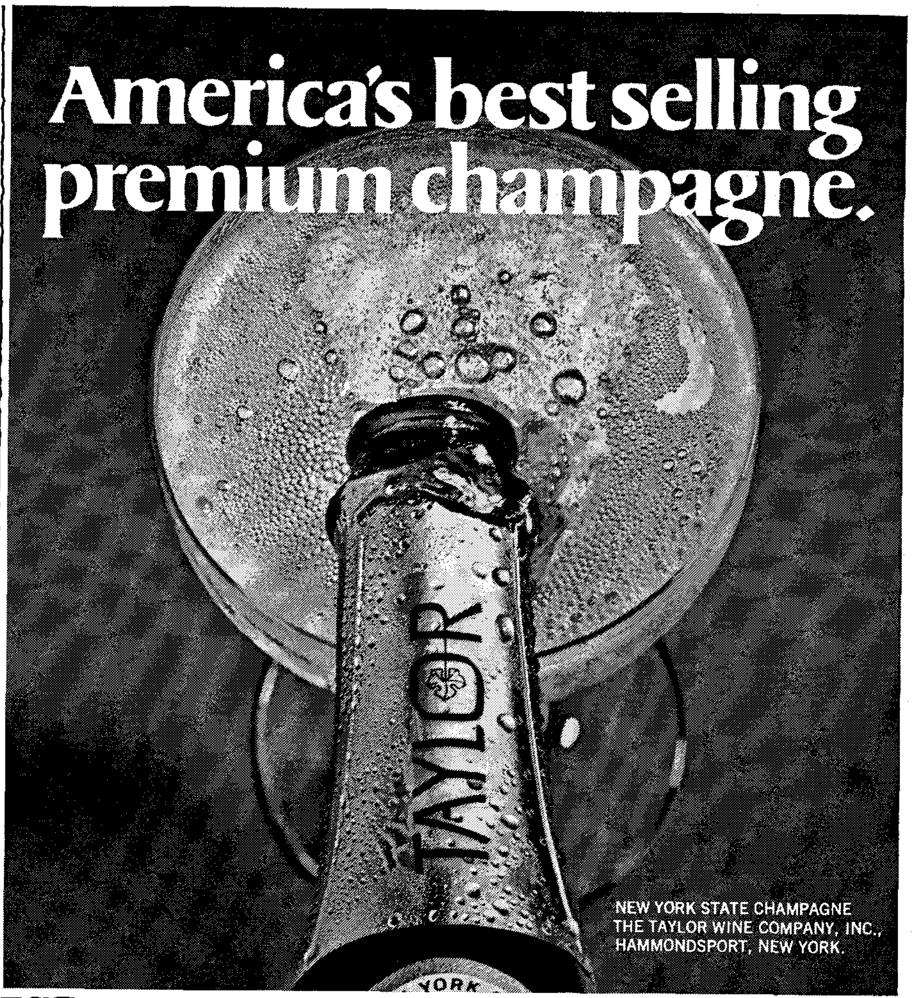
(This is the first of two articles on American novelists.)

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

JOHN DONNE: A LIFE, by R. C. Bald (Oxford). The purpose of this book is to tell everything that everybody knows about Donne's life, and to mention, as well, various scholarly surmises. Mr. Bald's accumulation of fact makes clear that the contrast between the young Donne's worldliness and the mature Donne's saintliness has been exaggerated by, among others, Donne himself. True, the youth wrote secular poetry, went to war, wasted money, and had ambitions of arriving at a big government job. But Donne was raised a Catholic at a time when England's anti-Catholic laws were steadily being tightened, and many of his relatives suffered—some severely—for their faith. At a period when Donne passed for a Renaissance man-about-town, he was also studying theology earnestly and profoundly, since the question of what creed to embrace was apt to be a matter of life and death in this world—never mind its consequences in the next. Mr. Bald traces the evolution of Donne's religious thought with sympathy. Since Donne's ultimate Anglican convictions did not exclude charity for other denominations of Christians, he is an especially attractive figure in an era when bigotry was the common accompaniment of piety. Donne's friends are another of the book's assets; he seems to have known everybody who was anybody, and some of his famous friends—Ben Jonson, for instance—are still celebrities. Fifteen dollars.

NAPOLEON IS DEAD IN RUSSIA, by Guido Artom, translated from the Italian by Muriel Grindrod (Atheneum). One day in the fall of 1812, an anti-Bonapartist general named Malet escaped from detention, put on a stunningly impressive uniform, and, with the aid of some lesser officials he had taken into his conspiracy, presented at the gates of various ministries and strong points some forged documents that proclaimed the Emperor Napoleon I to have been killed by a stray shot in Moscow, with the result that a new



America's best selling premium champagne.
TAYLOR
YORK
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC.,
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

ATTENTION ALL DOGGED VICTIMS:

If you're any kind of a golfer — handicap, duffer, armchair — you'll be delighted with the lively new book about the off-beat side of pro golf. From the zaniest match ever played to the politics, pressures, and finances behind TV tournament golf, here are some of the most vivid, exciting stories ever written about the game.

THE DOGGED VICTIMS OF INEXORABLE FATE

By Dan Jenkins. $5.95 at bookstores. A Sports Illustrated Book. Little, Brown

THE PARADISE FORMULA

A novel of suspense by Alan Dipper

The quarry: a man who discovers what may be the long-sought panacea for the mental ills of man—or mankind's destroyer. The chase: full of the chilling suspense that made *The Thirty-Nine Steps* a classic.

$5.95 MORROW

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN

The New TRIANON SUITE at The Carlyle

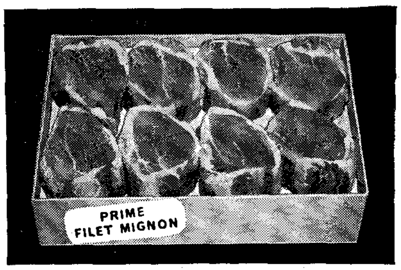
An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, 744-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH STREET

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960



not for sale

(in any market, that is)

These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.

Box of 16—
6 oz. each, 1¼" thick. #30405 $37
Now Available in Canada
Shipped Prepaid

Write for free catalog listing more than 200 gift items

pfaelzer (pronounced FELZER) BROTHERS
Dept. YF-0 • Chicago, Ill. 60632 • YARDS 7-7100
© P.B. 1968

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily
(OPEN EVERY DAY)
1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.

government was now to take over with General Malet in charge of things. Officers of the National Guard handed over their commands, the chief of police went docilely to jail, and companies of troops fell in behind the impostor and his underlings and marched through the streets of the capital. The farce lasted about half a day before someone thought to really examine the seals and signatures on those documents; by evening the conspirators were back in jail and under sentence of death, and a badly shaken caretaker government was trying to think up a convincing story to put in the dispatches to the Emperor in Russia. Mr. Artom has written this tale as an entertainment, but he has chronicled the facts in straightforward fashion, and there are reproductions of old maps of the Paris streets.

HURRICANE!, by Joe McCarthy (American Heritage). The particular hurricane under discussion here is the one of September 21, 1938, which struck—unannounced—the south shore of Long Island and then moved up through New England, killing nearly seven hundred people, injuring almost eighteen hundred others, and causing property damage (even at Depression values) of a third of a billion dollars. It is still the most destructive such storm on record. Mr. McCarthy was at that time a rewrite man on the Boston *Post*, and he worked on the story. For this book, he talked to (or read the published recollections of) all articulate survivors, and he traces that terrible combination of wind and wave—from the moment it devastated the barrier dunes at Westhampton Beach, through the holocaust at Napatree Point, Rhode Island, to its eventual dissipation beyond Montreal—with an immediacy that is truly shattering. He also examines—with impressive fairness—the state of hurricane spotting in the United States Weather Bureau at that time. Photographs and maps.

THE COURAGEOUS AND THE PROUD, by Samuel Vance (Norton). The author, now a civilian, served as an infantry sergeant in Vietnam, where he won the Silver Star and the Purple Heart. He is also—or perhaps first of all—a Georgia-born Negro who regarded near-perfect combat performance as a chance for a black American to prove himself to white Americans. And so, according to his memoirs, did many other black soldiers he knew. He and they often felt that because of their extra effort they were given extra duties and more hazardous missions. Nonetheless, Mr. Vance found that the Army was fairer to Negroes than any other American institution he knows. He wants all Americans to realize that though the Army offers them something less than full equality, American Negroes have given unqualified loyalty and extremely successful service.

VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN LONDON FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, with an introduction and commentary by John Betjeman (Viking-Studio). A marvellous portrait of a place and of the past—more like a resurrection than a book. We see nineteenth-century urban sprawl as the trams reach out to Highgate, inner-city horse-drawn traffic jams on Fleet Street, East End slums and West End shops, parks, playing fields, docks, monuments, and railway stations. The photographs are simple, clear, direct, and not atmospheric—records, not compositions. Mr. Betjeman is not peddling nostalgia; if he regrets the disappearance of a few little rural inns, there is much that is disproportionate and ungainly—inefficient without being charming—in this giant city with growing pains. London of the period is reminiscent of New York at the same time, possibly because the same processes were at work in both cities. Shepherd's Bush in 1903 looks like parts of the Bronx of that day, and Park Lane in 1895 like Fifth Avenue's twin.

NOTE: Knopf has published "Divine Disobedience," Francine du Plessix Gray's account of four dissenting Catholic priests—David Kirk, Daniel and Philip Berrigan, Ivan Illich—and their collision with authority, both lay and clerical. Most of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The movement of 13,000 tons of nerve gas and chemical agents to Oregon via Washington state may begin in less than three weeks, the Army said yesterday.

Col. Kenneth S. Whittemore of the ammunition distribution and planning division of the Army staff also said checks of the containers on Okinawa showed there had been leakages in a few, but he discounted this as unimportant as there are thousands of containers.—*San Diego Union.*

Whew! We were worried there for a minute.

·PLEASE RING FOR SERVICE·

Only one of our Inter·Continental Hotels has a gong at poolside. It's in Bangkok. Only Bali has a gamelan orchestra to welcome you. Only in Melbourne do we sell ale by the yard and liquor by the pound. And only Samoa has thatched-roofed "fales" dotting the bay. Because while all our hotels have the same gracious service and warm smiles, each has a little something extra. Something very local. And very colorful. And very different.

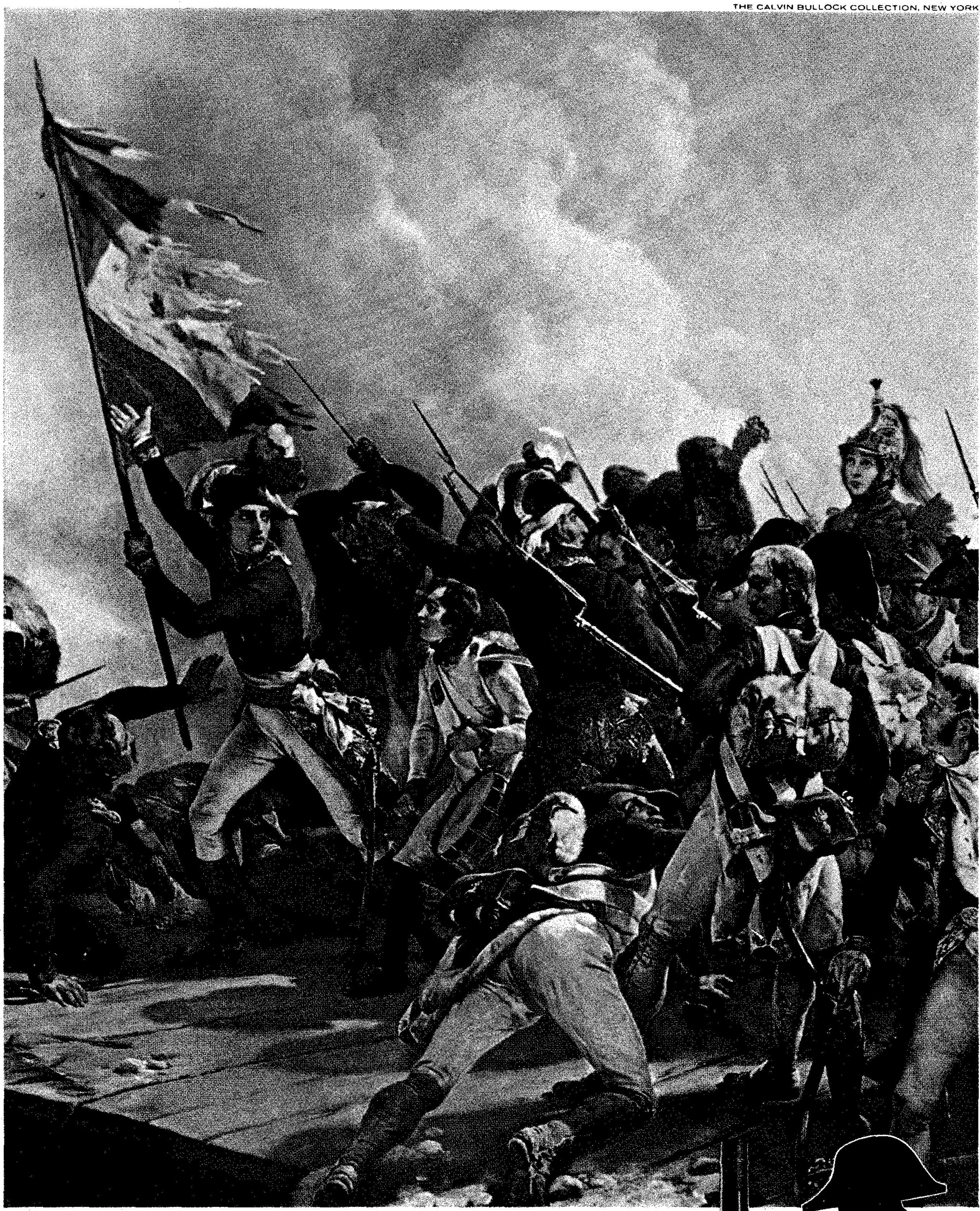
Inter·Continental Hotels.

When you've seen one, you haven't seen them all.

Abidjan. Amman. Auckland. Bali. Bangkok. Barranquilla. Beirut. Berlin. Bogotá. Budapest. Caracas. Cork. Curaçao. Dacca. Djakarta. Dublin. Düsseldorf. Frankfurt. Geneva. Hanover. Hong Kong. Jerusalem. Kabul. Karachi. Lahore. Limerick. Livingstone. Lusaka. Managua. Manila. Maracaibo. Medellín. Melbourne. Monrovia. Nairobi. New Delhi. Pago Pago. Paris. Ponce. Quito. Rawalpindi. San Salvador. Santo Domingo. Singapore. Tahiti. Tokyo. Vienna. Zagreb.

INTER·CONTINENTAL® HOTELS

THE CALVIN BULLOCK COLLECTION, NEW YORK



Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.